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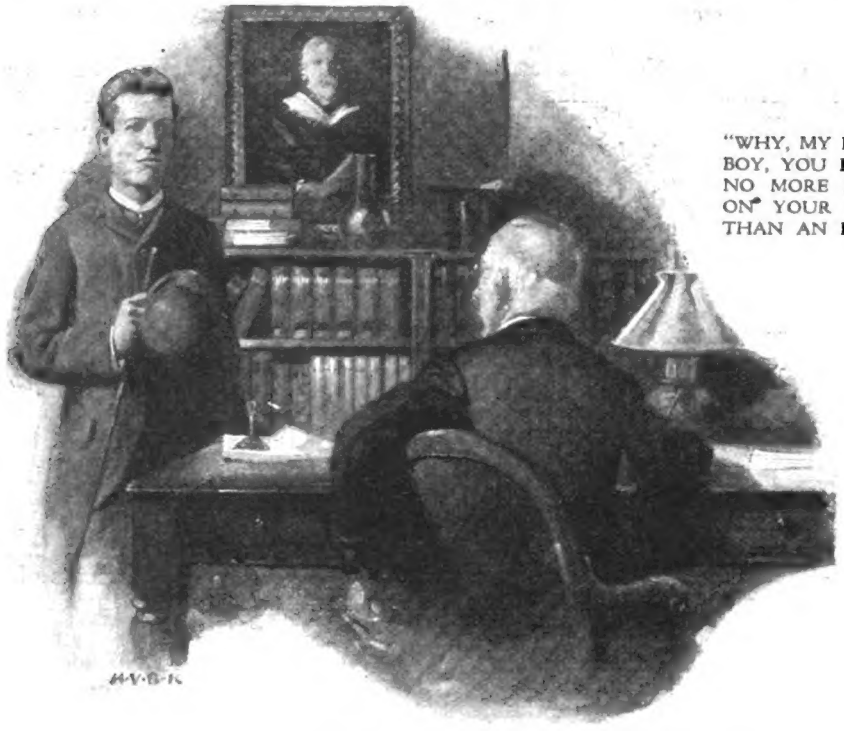
Everybody's Magazine
Number Four October-1916 Volume XXXV



"WHY, MY DEAR BOY, YOU HAVE NO MORE HAIR ON YOUR FACE THAN AN EGG."

HUGHES

by William Brown Meloney

Author of "The Heritage of Tyre."

A SPRING unproductive of one or more legislative investigating committees in the city of New York is no spring.

Although the great municipality reaching skyward beside the fretted mouth of the Hudson speaks with a voice of authority in the affairs of all mankind, she is not mistress in her own house. Although she possesses more than half the population and pays more than half the taxes and cost of government of the Empire State, she is subservient to a minority suburban rule. She is to Albany as Carthage was to ancient Rome. It is one of the astounding anomalies of this twentieth century.

In the spring of 1905 the legislature appointed a committee to investigate the gas and electric lighting and power corporations serving the metropolitan district. For years New York had been paying more for gas than any other community in the world similarly situated.

On its face this committee apparently differed in no wise from its innumerable predecessors. "Cow country" senators and assemblymen predominated in its membership. And it had its quota of sophisticated local representatives, an invariable concomitant, to show the town to the countrymen or exhibit the countrymen to the town, as you will. The chairman, the late Senator Frederic C. Stevens, was a man of wealth, a shareholder in and a director of several up-state gas and water companies.

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This committee came to town about the middle of March, wearing on its lips the same protestations of honesty, the same promises of efficiency and reform which, for forty years, more or less, had been callousing the ears of New York and teaching her to suspect as Greeks bearing gifts all who issued thus out of Albany.

When nearly a week had elapsed and the Gas Committee was still without counsel, Park Row began to point the wind.

"Find out what these highbinders from Albany are up to," city editors up and down the Row were presently instructing reporters.

And when we continued to return evening after evening from this mission only to write that the committee had not yet succeeded in finding the kind of counsel it was desirous of employing, sinister suspicion burgeoned into hard conviction that the countrymen were out gunning and that the corporations were declining to come to a stand. Finally, we managed to get Stevens to admit that his search had narrowed down to one man, or, as he, fresh from the winter session at Albany, put it in the most approved legislative rhetoric: "We have in view a peerless leader of the bar, a man of unimpeachable integrity, whose acceptance of the task would be an assurance to the public of an honest issuance of the labors of the committee."

But he would not reveal this lawyer's identity. The committee was under a pledge not to do so. All of which only served to increase our suspicion and add to the mystification of the public.

How much more simple, how much more dramatic it would have been, if Stevens had gotten the newspapermen together and said to them: "Gentlemen, the situation is this: Charles Evans Hughes is the man we wish to employ, but he is holding off because he thinks we're a pack of crooks come to town to dissipate an appropriation and whitewash the gas monopoly. He told us that if we dared to mention his name publicly in connection with ours he would proceed against us for criminal libel. Still we hope to succeed in persuading him to accept. He is examining our bank accounts. As soon as we can obtain our birth certificates from home we expect a decision from him."

Having said that, Stevens would have uttered only the exact truth. And what a different introduction Charles Evans Hughes would have had to his public career! The Icicle Myth would have failed of creation.

But Stevens knew New York not at all, and very little more of the stagecraft of life. So he produced an anti-climax, with an aftermath of distrust and hostility and misunderstanding, and food for the cynical which was to last a long time.

Came the day (it was either March 25 or 26) when Stevens announced that Charles Evans Hughes had been selected as counsel to the gas investigators. Park Row literally gasped.

Stevens' rhetoric had led the Row for a week past to expect the selection of some one of a score of lawyers on whose doorsteps it had been busy laying the cat—some one whose name was familiar and whose record and photograph a five minutes' delving into the "morgues" would bring to a copy hook. But the biographical departments, whose shelves in less than a twelvemonth were to teem with the current records of the public achievements of this great American, practically gave forth only these two facts: Charles Evans Hughes actually was a lawyer in New York and a member of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church—John D. Rockefeller's church!

And most of us had just finished the task of demonstrating to the public that the Rockefeller-Standard Oil influences were the inspiration and the control of New York's gas monopoly!

Therewith Park Row concluded that one Frederic C. Stevens had "put one over" on it. You may abuse New York, scandalize it, call it Babylon, Sodom, Gomorrah, berate its inhabitants in season and out of season—do anything you please to it and go scot free; but do not get caught "putting one over" on it. Park Row is New York and New York is Park Row.

And while poor Stevens was mopping his brow and being turned over and over on the reportorial gridiron, Hughes was meeting other newspapermen at his home or his office, telling them all there was to be told about himself, as he saw it. It was a new experience to him, but with a chuckle and a bubbling of fun in his gray eyes, he submitted to a winnowing of his life. He seemed to find the greatest source of delight in the fact that we knew next to nothing about him.

But we missed the humor in the voice,

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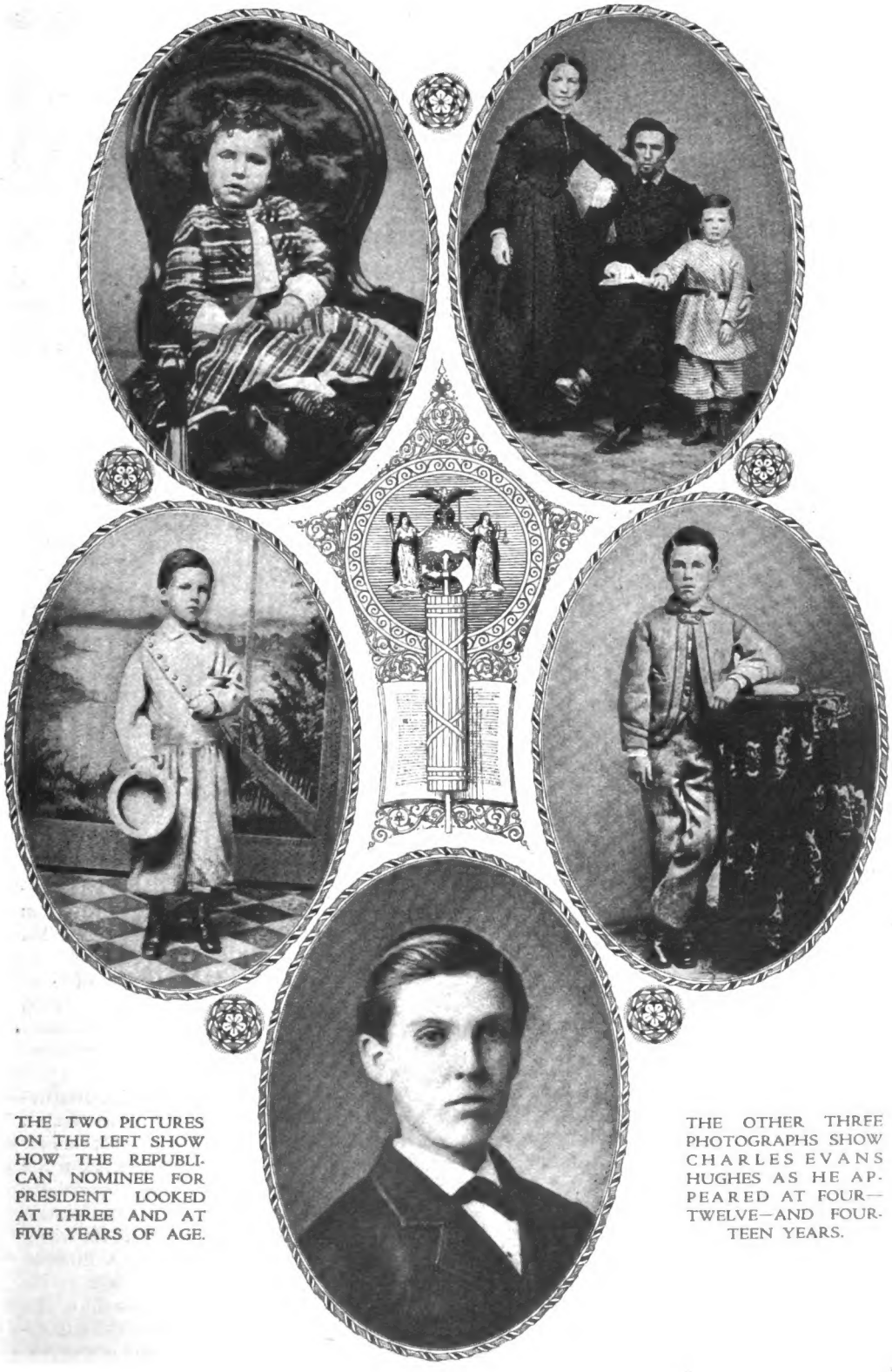

THE TWO PICTURES ON THE LEFT SHOW HOW THE REPUBLICAN NOMINEE FOR PRESIDENT LOOKED AT THREE AND AT FIVE YEARS OF AGE.

THE OTHER THREE PHOTOGRAPHS SHOW CHARLES EVANS HUGHES AS HE APPEARED AT FOUR—TWELVE—AND FOURTEEN YEARS.

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the desire for, the acknowledgment of fellowship. To us that day that voice sounded harsh, cold, raspy, impossible of mirth. The gray eyes were incapable of fun. They were hard, cold, flinty. They never could be anything else. The times were such that suspicion was ingrained in us. We suspected this man, and our resentment mounted as, very gravely and not without a tremor in his voice, he said at the end of the interview:

"I have accepted this employment because I am free to do so. There are no social or business connections that will prevent my carrying out the intentions of the investigating committee, an investigation that is to be absolutely uninterfered with, either politically or socially."

Did this man Hughes think that he could go on "putting it over" on us? Didn't he know that we knew he was a member and a trustee of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church —John D. Rockefeller's church—the founder of the Junior John D. Rockefeller's Sunday-school Class?

Nothing at that moment could have made us believe in the sincerity of Charles Evans Hughes, or that anything or anybody could issue from a Rockefeller association straight and uncontaminated. As a matter of fact, there never had been any association between Hughes and the Rockefellers. They happened to be co-religionists, fellow church attendants; no more. In this spirit of suspicion and resentment, however, we introduced Hughes to New York and the nation at large—introduced him with a groan. We wrote of him with the enthusiasm which would have inspired us if he had been an undertaker. He was tall—perhaps an inch over or under six feet—rather rawboned, gangling or long-legged, as it might please one. His eyes were gray and cold. His forehead was high, his hair brown and rather sparse on top, with the first white trace of forty-three years in it. Last, but not least, he wore whiskers! So did Stevens. Was it an affinity of whiskers which had produced their conjunction? Some of us, but only a few, restrained ourselves sufficiently to use the word beard. We meant to draw a line as between whiskers and a beard. We succeeded.

After that "pen portrait" came the part dealing with Hughes' antecedents. This we meticulously qualified. "According to a statement of the committee," Mr.

MARY CATHERINE CONNELLY HUGHES, MOTHER OF CHARLES E. HUGHES.

Hughes was born at Glens Falls, N. Y., on April 11, 1862, the son of a Baptist clergyman, David Charles Hughes; educated in the public schools of Oswego, N. Y., Newark, N. J., and the city of New York; in Madison, now Colgate, University, at Hamilton, N. Y., and in Brown University, from which he was graduated in his nineteenth year with the highest possible honors. Following his graduation from Brown, he had taught Greek and mathematics in Delaware Academy, at Delhi, N. Y. At the end of the year 1882, he had "migrated" to the city of New York to be a clerk in the law offices of Chamberlain, Carter and Hornblower and later Carter, Hornblower and Byrne, the while he was a student in the Law School of Columbia University, which graduated him with more honors and a prize fellowship. In 1888, he had married Antoinette, the daughter of Walter S. Carter, the head of the law firm which had employed him as a clerk.

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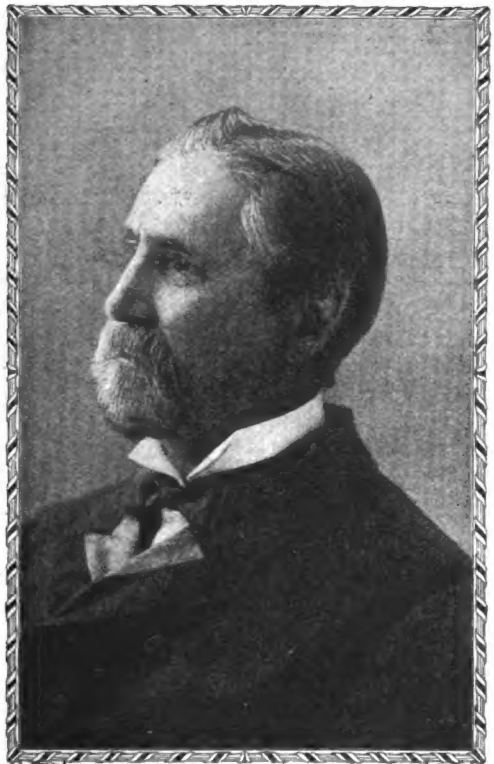

HIS FATHER, DAVID CHARLES HUGHES, A BAPTIST CLERGYMAN.

Next we took up Hughes' career at the bar, and as a partner in succession in the firm of Carter, Hughes and Cravath, Carter, Hughes and Dwight, and Carter, Hughes and Schurman, the last a brother of the president of Cornell University. He had quit the partnership with Carter and Dwight to go to Cornell, where he taught law for two years. He was an office lawyer, a lawyer's lawyer, an indefatigable worker. Incidentally it was pointed out that his one-time partner, Paul Cravath, was then either counsel or attorney for one of the big public utilities corporations, including the gas and electric lighting ones. Some of us—unfortunately confusing Colgate University, which is at Hamilton, with Hamilton College—even pointed out that Elihu Root, "the defender of Boss Tweed," was a graduate of Colgate University. The implication of these comments is obvious.

During the four days that intervened before the committee sat down to its inquiry, its counsel proved absolutely inaccessible. Was he sulking? Or, worse, was it not more than likely that he was locked away with the representatives of the Gas and Electric Light companies?

These bald suggestions were not sufficient, however, to supply the deficiency of information created by his silence and unusual conduct. So, turning here and there for something to print about him, we learned that sometimes he spent his vacation—yes, actually he went on a vacation each year—climbing "the icy crags" of the Alps, or again "the wooded and rarefied heights" of the Adirondacks. He had been known, too, to go fishing. In town his principal recreations were work, golf, and walking. Make a sum of all these facts, not forgetting to include the Sunday-school affiliation, and the resulting character is decidedly not of the stuff of which the man in the street makes a hero. "Icy crags," "wooded and rarefied heights," fishing, golf, work, a Sunday-school, for recreations, conveyed but one impression of him—coldness, solitude, aloofness, silence, frigidity, ice.

Thus, in those days, we created the Icicle Myth—the myth that has been employed over and over again by partisan opposition to this wonderful American, by race-track touts, by Bourbons, by burglars, by reactionaries, by demagogues, and by cynics. And, while we were busiest in this creation, it was impossible for us to know that Hughes, instead of sulking, instead of being in cahoots with the gas monopoly heads, was spending every minute of consciousness preparing himself, storing his marvelous brain with the facts necessary to carry on the investigation. Four days' preparation was all he had.

Nor could we know that Hughes' intimates, his law partners, his wife—and she is his invariable court of first and last resort—were fearful of the step he had taken.

"This committee, despite its promises, will let you go so far and then draw the reins," they told him. "If you refuse to acquiesce, which you will not, you will be scuttled. You will be torn to pieces."

"In that event I will appeal to the newspapers," he answered. "If they will not be fair I shall go over their heads straight to the people. New York is not without its public meeting-places. Cooper Union still lives."

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But to finish with the creation of the Icicle Myth. Knowing none of the facts which are now known by everybody of any information, we sat ourselves down on March thirtieth, to record the public hearings of the Gas Committee. Some of us groaned inwardly, and some of us yawned aloud, as we reported the first three or four days' developments—the reading into the record of the turgid charters and articles of incorporation of the component parts of the gas monopoly. Had New York ever seen a more bare-faced, or rather more bewhiskered hypocrite than this man Hughes, in his dark morning, or Prince Albert coat, striped trousers, percale vest, and white winged collars? New York never had. Mr. Rockefeller had begun to investigate himself. We yawned, and we wrote. And Hughes read.

Occasionally Fleming would spell him—Fleming of the cheerful, ruddy countenance, and twinkling blue eyes—the same Matthew Corry Fleming who was to be Hughes' loyal first mate again in the Insurance Investigation, serving at the greatest personal sacrifice and with small meed of praise or recognition, except from Hughes, and yet serving gladly because he believed, like the captain of the ship, that he was doing a worthy public thing.

SO THESE first days passed, with never a word of explanation, or interpretation, or comment, with never so much as a smile from Hughes. And we wrote that he was ice; an intellectual machine.

Suddenly these turgid days stood revealed as the logical groundwork of the most perfect mosaic. We had been watching, not a machine, not an iceman at work, but a master-craftsman, an artist, an architect of law and order and justice. There and then, New York was brought to a realization that a character of tremendous force had entered upon the stage of public affairs. The cartoonists took the ribbon bows and curl-papers off the Hughes "whiskers." The beard became a feather duster—in many instances a broom. The inquiry itself became "The Hughes Class in Advanced Mathematics," with the overlords of the gas monopoly and their treasurers and secretaries, and directors who didn't direct, and their attorneys and paid explainers and lip servers and political bosses and henchmen for pupils.

All this while the demand in the newspaper offices for anything and everything printable about this man, was endeavoring to keep pace with the public's pleased interest in him. In the editorial rooms of the *World*, however, this demand exceeded that of all others in Park Row. Here, those of us who counted it a privilege to be on the staff of the *World*, had to supply information, not alone for public consumption, but for the flaming curiosity of a blind man. *World* men at that time who were worth their salt, always wrote with the idea forward in their minds that somewhere Mr. Pulitzer, roaming the earth in his pathetic darkness, might wish to "see" a particular person as with eyes.

It was a common occurrence for a cablegram from some far-off sea or retreat in Europe to flutter into the *World* office ordering "a good man," or "a good reporter," to be assigned to "do" a person prominent in the news. "Do this person so that I can feel him," such messages ran. "Do Hughes so a blind man can see him," was the peremptory command in this case. "Make him talk about himself."

Thus we on the *World* studied Charles Evans Hughes and wrote of him with a particularity of detail which no other publication observed and a good many derided. But when it came to "making him talk about himself," it was an impossible task. The man simply didn't know how. For all of our information, then, we had to find other sources.

His mother, Mary Catherine Connelly, was of Irish-Scotch-Dutch-English blood; his father a Welshman of the same family which produced Joseph Hughes, the great London Baptist preacher who founded the English Bible Society. Charles Hughes was an only child. His parents had been literally as poor as church mice until after he began to make his way in the practise of the law. The father's income all the while the boy was going to school and college, ran from only $400 to $1,000 a year. The most he ever earned up to the time of his death was $2,000, and one does not have to add that the Hughes family knew the bitterest privations. The elder Hughes in his ministry followed whither the spirit called and not where the parish with the fattest purse and tightest parsonage beckoned. He was a gentle, clean-minded old man whom we grew to look for on "big

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DURING THE ALBANY DAYS "PETER" ALWAYS HAD A PLACE AT THE BREAKFAST TABLE. IT WAS THE ONE HOUR IN THE DAY WHEN GOVERNOR HUGHES COULD BE SURE OF A CHAT WITH HIS FAMOUS DOG.

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days" of the Gas and Insurance Investigations. Thus one afternoon during the Gas Investigation, answering an interrogation as to why his son wore a beard, he was glad to answer the seeming impertinence because he had been cut by the irreverent way the cartoonists and reporters had treated those whiskers. As a youngster, playing tag, Charlie had run into or been pushed into a fence post, with the resultant loss of four front teeth. The beard had been grown to cover the vacancy in the frame of the large virile mouth.

But the real truth about that beard I believe to be—and it comes to me out of Delhi—that Hughes started to grow it in order to hold his first job. Fresh from Brown, pressed by the necessity of earning a living and contributing to the meager income of his father, he presented himself to Professor James O. Griffin, then the head of Delaware Academy, now of Stamford University, California, as a candidate for a vacancy in an instructorship covering Greek, mathematics, and English.

"Why, my dear boy," said Griffin, "while I may not doubt your ability to teach these subjects, I frankly doubt your ability to handle two hundred and fifty youngsters. You have no more hair on your face than an egg."

And Hughes answered: "If you will give me the employment, sir, I'll start a beard growing and handle my classes."

If Joseph Pulitzer hated one particular human frailty more than any other, it was religious narrowness—bigotry. In the beginning he was fearful that this might be the fly in the Hughes ointment. But when the explanation of Hughes' connection with the Rockefeller Sunday-school was forthcoming, he was pleased. To him it was a most natural and human thing. Dr. Faunce, since president of Brown, was then the pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. He and Hughes had been collegemates. When Hughes came to New York the friendship of college days was renewed. Faunce, aiming to make his church a factor in the life of the community, induced Hughes to take hold of the Sunday-school class. In the beginning, it was just a case of one Brown man helping another, but Hughes-like, although the young lawyer was working himself to a bone, a clerk by day, and a fellow and tutor at Columbia by night, he founded a Bible-class which soon led all others in New York. In it, too, he found the greatest recompense. It was a consolation to his father and mother, who had never quite forgiven him for not having taken to the Church.

And though the Gas Investigation was not done, the report not in, Joseph Pulitzer, with a marvelous prescience, said: "This man will go far."

Yet there was no let-up to J. P.'s insatiability for information about him. "What does Hughes read? Who are his heroes? What about his family?"

We were able to write in answer that for recreation Hughes likes nothing better than a swift-moving tale of adventure—something done after the style of Dumas, Père, or Gaboriau; for the stimulation of thought, the Bible and the philosophers, ancient and modern; as to his heroes, it was sufficient for us to report that he had read Carlyle's "Heroes and Hero-Worshipers" many times. However, we saw pictures of Lincoln and Webster and Huxley and Bright and Cobden and Tennyson on the walls of the old West End Avenue house and mentioned them accordingly. But when it came to writing about his family, Hughes wished we would not do it, and we did not. He clung to the old-fashioned idea that a man's home was his castle and the life he lived there his sacred own.

ANTOINETTE CARTER HUGHES AS A BRIDE.

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Hardly had the Insurance Investigation swung into its stride when it became a matter of general conviction that very shortly Charles Evans Hughes could not escape being drafted by the people to some high executive office. Whereupon the political bosses of both parties put their heads together. They did not want this man in office. They had seen enough of him to know that they could never handle him; that, in the parlance of the turf, he would not ride to orders. So they addressed their minds to the purpose of killing him off. The fetich of political partisanship was invoked insidiously at first, then openly. At the same time, the Icicle Myth, which had been laid away since practically the first week of the Gas Investigation, was revived, with additions which for the moment succeeded in conveying the impression that, besides having water instead of blood in his veins, he was that most detestable of all things—an intellectual prig.

Much concerned about the trend of things, understanding the effect being produced on the popular mind, alive now to everything affecting this man's success and the outcome of the tremendous work he was doing, a couple of the original creators of the Icicle Myth suggested to him that something ought to be done to offset the impression which "the hidden forces" were endeavoring to produce.

And he didn't understand! Up to that moment he had been oblivious of the insidious campaign of derogation that was being waged. His mind was open to only one thing—the task in hand.

He laughed when he was shown a magazine article describing him as one who communed in the Alps with Kant, solid geometry, and Lycurgus.

"I'll plead guilty to knowing Kant," said he, "but not guilty as to the solid geometry charge. And as to Lycurgus, I don't know what that may be. Do you think it is anything intoxicating?"

When we showed him an article saying that he was a man whom no other man ever had dared slap on the back and call Charlie, his face became unusually serious. He looked out across City Hall Park for a couple of seconds. Then, bringing his gaze back to us, with a glistening in his gray eyes, he said:

"You fellows know I'm not stuffed with sawdust. And so long as you know it, this sort of thing doesn't matter." That was all.

The session with the newspapermen was short that day. Hughes did not light his accustomed cigar. The members of the committee were waiting in a side room for him. There was to be an executive session. Satisfied that he had set everybody straight on the evidence of the day, he turned on his heel, and with head thrown back and jaw set, stalked into the committee's presence, and closed the door.

Could we have had only an inkling in that hour of what was happening behind that door! Hughes, the night before, had run on the trail of the insurance companies' contributions to the political campaigns of the preceding ten years. That morning he had advised the committee of his discoveries and they had expressed a reticence about following the trail. And that afternoon Hughes had chosen to tell the members that he meant to have their permission to follow the trail, or he meant to resign and to give the people his reasons for quitting.

HOW he followed the trail is history, but the tale remains to be told of the sordid temptations to which he was subjected, of the inducements that were submitted to him to scotch the unwholesome mess. The princes of privilege appealed to the overlords of the intrenched interests, the overlords in turn to the political bosses, and the bosses to the committee, first with cozening, then with threats.

But Hughes had put the fear of God in the breasts of every one of those legislators.

"It's up to Hughes," was the answer they gave to the bosses, and the bosses knew him to be adamantine and contemptuous.

"You call yourself a regular Republican," they wailed at him, "and you're ripping the party wide open. We'll not stand a chance at the polls in the next twenty years."

He answered: "A trust has been betrayed. Funds belonging to widows and orphans have been misappropriated—the hearts' blood of dead husbands and fathers—and I'm going to lay the truth on the records for the public to read."

He did just that. In the light of these revelations, and not knowing what else "the long-legged bulldog" might expose about them, the local party bosses, taking counsel with those up-state, decided upon a bold course. They would betray him with a kiss. The fall municipal election was at hand. They would nominate Hughes

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HUGHES IS FOURTH FROM THE LEFT. TAKEN DURING A CAMPING TRIP IN HIS JUNIOR YEAR AT BROWN.

for mayor without his knowledge or consent. This apparent indorsement of all that he had done would save the party's face.

A political campaign would obscure, overshadow the Insurance Investigation. Hughes would resign as counsel to the committee, and in November they would lead him to the polls and slaughter him—cut his throat by casting the organization vote for the Tammany candidate.

Overnight, Hughes was nominated as the Republican candidate for mayor, and doubt gripped the hearts of the legions of straight, clean, graft-hating citizens throughout the metropolis and the state who had become his followers. We who were working with him, and beside him daily, were not sharers in the doubt that prevailed. Although he gave us no inkling of what he meant to do, we were confident. We felt in our hearts that he would prove true gold.

The way in which Charles Evans Hughes handed back that nomination to the crew of second-story workers who had presented it to him, challenged a nation's acclaim. Those were days to whip red blood! And having handed it back, he resumed the investigation with the same calm, dispassionate conduct which from the outset had distinguished him.

With the Herculean task finished, with the stables clean, it was inevitable that he should be his party's candidate for governor. It was inevitable because the people wanted him; because Theodore Roosevelt wanted him.

Now the Second-Story Workers in the party prepared to betray him with a kiss on the cheek to which they had not put their lips in nominating him for mayor. With the assistance of the opposition and its partisan press, the Icicle Myth was refurbished. Its use began upon Hughes' return from Europe that July—"on a ship covered with icicles."

It took the politicians and others some time to locate him that day. One moment he was on the ship, the next he had disappeared. The while they were searching for him he had, by means of a shrewdly directed tip, escaped ashore, to wrap a brown-eyed woman to his heart and smother her children with kisses. When he was discovered he was swinging Mrs. Hughes by the arms like a boy at a country dance. In the last analysis that brown-eyed woman, and "those kids," and his sense of honor spell Life to this man.

As the first gubernatorial campaign took form, we who, as Hughes puts it, fought and bled and died with him, and came to life with him out of the Gas and Insurance Investigations, began to have our misgivings. The meetings appeared to us cold—the people apathetic. The Icicle Myth must be doing its work. After the usual

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HUGHES AND HIS SON TRAMPING IN "THE WOODED AND RAREFIED HEIGHTS" OF THE ADIRONDACKS.

preliminaries of hand-clapping and cheering, which never mean anything, the audiences for the most part would settle back in their chairs and just listen and stare. We could not make out whether they had come to see Hughes out of curiosity or because they had been drummed together at the bidding of the party manager. We of the *World* truthfully could do no more than write for a blind man that the meetings were at least attentive. And "J. P.," in his turn, was not only giving his pen but his personal purse to the candidacy of Hughes.

Still, the Second-Story Workers missed no trick. One day at the conclusion of a meeting in a middle-New York town, the chairman, a polecat in pants, with the skull of an Australian aborigine and the jaw of a Papuan medicine-man—a perfect type of the breed that infests our state Capitols, formulating "strike bills" and selling out honest legislators behind their backs—stood forth and said to the audience:

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, just to show that he is human, Mr. Hughes will step down from the platform and shake hands with each and every one of you."

Yet the majority of the ten millions of the people of the State of New York who had just sat back and listened, went to the polls that November and told Hughes why they had been so quiet. They elected him who had put an end to extortion by the gas monopoly, him who might have destroyed the institution of life insurance, but instead built it up and strengthened it; and he justified the faith and hope of every man who cast a ballot for him, justified, too, the faith and the judgment of a blind man. As Joseph Pulitzer had promised, he proved the greatest governor—the truest popular executive—since Grover Cleveland.

Two years afterward the people re-elected him and practically voted down to a man everybody that they suspected represented in any degree the elements which during the term had sought to frustrate the Hughes reforms. In this campaign the Second-Story Workers resorted again to the Icicle Myth, and, woe to them, in a moment of desperation they flung at him the boomerang of religious prejudice. They dubbed him "Charlie the Baptist." They called him a "Jew hater." They did this to excite the cosmopolitan urban vote against him, largely because of the so-called race-track issue. And the newspapers of William Randolph Hearst, which for years had been bemoaning the pool-room evil, and its debauchery of the young men and women and children of the larger cities and the towns, led this cry. All Hughes had done was to eliminate the pool-room. As a result of one of the most

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dramatic fights in American legislative history Hughes had put betting inside a race-track enclosure, which a law contravening the Constitution had exempted as an offense, in the same criminal category with betting done outside of such enclosures. He had put the sport of touts out of business—cut the knot with one stroke of the Hughes logic. So he was a spoil-sport, a Puritan. He had attacked the "sport of kings." He might be expected, if re-elected, to interdict baseball next.

It is an ancient American political axiom that a man running for office is not the same man once the office is attained. We have observed this to be true, not only as to office-holders, but as to their families as well.

Hughes, the lawyer, the self-respecting bill-paying father and husband of 570 West End Avenue, New York, underwent no change as the result of his transition to the Executive Mansion at Albany, nor did his family. They made a home of the old pile in all that the word "home" can imply. And "those kids" never became obsessed by the idea that they were any better than anybody's else youngsters in Albany. Their mother saw to that. Their principal companions in playtime were the orphan children in St. Joseph's Catholic Home, whose grounds abut upon the back yard of the Executive Mansion. Two or three times a week regularly Mrs. Hughes would get the sisters in charge of St. Joseph's to let an instalment of their charges visit her, and there would be games and cakes and ice-cream. Frequently she would make the Governor quit his office earlier than usual to show himself, for to these children the Chief Executive of the Empire State was a tremendous person—something like a king or a prince come to life out of a fairy-tale. Wherever the children of St. Joseph's of those days may be, they must have found life just a little sweeter, a little less bitter, for the touch of mother love that Antoinette Hughes put into it then.

"This might be a little one of mine," she would often say, holding a motherless tike to her breast.

In Albany, as since the time of her becoming a wife, Mrs. Hughes continued to be the mistress and the purveyor of the household; up at seven every morning, starting the help at the duties of the day, rousing out the children and getting them ready for school and finally bringing them all together at eight with the Icicle—the Puritan—who in those days could hardly be persuaded to sit down unless a place had been set for "Peter." That was the one hour in the day when he could be certain of having a chat with that famous dog.

"Peter" was a white bull terrier which had been presented to the Governor by an admiring fire-company in the neighborhood. And as Peter loved the Governor—loved him as only a dog can love—so the Governor returned his devotion. If the four-legged white bundle of affection could have talked, and had been inclined to tell what he knew out of school, he could have set not only New York but a nation by the ears. He knew his master's innermost thoughts and every man-sounding, man-thrilling appellation he had for the crooks who were disgracing and debauching government—the kind of appellations that the social amenities and the diplomacy of life forbid.

SINCE the Governor's nomination for the presidency, as in the cases of all our public characters, many tales have found their way into print of this one and that one's early prognostication as to his future. Among these was one quoting Mrs. Hughes' father.

"Some day Charlie Hughes will be President of the United States," was a prediction alleged to have been uttered by Walter S. Carter when his son-in-law to be was but a lad in his law office.

One day toward the end of July last I happened to hear Mrs. Hughes resent this.

"My father neither thought nor talked that way," said she. A little while afterward the conversation fell round her girlhood days, and as one dwelling on a pleasant past she recalled the evening she had gotten her father alone in their Brooklyn home and announced to him that she was engaged to Charlie Hughes.

"No, indeed, he didn't explode," she laughed, answering a question. "He said he was glad of it. And then, putting his arm round me, he said: 'Nettie, I don't know whether I love Charlie Hughes more for his attributes of the heart or for his attributes of the mind. But I love him and you'll be safe with him. Some day Charlie Hughes will be the acknowledged leader of the New York bar."

There's a character in that one paragraph

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of reminiscence—a woman, simple, exact, homely in thought, unashamed of her affections, proud of her father, proud of her husband—the sort of woman that men and women like a woman—a mother—to be.

But if Walter Carter did not predict that Charles Evans Hughes some day would be President of the United States there was one who did, and his forecast is not to be disputed. That man was the late Joseph Pulitzer—the same far-seeing blind man, who, though he could only "feel" Charles Evans Hughes, dictated this codicil to his last will and testament from which I quote:

"I, Joseph Pulitzer . . . hereby nominate and appoint Charles Evans Hughes now or late Governor of the State of New York to be executor and trustee in place of the said Dumont Clarke [a deceased friend] with like force and effect as if he had been originally named as executor and trustee . . . I give and bequeath to the said Charles Evans Hughes the sum of one hundred thousand dollars ($100,000) * * * And I direct that no bond or security shall be required."

"J. P." named other trustees, with the limitation that they should serve only until his second son and namesake, Joseph, should have reached the age of thirty years. But as to Hughes there was no limitation. He meant that Hughes should have a voice and a hand in the direction of his great newspaper properties—the *World*, of New York, and the *Post-Despatch*, of St. Louis—in particular the *World*, which was the very soul of him.

YET as I write this, in August, 1916, Charles Evans Hughes for more than a month has been to the *World* and the *Post-Despatch* and the partisan pack they are leading, an ally of Wall Street, of tariff monopolists, of the chief opponents of American neutrality, of the trusts, of the champions of military conscription, of the elements of political reaction and political Bourbonism, of every enemy of industrial, financial, and corporation reform; he is not a statesman; he will betray his country to Germany. To those who were dedicated by "J. P." along with his newspapers "to fight for progress and reform, to fight demagogues, to belong to no party, to remain devoted to the public welfare," Charles Evans Hughes, in six short years—and while a justice of the Supreme Court—has become another Arnold, an icicle, a mystery. "J. P.'s" properties have become party organs.

Hughes did not accept Joseph Pulitzer's trust nor his bequest of $100,000. Although practically broke in pocket when he resigned the governorship of New York to become an associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, he could not conscientiously, nor ethically, according to his reasoning, assume the trust nor avail himself of the bequest.

The prospect of the fat fees allowable by law to a trustee was no temptation. If he had accepted the trust it would have meant that he would have been a trustee in more than name. Assuming that the conduct of the Pulitzer newspapers followed the lines laid down by their creator, there would be no necessity for a trustee or trustees to bleed the estate in fees for no other service than nodding approval. Assuming that the management of the properties proved unworthy, there would of necessity be a reason to displace it. And as he saw it, it would not only be unfair to the newspapers and to the freedom which it is necessary for untrammeled printing-presses to enjoy, but also embarrassing to the highest court in the land to have a chief justice involved in such matters. So he declined.

"Tell Hughes," "J. P." sent word to him, "that I have left him a hundred thousand dollars in my will and made him a trustee of my estate. Tell him that he can accept it without embarrassment. Tell him, too, if he is so damned conscientious that he fears he may embarrass the *World* or the *Despatch*, that I'll arrange with them to rip him up the back whenever he feels that he needs it."

Just shortly before the great publisher and great American passed away, he sent for a friend to go to Hughes once more and ask him to serve.

"Hughes is going to be President of the United States some day, mark my prophecy," said he, toward the end of the conversation.

"I hardly think so now, Mr. Pulitzer," answered his messenger. "His going on the Supreme Court Bench destroyed the last possibility of that."

"He will be President of the United States some day," repeated "J. P." and not without heat. "Don't argue with me."

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"IT'S BEEN PRACTISING 'ANNIE LAURIE' AND 'TENTING TO-NIGHT,' ALL WINTER."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THOMAS FOGARTY

THE SPRING CONCERT

by Booth Tarkington

AUTHOR OF "THE TURMOIL," "PENROD," "SEVENTEEN," ETC.

THE FIRST LUCIUS BRUTUS ALLEN STORY

THE town was only about eighty years old, but it loved to think of itself as a "good old place," and it habitually spoke of the residence of its principal citizen as "that old-fashioned Ricketts property."

This was an under-statement: the Ricketts place was more than merely old-fashioned. So rapidly do fashions change in houses, nowadays, in small towns as well as in big, and so quickly does life become history, that the "Ricketts property" at fifty years of age was an actual archæological relic. Contemplating the place you contemplated a prevalent way of life already abandoned, and learned a bit of Midland history. The Ricketts place was a left-over from that period when every Midland townsman was his own farmer, according to his means; and if he was able, kept his cow and chickens, and raised corn and pigs at home.

The barn was a farm barn, with a barn-yard about it; here were the empty pig-pens and the chicken house, the latter still inhabited. In summer, sweet corn was still grown in the acre lot adjoining the barn-yard; and, between that lot and the drive-way from the barn, there was a kitchen garden, there was an asparagus bed, and there was a strawberry patch fringed with currant-bushes. Behind the house were out-buildings: the storeroom, the wash-house, the smoke-house. Here was the long grape-arbor, and here stood the two pumps: one of iron, for the cistern; the other a wooden flute that sang higher and higher to an incredible pitch before it fetched the water.

The house was a large, pensive-looking, honest old frame thing, with a front porch all across it; and the most casual passer-by must have guessed that there was a great deal of clean oilcloth on the hall floors, and that cool mattings were laid, in summer, in all the rooms—mattings pleasant to the bare feet of children. It was a house that "smelled good": aromas at once sweet and spicy were wont to swim down the mild breezes of Pawpaw Street, whereon the Ricketts place fronted.

In the latter part of April the perfume of apple-blossoms was adrift on those breezes, too; for all the west side of the big yard was an apple orchard, and trees stood so close to the house that a branch of blossoms could be gathered from one of the "sitting-room" windows—and on a warm end-of-April day, when that orchard was full abloom,

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last year, there sat reading a book, beneath the carnival clouds of blossom, an apple-blossom of a girl.

So she was informed by Mr. Lucius Brutus Allen. Mr. Allen came walking up Pawpaw Street from Main Street, about five o'clock in the afternoon; a broad, responsible figure with a broad, irresponsible face, and a good, solid, reddish-haired head behind the face. He was warm, it appeared; inclined to refresh his legs with a pause of leisure, his nose with the smell of the orchard, his eyes with the sight of its occupant. He halted, rested his stout forearms upon the top of the picket-fence, and in his own way made the lady acquainted with his idea of her appearance.

"A generous soil makes a generous people, Miss Mary," he observed; and she looked up gravely from her book at the sound of his tremulous tenor voice. "You see, most of this country in the Ohio and Mississippi valleys is fertile. We don't have to scratch the rocks for our crops, so we have time to pronounce our *r*'s. We've even got the leisure to drawl a little. A Yankee, now, he's too pinched for time, between his hard rocks and his hard winters, to pronounce his *r*'s; so he calls his mother 'motha', and hurries on. But he's conscientious, Miss Mary; he knows he's neglected something, and so, to make up for it, he calls his sister 'Mariar'. Down South it's too hot for a fellow to trouble about the whole blame alphabet, so he says, 'Lessee, which lettuhs goin' to be the easies' to leave out?' he says. 'Well, the *r*'s, I reckon,' he says. 'An' *g*,' he says. 'I'll leave *r* out most the time, an' *g* whenevuh I get the chance—an' sometimes *d* an' *t*. That'll be a heap easiuh,' he says, 'when I'm claimin' my little boy is the smahtis' chile in the worl'.'"

Mr. Allen paused genially, then concluded: "You see, Miss Mary, I've just been leading up logically to the question: Which is you and which is the rest of the apple-blossoms?"

Miss Ricketts made no vocal reply, but there was a slight concentration of the fine space between her eyebrows; decidedly no symptom of pleasure, though she might properly have enjoyed the loiterer's little extravagance, which was far from being inaccurate as extravagances go. Mr. Allen was forced to remind himself that "nobody loves a fat man," though he decided not to set his thought before the lady.

A smile of some ruefulness became just visible upon the ample surface of his face, then withdrew to the interior, and was transmuted into a quality of his odd and pleasant voice, which was distinctly rueful as he said:

"It's the weather, Miss Mary. You mustn't mind what anybody says along during the first warm days in spring. People are liable to say anything at all."

"Yes," Miss Ricketts returned, not mollified. "I've just noticed." She gave him one dark glance, wholly unfavorable, as she spoke, and then looked down at her book again, allowing him no possible doubt that she wished to proceed with her reading.

"I'm a hard man to discourage," said Mr. Allen. "The band's going to play in the Square to-night. It's been practising 'Annie Laurie' and 'Tenting To-night' all winter, up in the storeroom over Tom Leggett's wall-paper and book emporium, and of course the boys are anxious to give their first concert. What I wanted to say was this: If I came by for you after supper, would you care to go?"

"No," said Miss Ricketts quietly, not looking up.

Before continuing and concluding the conversation, Lucius Brutus Allen paused to contemplate the top of her pink and white hat, which was significantly presented to his view as she bent over her book; and the pause was a wistful one on his part. "Seeing as that's the case," he said, finally, "I may be a hard man to discourage, and I *was* on my way home, but I believe I'll just turn right square around and go on back to the National House bar—and get me a drink of

THE BARN WAS A FARM BARN.

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lemonade. I want to show people I'm as desperate as anybody, when I'm crossed."

Immediately, with an air of resolution, Mr. Allen set off upon the path by which he had come. He debouched upon Main Street, at the foot of Pawpaw, crossed the Square to the dismal brick pile much too plainly labeled, "National House Will Wheen Propr," and passed between two swinging, green, knee-high doors on the ground floor. "George," he said to the bartender, "I'm not happy. Have you any lemons?"

The bartender rubbed the back of his neck, stooped, and poked and peered variously beneath the long bar. "Seems like I *did* have some, Lu," he said thoughtfully. "I remember seein' them lemons last Mon——"

"No," Mr. Allen interrupted, sighing. "I've been through this before with you, George. I'll take buttermilk."

"Oh, got plenty *buttermilk!*" the bartender said, brightening; and supplied his customer from a large, bedewed white pitcher. "Buttermilk goes good this weather, don't it, Lu?"

"It do," said Lucius, gravely.

Glass in hand, he went to a small round table where sat the only other present patron of the bar—a young man well-favored, but obviously in a state morbid if not moribund. He did not look up at Mr. Allen's approach; continuing to sit motionless with his faraway gaze marooned upon a stratum of amber light in his glass on the table before him.

He was a picturesque young man, and, with his rumpled black hair, so thick and wavy about his brooding white face, the picture he most resembled was that of a provincial young lawyer stricken with the stage-disease and bound to play *Hamlet*. This was no more than a resemblance, however; his intentions were different, as he roused himself to make clear presently, though without altering his attitude, or even the direction of his glance.

"What do you mean?" he inquired huskily, a moment after Mr. Allen had seated himself at the table. "What do you mean, slamming a glass of buttermilk down on my table, Lucius Brutus Allen?"

Mr. Allen put on a pair of eye-glasses, and thoughtfully examined the morose gentleman's countenance before replying. "I would consume this flagon of buttermilk in congenial melancholy, Joseph Pitney Perley."

Mr. Perley, still motionless, demanded: "Can't you see what I'm doing?"

"What are you doing, Joe?"

"Drinking!"

"Professionally?" Mr. Allen inquired. "Or only for the afternoon?"

"I don't want to be talked to!"

"I do," said Lucius. "Talk to me."

Here the bartender permitted himself the intervention of a giggle, and wiped his dry bar industriously—his favorite gesture. "You ain't goin' to git much talk out o' *Joe*, Lu!" he said. "All he's said sence he come in here was jest, 'Gimme same, George.' *I* tell him he ain't goin' to be in no condition to 'tend the band concert 's evening if he keeps on another couple hours or so. Me, I don't mind seein' a man drink some, but I like to see him git a little fun out of it!"

"Have you considered the band concert, Joe?" Mr. Allen inquired. "Do you realize what strange euphonies you'll miss unless you keep sober until seven-thirty?"

The somber Perley relaxed his gaze, and uttered a fierce monosyllable of denunciation. "Sober!" he added, afterward. "I'm sober. That's my trouble. I've been trying to get tight for three hours!"

"I'll say this fer you," the bartender volunteered—"you been tryin' *good*, too!"

"Ever experiment any?" Lucius suggested. "Why don't you go over to Doc Willis's Painless Dental Parlors? He's got a tank of gas there, and all you do is put a rubber thing over your nose and breathe. Without any trouble at all you'll be completely out of business in forty-five seconds."

"Yeh," said the bartender. "But it don't last more'n about four minutes."

"No; that's true," Lucius admitted. "But maybe Joe could hire Doc to tap him behind the ear with one of those little lead

THE ACRE-LOT ADJOINING THE BARN-YARD.

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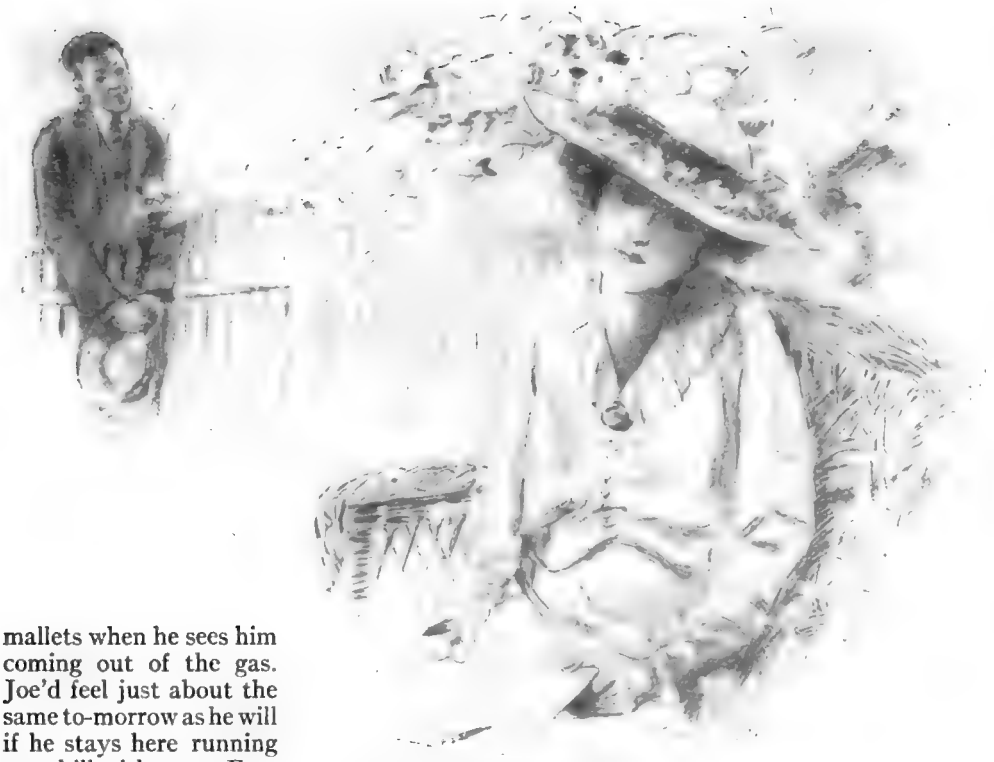

THERE SAT, READING A BOOK.
AN APPLE-BLOSSOM OF A GIRL.

mallets when he sees him coming out of the gas. Joe'd feel just about the same to-morrow as he will if he stays here running up a bill with you. Fact is, I believe he'd feel better."

"I tell you," said Mr. Perley, with emphasis, "I'm drinking!" And for further emphasis he rattled his glass. "Give me the same, George," he said.

George held a bottle to the light. He meditated, rubbing the back of his head; then spoke: "Tell you what I'll do. The wife's waitin' supper fer me now; I want to git back up-town early fer the trade before the concert, because I look fer quite a rush——"

"Yes," interrupted Mr. Allen, musingly. "Our community is going to see a night of wine and music, George."

"I'll jest open a fresh bottle fer you, Joe," the bartender continued; "and when I git back I'll charge you with how many drinks you take out of it; I got the place marked with my thumb. I'm goin' on home to supper. You want any more buttermilk, Lu?"

"Bring the pitcher," said Mr. Allen. "I will sup upon it."

"All right." And George brought to the table the pitcher of buttermilk, a dim saucer of crackers and cheese, a brown bottle, ice-water, and fresh glasses. After that he doffed his apron, put on his hat, but no coat, and went to the door, where he turned to say: "If anybody else comes in here before I git back——"

"And calls for liquor," Mr. Allen took up the sentence, as George paused in thought, "we shall be glad to——"

"Tell 'em," said George, "they don't git it!" He departed.

Mr. Allen helped himself to buttermilk, ate a cracker, leaned back in his chair, and began to hum "Annie Laurie."

"Stop that!" said Perley, sharply.

"Certainly," said Lucius. "I'll whistle instead."

"If you do," the troubled young man warned him, in good faith, "I'll kill you!"

"What can I do to entertain you, Joe?"

"You might clear out," his friend suggested darkly. "God knows I haven't asked for your society!"

"No," said Lucius. "Our fairest gifts do oft arrive without petition. What an unusual thought! Have you noticed——"

But the other burst out suddenly in a tragic fury: "Shut up! What's the matter with you? Can't you see I want to be alone?"

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Mr. Allen remained placid. "What difference do I make?" he asked. "I thought you said you were 'drinking'? If you're really in earnest about it you don't care who's here or anywhere else."

"Don't you see I'm in *misery?*" cried Perley.

"The ayes have it."

"Well, then, why in Heaven's name can't you——"

"I'll tell you," said Lucius. "I'm in misery, too. Terrible!"

"Well, what the devil do *I* care for that?"

"Haven't I got a right to sit here?" Lucius inquired mildly. "Haven't I got a right to sit here and drink, and cuss inside my innards, and take on the way you're doing? Mary Ricketts just told me that she wouldn't go to the band concert with me."

"Oh, do dry up!"

"Well, you're responsible for Mary's treatment of me, aren't you?" said Lucius. "I thought probably there'd be trouble when I saw you headed this way this afternoon."

"You do beat any ordinary lunatic!" the distressed young man protested. "I 'headed this way' this afternoon because I got one of my spells. You know well enough how it is with me, and how it was with my father before me—every so often the spell comes on me, and I've *got* to drink. What in the Lord's name has that to do with Mary Ricketts? I don't suppose I've even seen her for a month. Never did see anything of her, to speak of, in my life."

Mr. Allen replenished his glass from the pitcher of buttermilk before replying, and appeared to muse sorrowfully. "Well, maybe I was mistaken," he said. "But I ——" He broke off a line of thought; then sighed and inquired: "When this 'spell' comes on you, Joe, you feel that you've '*got*' to go on until——"

"You know I do! I don't want to talk about it."

"But suppose," said Lucius, "suppose something took your mind off of it."

"Nothing could. Nothing on earth!"

"But just suppose something did turn up—right in the start of a spell, say—something you found you'd rather do. You know, Joe, I believe if it did and you found something else was *really* pleasanter, it might be you'd never start in again. You'd understand it wasn't the fun you think it is, maybe."

"Fun!" Joe cried. "I don't *want* to drink!"

And at that his stocky companion burst into outright laughter. "I know you think so, Joe," he said apologetically, when his hilarity was sufficiently diminished. "Of course you believe it. I'm not denying that."

"By George!" the unfortunate young man exclaimed. "You *do* make me sick! I suppose if I had smallpox you'd say you weren't denying I believed I had it! You sit there and drink your buttermilk, and laugh at me like a ninny because you can't understand! No man on earth can understand, unless he has the thirst come on him the way mine does on me! And yet you tell me I only 'believe' I have it!"

"Yes, I ought to explain," said Mr. Allen soothingly. "It did sound unfeeling. One of the reasons you drink, Joe, is because this is a small town;—you have an active mind, a lot of the time there's nothing much to do, and you get bored."

"I told you nobody could understand such a thirst as mine—nobody except the man that's got one like it!"

"This hankering is something inside you, isn't it, Joe?"

"What of that?"

"It comes on you about every so often?"

"Yes."

"If there weren't any liquor in the world, you'd have the thirst for it just the same, would you?"

"Just the same," Perley answered. "And go crazy from it."

"Whereas," Mr. Allen returned, "since liquor's obtainable you prefer to go crazy from the imbibing of it instead of from the hanker for it. You find that more ossedalious, and nobody can blame you. But suppose alcohol had never been discovered, would you have the hanker?"

"No, because I wouldn't have inherited it from my father. You know as well as I do, how it runs in my family."

HE WAS A PICTURESQUE YOUNG MAN.

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"So I do, Joe; so I do!" Mr. Allen sighed reminiscently. "Both your father and your Uncle Sam went that way. I remember them very well, and how they enjoyed it—the earlier stages, I mean. That's different from you, Joe."

" 'Different!' " Joe laughed bitterly. "Do you suppose I get any 'enjoyment' out of it? Three days I'll drink now; then I'll be in hell—and I've got to go on. I've *got* to!"

"Funny about its being hereditary," said Lucius, musing aloud. "I expect you rather looked forward to that, Joe?"

His companion stared at him fiercely. "What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

"You always thought it was *going* to be hereditary, didn't you, Joe? From almost when you were a boy?"

"Yes, I did. What of it?"

"And maybe—" Lucius suggested, with the utmost mildness—"just possibly, say about the time you began to use liquor a little at first, you decided that this hereditary thing was inevitable, and the idea made you melancholy about yourself, of course; but after all, you felt that the hereditary thing made a pretty fair excuse to yourself, didn't you?"

"See here," Joe said angrily, "I'm not in any mood to stand——"

"Pshaw!" Lucius interrupted. "I was only going on to say that it's more and more curious to me about this hereditary notion. I'm thirty-five, and you're only twenty-six. I remember well when your father began to drink especially. I was seventeen years old, and you were about eight. You see you were already born then, and so I can't understand about the thirst being heredi——"

"Damn it all!" Joe Perley shouted; and he struck the table with his fist. "I told you I don't want to talk, didn't I? Didn't you hear me say I was *drinking?*"

The amiable man across the table produced two cigars from his coat pocket. "We'll change the subject," he said. "Smoke, Joe?"

"No, thank you."

"We'll change the subject," Lucius repeated. "I gather that this one is painful to you. You don't mind my staying here if we talk about something else?"

"No—not much."

"I mentioned that I asked Mary Ricketts to go with me to the band concert tonight, didn't I?" Mr. Allen inquired, as he lit his cigar. "I was telling you about that, wasn't I, Joe?"

"You said something about it," Mr. Perley replied with evident ennui.

"You know, Joe," said Lucius, his tone becoming confidential, "I walk past the old Ricketts property every afternoon on my way home. It's quite considerable out of my way, but I always do. Fact is—" he chuckled ruefully, "I can't help it."

"I suppose you want me to ask you why," said his gloomy companion, with sincere indifference.

"Yes, Joe, will you?"

"All right. Why can't you help it?"

"Well, there's something about that old place so kind of pleasant and healthy and reliable. This is a funny world: there's a lot of things a fellow's got to be afraid of in it, and the older he gets the more he sees to scare him. I think what I like best about that old Ricketts property is the kind of *safe* look it has. It looks as if anybody that belonged in there was safe from 'most any kind of disaster—bankruptcy, lunacy, 'social ambition,' money ambition, evil thoughts, or turning into a darn fool of any kind. You don't happen to walk by there much, do you, Joe?"

"No, I don't."

"Well, sir, you ought to!" said Lucius genially. "The orchard's in bloom, and you ought to see it. The Ricketts orchard is the show of this county. The good old judge has surely looked after those old apple-trees of his; they're every one just solid blossom. Yes, sir, every last one! Why, it made me feel like a dryad!"

THE BARTENDER WIPED HIS DRY BAR.

"Like a who?"

"You mean that I'm thirty-five"—so Mr. Allen thought fit to interpret this question—"and that I'm getting a little fat,

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some baldish, and a whole lot reddish. So I am; but I'll tell you something, young Joseph: romance is a thing inside a person, just the same as your thirst. It doesn't matter what his outside is like. My trousers always bag at the knees, even when they're new, but my knees themselves are pure Grecian. It's the skinny seamstress of forty that dreams the most of marquises in silver armor; and darky boys in school forget the lesson in reveries about themselves—they think of themselves on horseback as generals with white faces and straight blond hair. And everybody knows that the best poets are almost always outrageously ordinary to look at. This is springtime, Joseph; and the wren lays an egg no bigger than a fairy's. The little birds——"

"By George!" Mr. Perley exclaimed, in real astonishment. "See here!" he said. "Had you been drinking a little yourself before you came in? If not, it's the first time I knew a person could get a talking jag on buttermilk."

"No," said Lucius, correcting him. "It's on apple-blossoms. She was sitting under 'em pretending to read a book, but I suppose she was thinking about you, Joe."

"Who was?"

"Mary," Mr. Allen replied quietly. "Mary Ricketts."

"You say she was thinking about *me?*"

"Probably she was, Joe. She was sitting there, and the little birds——"

"I know you're a good lawyer," Joe interrupted, shaking his head in gloomy wonder, "but everybody in town thinks you're a nut, except when you're on a law case, and I guess they're about right. You certainly talk like one!"

Mr. Allen nodded. "A reputation like that is mighty helpful sometimes."

"Well, if you like it you're free to refer all inquirers to me," said Joe heartily. "You're trying to tell me Mary Ricketts was 'thinking' about me, and I don't suppose I've seen her as much as five times this year; and I haven't known her—not to speak of—since we were children. I don't suppose I've had twenty minutes' talk with her, all told, since I got back from college. The only girl I ever see anything of at all is Molly Baker, and that's only because she happens to live next door. I don't see even Molly to speak to more than once or twice a month. I don't have anything to do with *any* of the girls. I keep *away* from 'em,

"SHUT UP! WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? CAN'T YOU SEE I WANT TO BE ALONE?"

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because a man with the curse I've got hanging over me——"

"Thought you didn't want to talk about that, Joe."

"I don't," the young man said angrily. "But I want to know what you mean by this nonsense about Mary Ricketts and me."

"I don't know if I ought to tell you—exactly." Here Lucius frowned as with a pressure of conscience. "I'm not sure I ought to. Do you insist on it, Joe?"

"Not if you've got to talk any more about 'the little birds!'" Joe returned with sour promptness. "But if you can leave them out and talk in a regular way, I'd like to hear you."

"Have you ever noticed," Mr. Allen began, "that Mary Ricketts is a beautiful girl?"

"She's not," said Joe. "She's not anything like 'beautiful.' Everybody in town knows and always has known that Mary Ricketts is an ordinarily good-looking girl. You can call her pretty if you want to stretch it a little, but that's all.

"That all, you think?"

"Certainly!"

"You ought to see her in the orchard, Joe!"

"Well, I'm not very likely to."

"Well, just why not, now?"

"Well, why should I?"

"You mean you've never given much thought to her?"

"Certainly I haven't," said Joe. "Why should I?"

"Isn't it strange now!" Mr. Allen shook his head wistfully. "I mentioned that I asked her to go to the band concert with me, didn't I, Joe?"

"You did."

"And did I tell you that she refused?"

"Lord, yes!"

"Well, that was it," said Mr. Allen, gently. "She just said, 'No!' She didn't say 'No, thank you.' No, sir, nothing like that; just plain 'No!' 'Well,' I thought to myself, 'now why is that? Naturally, she'd *want* to go to the concert, wouldn't she? Why, of course she would; it's the first public event that's happened since the lecture on 'Liquid Air' at Masonic Hall, along back in February. Certainly she'd want to go. Well, then, what's the matter? It must be simply she doesn't want to go with *you*, Lucius Brutus Allen!'

"That's what I said to myself, Joe. 'You're practically a fat old man from *her* point of view,' I said to myself. 'She wants to go but you aren't the fellow she wants to go *with*. Well, who is it? Evidently,' I reasoned, 'evidently he hasn't turned up, because she's just the least bit snappish the way she tells me she isn't pining for *my* escort.'

"Well, sir, I began to cast around in my mind to think who on earth it could be. 'It isn't Henry Wheen,' I thought, 'because she discouraged Henry so hard, more than a year ago, that Henry went and married that waitress here at his father's hotel. And it isn't Bax Lewis,' I thought, 'because she showed Bax *he* didn't stand any chance from the first. And it isn't Charlie McGregor or Cal Veedis,' I thought, 'because she just *wouldn't* have anything to do with either of them, though they both tried to make her till the judge pretty near had to tell 'em right out that they'd better stay away. Well, it isn't Doc Willis, and it isn't Carlos Bollingbroke Thompson, nor Whit Connor,' I thought, 'because they're *old* bachelors like me—and that just about finishes the list.' Well, sir, there's where I had to scratch my head. 'It must be somebody,' I thought, 'somebody that hasn't been coming around the Ricketts property at all, so far, because she's never gone any place she could help with those that *have* been coming around there.' Then I thought of you, Joe. 'By George!' I thought. 'By George, it might be Joe Perley! He's the only young man in town not married, engaged, or feeble-minded, that hasn't ever showed any interest in Miss Mary. There's no two ways about it: likely as not it's liable to be Joe Perley!'"

"I never heard anything crazier in my life!" Joe said. "I don't suppose Mary Ricketts has given me two thoughts in the last five years."

Mr. Allen tilted back in his chair, his feet upon a rung of the table. He placed his cigar at the left extremity of his mouth, gazed at the ceiling, and waved his right hand in a take-it-or-leave-it gesture.

"Well, *why* would she?" Joe demanded. "There's nothing about *me* that——"

"No," said his friend. "Nothing except she doesn't know you very well."

At that Joe Perley laughed. "You are the funniest old Lucius!" he said. "Just because I've never been around there and the rest have, you say that proves——"

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THE HOUSE WAS A LARGE, PENSIVE LOOKING, HONEST OLD FRAME THING.

Mr. Allen waved his hand again. "I only say there's *somebody* could get her to go to that concert with him. Absolutely! Why absolutely? It's springtime; she's twenty-three. Of course, if it *is* you, she isn't very liable to hear the music except along with her family—not when you've got such pressing engagements *here*, of course! I'm thinking of going up there again pretty soon myself, to see if maybe Judge and Mrs. Ricketts aren't going to walk up-town for the concert, and maybe I can sort of push myself in among the family so that I can walk anyway in the same *group* with Mary! It's going to be moonlight, and as balmy as a night in a piece of poetry! By George! you can smell apple-blossoms from one end of the town to the other, Joe!"

"How you hate talking!" Mr. Perley remarked discouragingly.

"I hear the band is going to try 'Schubert's Serenade,' " Lucius continued. "The boys aren't so bad as we make out, after all; the truth is, they play almighty well. I expect you'll be able to hear some of it from in here, Joe; but take *me* now—I want to be out in the moonlight in that apple-blossom smell when they play 'Schubert's Serenade!' I want to be somewhere where I can see the moonshine shadow of Mary Ricketts's hat fall across her cheek, so I can spend my time guessing whether she's listening to the music with her eyes shut or open. It's a pink-and-white hat, and she's wearing a pink-and-white dress, too, to-day, Joe. She was sitting under those apple-blossoms, and the little bir——"

Sudden, loud, and strong expressions suffered him not to continue for several moments.

"Certainly, Joe," Mr. Allen then resumed. "I will not mention them again. I was only leading to the remark that nightingales serenading through the almond-groves of Sicily probably have nothing particular on our enterprising little city during a night in apple-blossom time. My great trouble, Joe, is never getting *used* to its being springtime. Every year when it comes around again it hits me just the same way—maybe a little more so each year that I grow older. And this has been the first plumb genuine spring day we've had.

"At the present hour this first true blue spring day is hushing itself down into the first spring evening, and in a little while there'll be another miracle: the first scented and silvered spring night. All over town the old folks are coming out from their suppers to sit on their front porches, and the children are beginning to play hi-spy in and out among the trees. Pretty soon they'll all, old and young, be strolling up-town to hear the band play on the court-house steps. I expect some of the young couples already *have* started; they like to walk slowly and not say much, on the way to the spring concert, you know."

Mr. Allen drank another glass of buttermilk, smiled, then murmured with repletion and the pathos of a concluding bit of enthusiasm. "Oh, Lordy, Lordy!" he said, "What it is to be twenty or twenty-five in springtime!"

"Not for me, Lucius," Mr. Perley rejoined, shaking his head.

"No, I suppose not. It does seem pretty

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rough," said Lucius, sympathetically, "to think of you sitting here in this reeky hole, when pretty nearly every other young fellow in town will be strolling through the apple-blossom smell in the moonlight with a girl on his arm, and the band playing, and all. Old soak Beeslum'll probably be in here to join you after while, though; and four or five farm hands, and some of the regular Saturday-night town drunks, and maybe two or three Swedes. Oh, I expect you'll have *company* enough, Joe!"

"I guess so. Anyhow, I haven't much choice! This thing's got me, and I've got to go through with it, Lucius."

"I see. Yes, sir, it's too bad! Too bad!" And Lucius looked sympathetically down, then cheerfully up again, as the swinging-doors parted to admit the entrance of the returned bartender. "Hello, George!"

"Back a'ready," said George, self-approvingly. "Ham, fried potatoes, coffee, and griddle-cakes, all tucked inside o' me, too! Didn't miss any customers, did I?"

"No."

George came to the table. "Lemme look how many drinks you owe me fer sence I went out, Joe," he said. "I had the place where she come to in the neck of the bottle marked with my thumb." He lifted the bottle, regarded it thoughtfully at first, then with some surprise. He set it down upon the table without comment, began to whistle "Little Annie Rooney," went behind the bar, doffed his hat, resumed his apron, and continued to whistle.

Mr. Allen rose, dusting some crumbs of cracker from his attire. "I guess I must have won the buttermilk record, George," he said, as he placed a silver dollar upon the bar. "If buttermilk were intoxicating there wouldn't be a sober creature on the face of the earth. Trouble with your other stuff, George, it *tastes* so rotten!"

"I take buttermilk sometimes myself, Lu," said George as he made change. "I guess there ain't nobody seen me carryin' much hard liquor sence my second child was born. That was the time they had to jug me, and—whoo, *gosh!* you'd ought to seen what I went through when I got home that night! She's little and she was sick-abed, too, but that didn't git in *her* way none! No, sir!"

"Good night," said Lucius cheerily. "I'm going to stroll along Pawpaw Street before the band starts. Moon'll be 'way up in a little while now, and on such a night as this is going to be did Jessica, the Jew's daughter— *You* know what I mean, George."

"Yep," said George blankly. "I gotcha, Lu."

"I'm going," said Lucius, "to go and push in with some folks to listen to the band with. Good night, Joe."

Joe Perley did not turn his head, but sat staring fixedly at the table, his attitude being much the same as that in which Lucius had discovered him.

"Good night, Joe," the departing gentleman paused to repeat.

"What?"

"Nothing," said Lucius. "I only said 'good night.' "

"All right," said Joe, absently. "Good night."

Mr. Allen took a musical departure. "Oh, as I strolled out one summer evening," he sang, "for to meet Miss Nellie Green, all the birds and the flow'rs was singing sweetly, wherev-urr they was to be seen!"

Thus, singing heartily, he passed between the swinging-doors and out to the street. Here he continued his euphonic mood, but moderated his expression of it to an inconspicuous humming. Dusk had fallen, a dusk as scented and as alive with spring as he had claimed it would be; and a fair shaft of the rising moon already struck upon the white cupola of the court-house . . .

Mary Ricketts was leaning upon the

"MOLLY'S A DETERMINED GIRL—AND SHE MIGHT——"

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"IN A LITTLE WHILE THERE'LL BE ANOTHER MIRACLE: THE FIRST SILVERED SPRING NIGHT. AND YOUNG AND OLD WILL BE STROLLING UP-TOWN TO HEAR THE BAND PLAY."

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front gate of the Ricketts place when he came there.

"Good evening, Miss Mary," he said. "Are the judge and your mother at home?"

"They're right there on the front porch, Mr. Allen," she said cordially. "Won't you come in?"

"In a minute," he responded. "It does me good to hear you answer when I ask for your parents, Miss Mary."

"How is that?"

"Why," he said, "you always sound so friendly when I ask for *them!*"

She laughed, and explained her laughter by saying, "It's funny you don't always ask for them!"

"Just so," he agreed. "I've been thinking about that. Are you all going up to the Square pretty soon, to hear the concert?"

"Father and mother are, I think," she said. "I'm not."

"Just 'waiting at the gate'?"

"Not *for* any one!"

Lucius took off his hat and fanned himself, a conciliatory gesture. "I tell you I feel mighty sorry for one young man in this town to-night," he said.

"Who's that, Mr. Allen?"

"Well—" he hesitated. "I don't know if I ought to tell *you* about it."

"Why not me?" she asked, not curiously.

"Well—it's that young Joe Perley."

Miss Ricketts was mildly amused; Lucius's tone was serious, and if she had any interest whatever in Mr. Perley it was of a quality most casual and remote. "Why should you either tell me or not tell me anything about him?" she asked.

"You know he's such a good-looking young fellow," said Lucius. "And he's going to make a fine lawyer, too; I've had him with me in a couple of cases, and I've an idea he might have something like a real career, if—" he paused.

"Yes?" she said, idly. "If what? And why is it you feel so sorry for him, and why did you hesitate to tell *me?* What's it all about, Mr. Allen?"

"I suppose I'd better explain, now I've gone this far," he said, a little embarrassed. "I was talking with Joe to-day, and—well, the fact is we got to talking about you."

"You did?" Her tone betokened an indifference unmistakably genuine. "Well?"

Lucius laughed with increased embarrassment. "Well—the fact is we talked about you a long while."

"Indeed?" she said coldly, but there was a slight interest now perceptible under the coldness; for Miss Mary Ricketts was not unhuman. "Was there a verdict?"

"It—it wasn't so much what he said, exactly—no, not so much that," Lucius circumlocuted. "It was more the—the length of time we were talking about you. That was the thing that struck *me* about it, because I didn't know—that is, I'd never heard—I——"

"What *are* you trying to say, Mr. Allen?"

"Well, I mean," said Lucius, "I mean I hadn't known that he came around here at all."

"He doesn't."

"That's why I was so surprised."

"Surprised at what?" she said impatiently.

"Why," said Lucius, "surprised at the length of time that we were talking about you!"

"What nonsense!" she cried. "*What* nonsense! I don't suppose he's said two words to me or I to him in two years!"

"Yes," Lucius assented. "That's what makes it all the more remarkable! I supposed the only girl he ever thought *anything* about was Molly Baker, but he told me the only reason he ever goes there is just because she lives next door to him."

"Not very polite to Molly!" said Miss Ricketts, and she laughed with some indulgence for this ungallantry.

"Still, Molly's a determined girl," Lucius suggested; "and she might——"

"She might what?"

"Nothing," said Lucius. "I was only remembering I'd always heard she was such a—such a *grasping* sort of girl."

"Had you?"

"Yes, hadn't you?"

She was thoughtful for a moment. "Oh, I don't know."

"So it seemed to me—well—" He laughed hesitatingly. "Well, it certainly was curious, the length of time we were talking about you to-day!" And he paused again as if awaiting her comment; but she offered none. "Well," he said, finally, "I expect I better go join the old folks on the porch where I belong."

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"WHO IS THAT YOUNG MAN OUT THERE, TALKING TO MARY?" ASKED MARY'S MOTHER. "CAN YOU MAKE OUT, FATHER?"

He was heartily received and made welcome in that sedate retreat, where, as he said, he belonged; but throughout the greetings and the subsequent conversation he kept a corner of his eye upon the dim white figure in the shadow of the maple-trees down by the gate.

Presently another figure, a dark one, graceful and young, came slowly along the sidewalk—slowly and rather hesitatingly. This figure paused, took a few steps onward again; then definitely halted near the gate.

"Who is that young man out there, talking to Mary?" asked Mary's mother. "Can you make out, father?"

"It's that young Joe Perley," the judge answered.

"I've heard he drinks a good deal sometimes," said Mrs. Ricketts, thoughtfully. "His mother says he tries not to, but that it comes over him, and that he's afraid he'll turn out like his father."

Mr. Allen laughed cheerfully. "Anybody at Joe's age can turn out any way he wants to," he said. "Mrs. Perley needn't worry about Joe any more. I just sat with him an hour down at the National House,

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and there was an open whisky bottle on the table before us, and he never once touched it all the time I was talking with him."

"Well, I'm glad of that," said Mrs. Ricketts. "That ought to show he has plenty of will-power, anyhow."

"Plenty," said Lucius.

Then Mary's young voice called from the spaces of night. "I'm going to walk uptown to the concert with Mr. Perley, mother. You'd better wear your shawl if *you* come."

And there was the click of the gate as she passed out.

"We might as well be going along then, I suppose," said Mrs. Ricketts, rising. "You'll come with us old folks, Lucius?"

As the three old folks sauntered along the moon-speckled sidewalk the two slim young figures in advance were faintly revealed to them, likewise sauntering. And Lucius was right: you could smell apple-blossoms from one end of the town to the other.

"I hope our boys will win the band tournament at the county fair next summer," said Mrs. Ricketts. "Don't you think there's a pretty good chance of it, Lucius?"

For a moment he appeared not to have heard her, and she gently repeated her question:

"Don't you think there's a pretty good chance of it?"

"Yes, more than a chance," he dreamily replied. "It only takes a hint in springtime. They'll do practically anything you tell 'em to. It's mostly the apple-blossoms and the little birds."

"Maytime in Marlow"—

ANOTHER STORY ABOUT LUCIUS BRUTUS ALLEN—

will appear in the November number.

LAMIA IN WINDSOR

BY SARAH N. CLEGHORN

BESIDE the charméd waterfall
In the Red Deeps of Windsor Wood,
I met a lady gaunt and tall.

Her cloak blown back, down fall'n her hood,
Before a monumental pine
How still, how fixed, how lost she stood!

The sun glanced through the crimson vine,
Like Moses' bush the maples burned,
More cordial was the air than wine.

But when that brooding lady turned,
And fixed on mine her troubled eyes,
Strange shapes and voices I discerned!

A cloud was drawn across the skies;
Strange beasts crept forth from every tree;
The wind was full of moaning cries!

Oh, turn those eyes away from me!
This is no longer Windsor Wood—
It is a fearful strange country!

She turned, she lifted up her hood;
Her cloak spread round her like a wing;
She seemed to melt from where she stood.

Then burst in flower a bush of spring;
The sun broke forth in noonday flood,
And countless birds began to sing.

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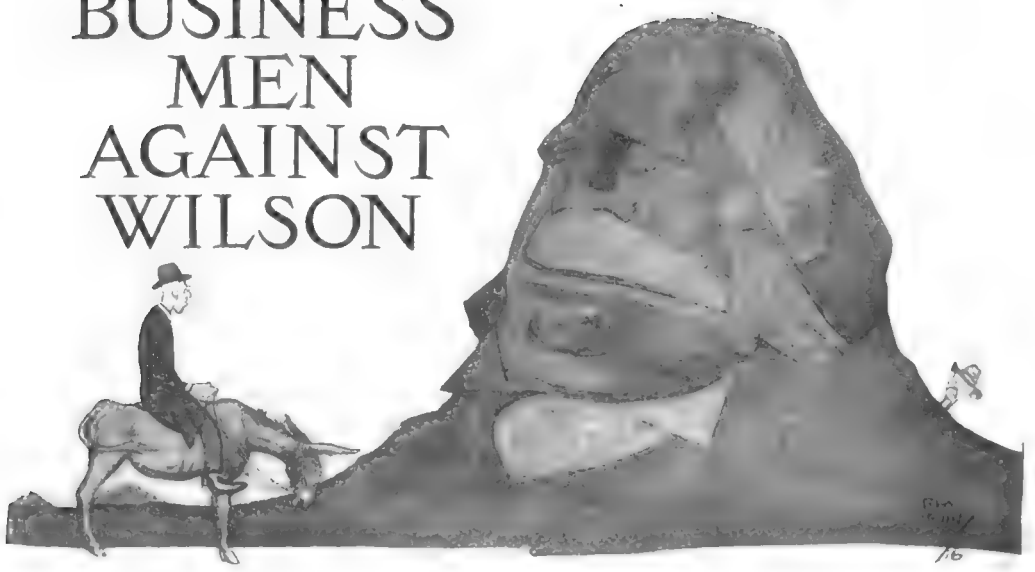
BUSINESS MEN AGAINST WILSON



BY C. P. CONNOLLY

HEADING BY REA IRVIN
CARTOONS BY W. C. MORRIS

WE HAD heard so many times "Business men are against Wilson" that several weeks ago we sent Mr. Connolly to find out if any large proportion of business men *are* against Wilson, and, if so, why. Mr. Connolly has a record as an impartial reporter; we knew he would get the facts straight and present them without prejudice. Here is what he found.—THE EDITOR.

"WE HAVE thirty members in our group who are active in the paint business," said a New York business man. "The majority of those thirty men voted for Wilson four years ago, although they were Republicans. Out of the entire number I don't think you'd find more than two who will vote for Wilson this year, and those two are prejudiced; they are Princeton graduates, and they will support him through loyalty more than anything else."

This is a fair sample of the responses I got, in a conscientious quest for the views of the average business man regarding the Wilson administration. I started out in New York and concluded my investigations at the Kansas boundary, going from business block to business block, and from city to city. I carried neither letter nor card, but I got my interviews—always with the understanding that names were not to be used.

Had I picked out men whom I knew to be antagonistic to the Administration, the chorus of dissent could not have been more hearty. It was a complete surprise to me, particularly the overwhelming sentiment against Mr. Wilson in New York and Chicago. Some were more specific, some more prejudiced, and some were more profane than others; but all were agreed that Mr. Wilson is a theorist who insists upon putting his theories into effect long after they are shown to be wrong; that he is a cultured gentleman, of literary tastes, who has had no business experience; that he is honest, and is trying desperately to do things, but that he has no foresight; and, finally, that the White House is too expensive a training-school for statesmen.

Even some of the Wilson supporters apologized for Wilson's Cabinet and for the men he had around him. The condemnation of the men who were in control in Congress was general. A great many insisted not only that Wilson's Cabinet was weak, but that his appointments had been more than weak.

These general views were supplemented

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with the assertion that the Administration would have been a dismal failure, from a business viewpoint, had it not been for the fact that the war threw business to this country that was unexpected, so great in amount that the American manufacturers have been running their mills full time—in many cases overtime—practically ever since the war started; that for the time being we have had a virtual monopoly of the world's markets, and that this has saved business; otherwise, the country would have had four of the leanest years it ever experienced. The business interests of the country, they insisted, required a greater measure of protection than had been accorded by the Underwood Bill, or than they can expect of the Democratic party.

Presumably, they said, the war will not last through 1917. At the conclusion of the war, unless there is a readjustment of schedules, business will be at the mercy of the foreign manufacturer, and we shall have a period of hard times. Therefore, they argued, it is to the best interests of the country generally to elect not only a Republican President, but a Republican Congress.

IN STRIKING contrast was the situation west of Chicago.

Many of the business men in this region, although they were not strong numerically for Wilson, met the arguments of the anti-Wilson men, without knowing it, and answered them with a good deal of sincerity, of force, and of logic. Yet it was a frequent thing for a business man in those cities to say: "Wilson has kept us out of war, and business men are very grateful for that; but I shall vote the Republican ticket because I think we need the services of the Republican party to tide us over the period of reconstruction after the war."

The trend of sentiment was relatively much more favorable toward Wilson in the *smaller* cities of the Middle West. In these communities, many a good business man would say:

"Yes, Wilson has made mistakes, but they are the minor things. I am for Wilson because times are good, and because he has kept us out of war."

To return to New York, and to the business man whose opinions in part I have given in the opening paragraph: I wish to quote him more at length because I believe him to have been perfectly honest and sincere in his criticisms, and because in a general way he sets forth the indictment of the average business man against the Administration. Out of perhaps two hundred business men of the average type, eliminating always the big business man, and taking averages as they came, this man represents fairly well the sentiments of ninety-five per cent. of those I ran across.

"OF COURSE, my own firm is somewhat biased," he said. "We did a large business in Mexico, and Mr. Wilson's Mexican policy has resulted in our doing not a dollar's worth of business there for the last two years. The interests of American citizens in Mexico were entitled to the protection of our Government—our treaties with Mexico provide for such protection; instead it has virtually told us who had business interests in Mexico that we should get out. The awful situation that exists there to-day is largely due to the moral support that our Government in the past has given Villa and Carranza. I lived down in that country for years, and I know that President Wilson's system of handling those people is not the proper one.

"He has come around in a great many things to the business man's point of view. For instance, take this tariff commission: he was very strong against it; now he is very much in favor of it. That seems to be a constitutional habit with him. He is at once obstinate and changeable. He was very much opposed to preparedness at first, but he has changed his mind on that question, as on a great many other matters of public policy. While his tariff measure is better than we ordinarily would get from a Democratic administration, it has signally failed to meet conditions, both as respects proper protection of American manufacturers, and as respects revenue.

"The fact is that the President has been educated at the expense of the public. He is a follower, not a leader. If he had stood three years ago where he stands to-day we should have fewer complaints to make. I think business generally is in favor of a non-partisan permanent tariff commission that would be in a position to judge from the technical standpoint what was the proper thing to do—which, of course, the average congressman or senator is not.

"Take President Wilson's position on the shipping bill. I think that a majority of

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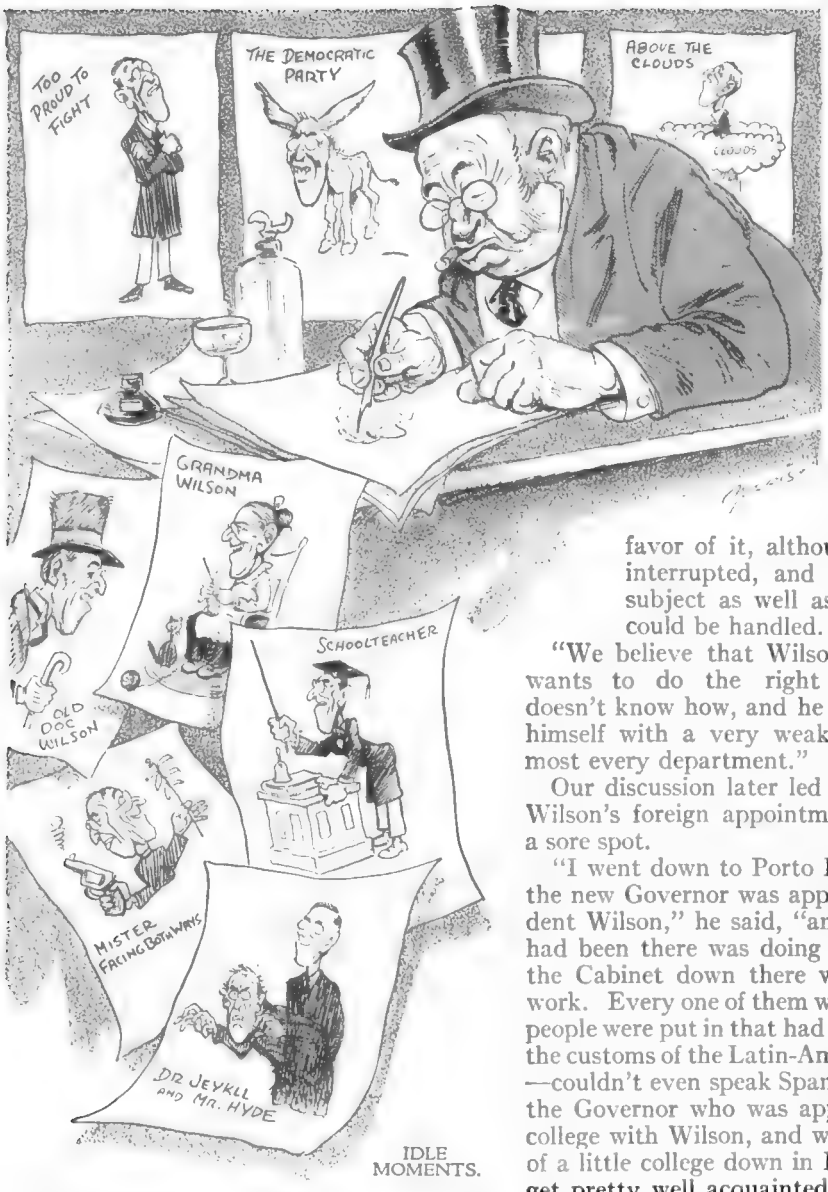

IDLE MOMENTS.

business men are strongly of the opinion that he is very wrong in his conclusions that this bill would be of assistance to the commerce of the country. It would, on the contrary, be a detriment to have the Government investing a lot of money in steamships and trying to run them. Mr. Alexander, the chairman of the House Committee on Merchant Marine and Fisheries, came to New York about the last week in April, and talked to eight hundred business men at the Biltmore Hotel. He is from Missouri — and so were those eight hundred business men. He was the author of the bill, and he went into it thoroughly, but he didn't get a hand-clap. He didn't convince us it was a good bill, but we convinced him that we were not in favor of it, although he was not interrupted, and he handled his subject as well as such a subject could be handled.

"We believe that Wilson is honest and wants to do the right thing, but he doesn't know how, and he has surrounded himself with a very weak Cabinet in almost every department."

Our discussion later led up to President Wilson's foreign appointments. This was a sore spot.

"I went down to Porto Rico at the time the new Governor was appointed by President Wilson," he said, "and the man that had been there was doing good work, and the Cabinet down there were doing good work. Every one of them was displaced and people were put in that had no knowledge of the customs of the Latin-American countries —couldn't even speak Spanish. You know, the Governor who was appointed went to college with Wilson, and was the president of a little college down in Kentucky. You get pretty well acquainted with a man on shipboard, and the impression we gathered of him was that he hadn't been a hundred miles from home since his childhood. He, too, has been doing better lately, but he also has been educated at the expense of the public. The same thing happened in the Philippines.

"Down in Santo Domingo an out-and-out politician was put in. I think it is safe to say that fifty per cent., at the lowest, of Mr. Wilson's appointments to foreign positions were poor."

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The Tariff

SOME business men I found disaffected because of the tariff. One New York man said that he happened to be operating in several of the Southern states when the Underwood Bill was up for consideration. He was the largest employer of labor in the district of a certain prominent Southern senator. He told this senator that the Underwood tariff would compel him to shut down, and that while perhaps he could stand it, it was a pretty serious matter for the several hundred men in the senator's district whom he employed.

"I labored with him for two or three days," said the New York man, "and in the last interview I had with him, he told me he wished to God there was none of that material in his district—showing the characteristic Democratic disposition to dislike any concrete facts which would be serious obstructions to their general ideas and policies. Needless to say, the proposition on this particular article went through, and this labor was all suddenly put out of employment, and it cost me $100,000. I had the same experience with another Southern senator. My plant in his state was shut down, and is shut down yet.

"The Administration has failed lamentably in the selection of its advisers, in the various committees of the Congress as well as in the Cabinet. Take as a sample of the patriotism of these Democratic leaders, Representative Hay, of Virginia, chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs of the House. He had inserted in the Army Bill a provision requiring that one vacancy in the Judge-Advocate-General's Department should be filled by the appointment of a person from civil life, not less than forty-five, nor more than fifty years of age, "who shall have been for ten years a judge of the Supreme Court of the Philippine Islands, shall have served for two years in the regular or volunteer army, and shall be proficient in the Spanish language and laws." No one but a friend of Mr. Hay in his home district could fill these requirements. That is a sample of Democratic methods in Congress.

"A Democratic victory in November means the control in office of that crowd, and business won't stand for it. My experience in the past three years has been such that I would under no circumstances go to Washington to confer with any of them.

"The attitude of suspicion toward business men on the part of everybody connected with the Administration is made very plain. That runs all through the Administration, practically."

I ran across many definite complaints about the workings of the new tariff law. And whoever thinks the tariff is a dead issue, will find in talking with business men that it is one of the principal causes of dissatisfaction with the Administration. A good many business men will vote against Wilson on that ground alone. The very fact, they say, that President Wilson has procured the enactment of a law providing for a tariff commission is evidence that he realizes the necessity for a tariff law different from the Underwood law; and yet they are afraid of any tariff commission that may be appointed by him. Certain it is that after the close of the European war the United States will be forced, in order to avoid an avalanche of cheap goods made in foreign countries, to adopt a thoroughly revised tariff law. Germany, they say, may not have made the war, but at least "Made in Germany" made the war.

Hard Times

I WAS surprised to find talk of hard times in many lines of business. One dry-goods merchant in Kansas City told me that in the last six months he had made more money than in any other six months of the nineteen years of his business life; he had not sold more goods during that time, but he had made more profits. This because of the good times and the high prices for everything. I repeated this to a man in the tile business in Kansas City, Missouri.

"Of course," he said. "Why not? I know a man in Kansas City who has drawn fifty-five millions of dollars in eighteen months from the Allies for horses and mules alone; that is no exaggeration; his bank account will show it. That money, with other money of its kind, has gone into certain channels of business and has made extraordinarily good times in those lines. On the other hand, I know many lines of business which are absolutely paralyzed. Were it not for the war, business would be in a desperate way, and you can safely bet a hat that Missouri will go back into the Republican column this fall.

"The truth is that the business of the

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country is what might be called 'spotted'; there's tremendous prosperity in some lines, and not much doing in others. If it hadn't been for the war, we would have had just as many people, or more, out of employment as there were two years ago, when the streets of New York and Chicago were filled with unemployed labor. They were employing labor over in Europe then, instead of in this country, and they were preparing to do it on even a larger scale when the war broke out and shut off all trade. It practically acted as a prohibitive tariff. That has brought us the particular kind of prosperity we have now, which is not very permanent in itself. It hasn't got the right kind of foundation."

Among many of the hundreds of merchants I talked with, the opinion seemed to prevail that the important question was how to protect the business interests of this country when the war is over. They doubt if the Democratic party has business ability enough in it to bring the country down from a war basis to a peace basis without a great deal more business trouble than would be necessary under good management.

Money has poured into the country, and it has produced unheard-of prices in many things. This country is the only great nation that is able to provide the belligerents, particularly the Allies, with very large quantities of all kinds of stuff required by the war. But let that foreign demand be taken away from us, as it will be some day, said some of these merchants, and it will leave business absolutely stranded. Laborers who are to-day making five and six dollars in munition plants, and spending it as fast as they make it, will have to go back to their old jobs at two dollars and two dollars and a half a day, and then there's going to be trouble. They won't go back to the old wages with a good face. There will be a period of industrial unrest and business stagnation, and—well, Mr. Wilson is not the man to handle that situation.

Of course, there were many minor complaints. There were some criticisms of the income tax, and of the general tendency of the Administration to array the masses against the classes, although this last indictment was not leveled against the President personally. The baiting of the great corporations had ceased, but the credit for this was not in all cases given to Mr. Wilson—the people generally had got tired of it.

There was some criticism to the effect that the President had not been quite as exacting in his notes to England as he had been in his notes to Germany, and complaint of his lack of a fixed policy with regard to the European situation during the first year of the war, which had produced very unfortunate results on the standing of Americans abroad. If he had been more aggressive, they felt, the country would not have been held up to ridicule, as it had been in almost every nation of the world. And, finally, there was the contention that the Rural Credits law is likely to put the small country bank out of business, and is not needed.

But behind all the lesser complaints stood out the general lack of confidence in the Administration on the part of business. Wilson is not a business man's President, as they see it.

Pro-Wilson

THERE was, of course, an affirmative side to the business feeling; but it was hopelessly in the minority.

Before I go into details, let me tell this story. It was told to me by a Chicago business man who was one of the original Wilson men. He used the yarn to throw into relief his feeling about the anti-Wilson sentiment of his fellows in the business world. I had told this man that I had found in Chicago, as I had found in New York, that business men were largely against Wilson and his policies, for one reason and another; that they made an exception, possibly, of the Federal Reserve Act, which they pretty well agreed was a good law.

"Well," he replied, "if you boil this hostility down, you'll find that it's because he's a Democrat. That is the nub of the whole situation. It reminds me of a story—a true story, mind you. Bill Tuell used to live down at Terre Haute. He was a railroad man. He got very well off, and finally he made up his mind he would build a railroad from Terre Haute to Martinsville. He had been born out in the country, about midway between Martinsville and Terre Haute, and he planned to take his road right past the old farm. When the surveyors got out there, an old farmer came up to them and wanted to know what they

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WILSON is not a business man's President, as business men see it. They say he is a cultured gentleman, who has had no business experience, and that the White House is too expensive a training-school for statesmen. They believe he is honest and wants to do the right thing, but doesn't know how. They think that the security of the country requires a change of Administration. If the voting for President were confined to the business men of the country, Wilson would be overwhelmingly defeated.
POLITICAL OBLIVION
GOODSHIP U.S.A.

3 JONAH UP TO DATE

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were doing. They said they were surveying for a railroad. The old farmer was very much interested. After a while he learned that Bill Tuell was going to build the railroad, and he said to the surveyors:

"'You see that house over there? That's where I live. See that little house over there, just beyond? Well, that's where Bill Tuell was born and brought up. I've knowed Bill Tuell ever since he was born, and he can't build no railroad!'

"After a while men came along digging up the dirt and putting down the ties and the irons, and every time the old farmer would strike a new crowd he would point over to Bill Tuell's house and tell them he'd known Bill Tuell since he was born—and he couldn't 'build no railroad.' In course of time they built a station on the old place and called it 'Tuell,' and presently they ran a train down from Terre Haute to Martinsville. It had a lot of people aboard. The old farmer had become famous by this time, and as a brakeman jumped off the train, he said: 'Well, old man, you say Bill Tuell can't build no railroad. What do you think of this?'

" 'Well,' the old farmer replied, 'this train may come down, but it'll never go back. Bill Tuell can't build no railroad.'

"Now, that is the way it is with the Republicans and Mr. Wilson. Everything may be very successful, but it is ephemeral. Business may be very prosperous, but it is all on account of something else. Everybody may be very happy and everything may be running very smoothly, but it is all accidental, because Wilson 'can't build no railroad'—he can't run this country—he is a schoolmaster and a theorist. Like the maggots in the cheese—there can be no real cheese unless it has a particular kind of maggot in it. There can be no prosperity but Republican prosperity."

"The Federal Reserve Act, and the Trade Commission, and the other things are all along progressive lines," said another in expatiating on the domestic policies of the President. "There is a great deal of criticism that Congress is dominated by the South, and that it is too conservative and hide-bound, etc.; and yet there isn't a single reason, looking at the record of this Congress, for thinking anything of the sort. Wilson has changed his mind on a great many subjects, but he is just in line with the great procession of Americans. That is not really a valid criticism; it is commendation."

"You remember what terrible meetings there were among the bankers over this Federal Reserve law," said a Chicago banker. "One man got up to speak in favor of the act at a meeting of bankers in the East, and it brought on a riot. Now, go into any bank and they will tell you at once what a wonderful thing the Federal Reserve Bank Act is. That's the way. We think that the opposite political party is going to do something very rash to us, and the first thing we know we fall into line and commend it very highly as wise and beneficial. The business men here in Chicago are against Wilson, including many men who voted for him last time; but on the other hand, my neighbors tell me: 'Well, I fought against your friend Wilson, but I'm for him this time.' The war may be responsible for the present prosperity, but Wilson is responsible for keeping us out of the war and for giving us a chance to enjoy the prosperity which has come from the nations at war, and which is denied to them, as it would be denied to us."

The head of a large business house whose activities ramify far, insisted that Mr. Wilson had established a standard in international affairs which offers hope for the future in the line of perpetual peace. The Government of the United States, he said, for a generation—except at a few intermittent periods—had been the handmaid of special interests, who through the power of money obtained what they wanted at Washington; under Mr. Wilson's administration there had been no exploitation of the people in the interest of any class, either at home or abroad. Government and business had been close together on special lines; President Wilson has brought them close together on broad general lines; and this makes for peace and prosperity, reducing agitation and discontent, and preventing the rise of extreme Socialistic propagandas.

THERE were many illuminating views from Wilson partisans on the Mexican question. They ran about this way:

Through the patience and consideration shown in Mexico, we are likely to unite all the Americas in a bond of common sympathy and interest. The twenty-one nations south of us have never trusted us and have never liked us. They have looked

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upon us as a nation of shopkeepers, and up to the last year or two they have believed that our aim was ultimately to encompass or control the Latin-American countries on this hemisphere. President Wilson's policy in Mexico has done much to overcome this feeling. We have always said that we were friends of the Latin-American people, but Mr. Wilson has proved that we are friends by deeds and not by words.

The one question is: Should we have recognized Huerta? Save for the Monroe Doctrine, yes; from the standpoint of the European governments, yes. But if we must maintain the Monroe Doctrine and stand for the integrity of the governments in South America and in Mexico, it was impossible that Wilson should have recognized a title based upon assassination. If Mr. Wilson had recognized Huerta, things might or might not have improved in Mexico. No one can tell—it's anybody's guess. Wilson's motive was a genuine desire to serve the Mexican people, and his belief, based upon the best information he could get, was that Huerta represented a very small fraction of the minority; that the great body of the Mexican people were not in sympathy with him, and had no voice, and that it was his duty to give them a voice.

If failure has resulted, these Wilson men say, it would probably have resulted from any other course. The state of unrest is such that nothing could have been permanent, and the recognition of Huerta would probably have only stayed the tide for a time. Had we gone into Mexico, it would have meant a tedious, expensive, and, it may be, a bloody conflict, and nothing would have been accomplished. We should in the end restore Mexico to the Mexicans, and all we should have for our trouble would be a terrible loss of life. It is well that there has been one cool head in times like these; and the nation, and the world at large, in time to come will thank President Wilson for his attitude.

Some Western business men gave a meed of praise to Wilson for discarding the muckrake.

"During almost twelve years of Republican administrations," said one Chicago business man, "we have had practically no constructive legislation. Republicans have made a specialty of attacking railroads, so-called trusts, and almost every business interest. They thought they could ride into public favor in that way, but they brought about nothing but distrust and panic and want of confidence. Everybody wanted to make a little cheap political capital. The public demanded a corpse by the wayside; they wanted to see somebody strung up. President Wilson has changed all that. He said: 'This thing has gone far enough.' His general attitude toward the business of the country has been better than that of either Taft or Roosevelt, notwithstanding the antagonism felt toward him by New York. This is the first presidential year I have seen, as long as I can remember, when business hasn't stopped for fear of what might happen at the election. The modified tariff has been a great boon to the country."

THE consensus of opinion of many Wilson supporters was that under President Wilson's policies the great prizes of business are going to go in future, not so much to the men who have great masses of money at their command as to the men who can handle great masses of workers with justice and good-will. In the financial crises of the past, the business men who were the most valuable customers of the banks, insisted on getting, and got, the available money, and as a rule managed to save themselves; but the much greater number of small business men, who in the aggregate could add much more to the wealth of the country, were regularly wiped out of existence through no special intention of the banks, but because there was not enough money to go round. The country thus lost much of the young blood which is needed for the lasting success of its business.

The extraordinary powers that special privileges had attained in this country, which helped them tax the necessaries of life unduly by advancing prices, by restraining fair competition, and by other well-known methods, have been curbed and are being fast rendered less and less harmful, by the Clayton Act, the Trade Commission, and the greater support of the Interstate Commerce Commission. This has created a new spirit in business, especially on the part of the younger men—the winning spirit, perhaps the greatest asset that a country can have.

The weakness of the President's situation, according to the views of some of his supporters, is that he is alone—that he has

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a weak Cabinet; the Secretary of the Treasury and the Comptroller of the Currency have done more to characterize the Wilson administration as wanting in business success than any other factor. The notion, they say, that the Administration has been incompetent is due largely to the men who surround Mr. Wilson, and not to Mr. Wilson himself. He is to blame, they admit, for not having a stronger Cabinet, though he was not to blame for the selection of Mr. Bryan. For if he hadn't chosen Mr. Bryan, his party would have divided at the start, and his power to accomplish any results would have been lost.

One of the stock arguments of the Wilson men, to which they return again and again, is the prosperity of the country. "Every retail store on State Street in Chicago," they will tell you, "has had the biggest year in its history." Big cities, towns, villages, and farms are all flourishing. "They attribute some measure of this to the operation of the Federal Reserve Act. One man told me his state, Iowa, every year produces farm products running into the hundreds of millions, and yet, if an Iowa man wanted to build a traction road involving an expenditure of $200,000, prior to the enactment of the Federal Reserve Act, he

"HE HAS HAD A HARD COURSE TO STEER."

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had to go to Wall Street to get the money to do it. Now he can finance it, if not in his own town, at least in two adjoining counties. They will tell you that the Democrats were just as much afraid to pass that act as the Republicans had been—it was the President, with his own energy and force, who put it through.

And so it went. Wilson partisans insisted that in the past twenty-five years there had been no such progress made in legislation that favorably affected business interests as under the Wilson administration. The Agricultural Department had done splendid work. A lot of work had been done in the Interior Department under Secretary Lane. The Coal-leasing Bill in Alaska had been passed. The Federal Trade Commission had done effective work; the Shipping Bill was a sure promise of a merchant marine; the Department of Labor was successful in working toward cooperation between the unemployed seeking work and the employer looking for help.

Vacillating? "Well," said one busy Westerner, "it is the part of a wise man, isn't it, to be able to change his mind? A quick adaptability is one of Wilson's advantages. They say he has been vacillating in his Mexican policy. Well, if I met a friend of mine on the street, and he was very drunk, and I tried to get him home, I would try every kind of expedient; first, I would try to see if he could walk, and then I might try to see if I could carry him, and I might finally wind up by hiring a taxicab. When I had accomplished that result, somebody might say my policy had been vacillating."

Others insisted that Wilson has had a hard course to steer in European politics, and that though he has wabbled some, the results are satisfactory. With the most maddening sort of interference from many different quarters, he has steered his party straight.

And just before I went eastward, a Kansan asked me to "paste this in my hat:" "Before Lincoln's second nomination fifty men—among them some of the most prominent Republicans then living—held a conference to see if they could not nominate somebody else. Lincoln had made too many mistakes, and he had wabbled too much. See it?"

I have tried to sum up as faithfully the arguments for the Administration that were given to me as I have summed up those against it. Some of the sentiment for Wilson was not as concrete or as emphatic as that against Wilson, and it was remarkably rare.

Perhaps I ought to emphasize the slogan that I heard so often in the West: "Wilson has kept us out of war." This sentiment was best reflected by a Kansas City business man. He was a Wilson enthusiast; he had sounded Wilson's praises through all the gamut with Western breeziness, and with that homely metaphor so characteristic of the plains country. He had saved his homethrust for the last.

"But remember, my boy," he said, "what is going to reelect Wilson—it's the women folks. Take my wife. Her folks are all Republicans, and she's the darnedest booster you ever saw for Roosevelt. But we have three boys who sit around our table three times a day, and Wilson's pacifist policy has changed her, and she's changed the boys—and I'll be darned, if I wasn't already a Democrat, she'd change me."

It is going to be a pretty contest.

That Wilson is not popular among business men is beyond question. I mean the men who are confronted with facts—who look at things as they are to-day, or as they are likely to be in the next few years, and who concern themselves not at all with the distant future. They are against Wilson. If an election were to be held to-morrow, and if it were confined to the business men of the country, Wilson would be overwhelmingly defeated. That is the sentiment, not of big business, for I have not sought in any general way to ascertain the attitude of such men, but of the average run of business men throughout the country—men in many instances unfriendly to big business.

Perhaps there is one way to account for the situation—and that is that business is Republican, and that these men are partisans. But that does not quite explain the almost universal dissatisfaction. Business can not be *all* Republican.

The only city in which I found any Wilson sentiment of any magnitude was St. Louis, and there many of the business men are Southerners who are naturally Democratic, and whose sympathies found both argument and apology for the Administration—and yet even there the Republican sentiment was strong.

Business will not have Wilson.

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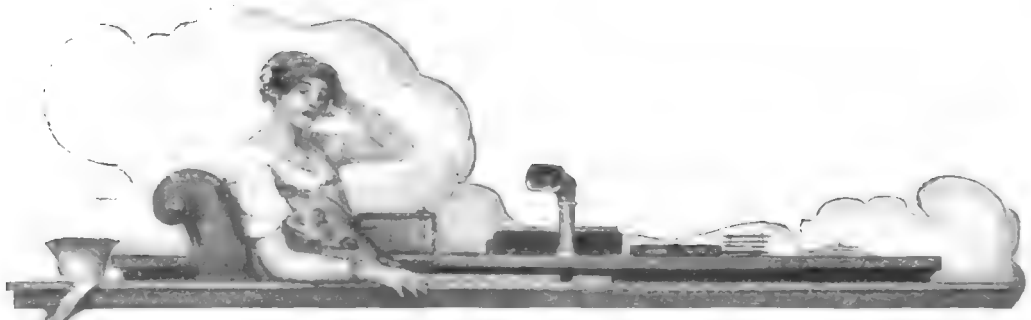

A SCROPPER PATCHER

by George Randolph Chester

AUTHOR OF "GET-RICH-QUICK WALLINGFORD," ETC.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER NEWELL

WHEN little Pussy Willows came out of the front door, and started toward the gate for a Saturday-afternoon visit to grandma's, she was chiefly starch, and proudly conscious of that fact. Her white frock stuck out all around her in the stiffest of folds, and she walked, toes primly out, with an alternate twisting of her entire small body so that the marvelous skirts swished both audibly and visibly. As for the rest of her, she had on white stockings and white shoes, a big blue sash, and a hair ribbon like a huge pair of blue silk sails. Her eyes and her face were shining, and her golden hair hung round her red cheeks in the tightest of curls. Under her arm was a neat package of cake.

Fate, far up in her nebulous interspace, had just then succumbed to one of her extremely rare instants of indolence. For twenty billion years, lacking three aeons and a cycle, she had worked continuously at this desk, and really there were times when she permitted herself to wonder what was the use.

Suddenly she caught sight of little Pussy Willows mincing down to the gate, with rhythmic tosses of her glistening curls, and Fate brightened at once. She touched a button and, shoving aside the heap of index-cards which had accumulated in these three seconds, she searched out Pussy's destiny.

The fore-goddess of Department G, a tall and handsome brunette, came up in response to the bell, and suppressed a yawn.

"Take charge of the afternoon cards, please," directed Fate, indicating the rapidly piling heap and turning the chute so that the balance would clutter down on the desk of the fore-goddess. "I shall be very busy."

"With pleasure," accepted the fore-goddess, touching her new Clytie knot, and shaking experimentally the folds of her new draperies. She walked away with a complacent smile, while Fate gave eager attention to Pussy Willows.

That starched and shining miss was now crossing the street in front of the Willows house, picking her way with dainty care, for there had been a recent rain. From the window Mrs. Willows was watching Pussy with ecstatic pride. From the window of the opposite house, little Marie Majors was watching Pussy with mingled triumph and envy. Little Marie was the proud possessor of a broken arm; hence the triumph; for, because of this distinction, she would probably be chosen Queen of the May, in place of Pussy, who had been the almost certain candidate.

Fate hastily touched one of the myriad of tiny buttons on her desk. She must have time. Pussy Willows stumbled, and fell in the mud!

II

"We shall be compelled to relinquish the home," mournfully decided Miss Janet Martin, pushing aside her teacup and her other wafer.

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Her younger sister Caroline and her youngest sister Christobel pushed aside their teacups. Caroline restored her other wafer, but Christobel had eaten hers.

"We have done our best," said Christobel, with the philosophy of youth. She was so young that she scarcely needed her spectacles.

"I don't like to give up." Caroline was the sturdy one of the three fragile dressmakers, though she was no heavier than the others. "We have paid off all but this five hundred dollars of the mortgage father left us, and we should pay that. Then—" and she sighed —"we can live quite comfortably on our income." The income averaged twenty-five dollars a month.

"There is no way," sighed Miss Janet, and she rose to clear the teathings. She was not an adept dressmaker, though she was a very fair baster, so she did most of the housework to make up for it. "The letter says the mortgage will not be extended again. It will have to be taken up next week."

"There must be a way," insisted the sturdy Caroline, and at that instant Fate, busy with the connecting cards of little Pussy Willows, popped an idea into Christobel's head.

"Captain Bill!" she exclaimed.

Captain Bill! They had not seen him for more than ten years, long before their father died. The very man! He lived in Poplarville, and now the new trolley ran up there.

"We will go immediately," announced the sturdy Caroline.

So the three Martin sisters, not knowing that Captain Bill was dead, set the horsehair chairs against the walls, swept the nine crumbs from the hit-and-miss rag rug, washed the three cups, the three saucers, and the four little platters, locked the outside cellar door, the kitchen door, the inside cellar door, all the windows, including the attic ones and the trap-door to the roof, put on their black silk mitts and their black

"GOING OUT?" SHE PANTED. SHE WAS A LARGE WOMAN, AND SHE LEANED HERSELF ON THE FENCE.

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bonnets, drew down all the shades, went out on the steps, and locked the front door.

Mrs. Pruett, spading the roots of her one rose-bush with a garden trowel, hurried across her two-foot front garden.

"Going out?" she panted. She was a large woman, with her brindle hair pulled back into a knob full of hairpins, and she leaned as much of herself as possible on the fence.

"We are going calling," stated Miss Janet, folding her wrists across each other and dangling her black silk reticule from the tips of her right-hand fingers.

"Oh," panted Mrs. Pruett. "Where?"

"We are going to call on some friends in Poplarville," Miss Caroline told her.

"Oh," and Mrs. Pruett panted louder. "You'll be gone all afternoon."

"Yes," replied Christobel happily.

Sammy Pruett, a boy with a phenomenally wide grin and phenomenally long bare feet, disappeared.

III

Patrolman McGrath, who was the only man on the force with a fine enough sense of humor to handle Diggins Street, walked his beat warily on this Saturday afternoon, and as he crossed the commons which separated those classical districts known as Toughtown and Scropper Patch, he kept his two eyes active.

There was not a boy in sight as he turned from point to point, but boys were in the vicinity. He could feel them, and when a pair of bare legs flashed across Taylor Alley he grinned. Five years McGrath had been kept on this beat, and it had given him a sixth sense. He could see where there was nothing to see, hear where there was nothing to hear; and all his enemies were his friends, which was the joy of the man; for, after all, friendly enmity is a game of wits, and there is much good nature in it.

He whistled as he walked, this fine Saturday afternoon, and swung his club, and was minded to thank his mother that he was a healthy man. All at once Patrolman McGrath clapped a hand to his jaw! It was no ordinary toothache which had so suddenly attacked him, a mere persistent irritation to be borne with crossness and bad appetite, but a raging, tearing, jumping hell! It gouged him like hot pincers, it jerked at the roots of his eyes, it cramped his stomach, it drew in his toes, it seared his brain! By all that was holy, it was the worst, the most diabolical, the most accursed, and the most unendurable toothache ever thrust on mortal man for his sins!

As Fate, removing her pink finger-tip from the toothache button, saw Officer McGrath streaking like mad for the patrol box, her red lips curved in a smile, she threw back her golden-tressed head, and she laughed aloud.

Three minutes McGrath yelled into the patrol-box, and then he streaked for the hopeful man's dentist—the black bottle. He went out of his district to swallow his cure, and he borrowed a plain coat and hat at the first dispensary. The central office sent down Otto Schwinger to patrol the beat; and Otto had a long way to turn when he looked for a noise.

Petie Ramps saw Patrolman McGrath leave the district. Petie was a tow-headed boy, who ran doubled over, with his knees pumping up like pistons; but he made good time down Taylor Alley. Hoot Tammas saw Otto Schwinger come on duty. He was a pigeon-chested boy, who was so sunburned that his freckles were peeling. He ran with his head back and his fists on his chest, and he whooped like an Indian as he scooted down Taylor Alley. Jonesy saw Patrolman McGrath come out of the Good Measure Café, in a gray coat and a brown hat, and Jonesy, who, though short and fat, could go some, shot up Taylor Alley like a ten-blow fire-alarm.

By this time there were strange sounds all over Toughtown; hoots, and meows, and barks, and the whistled calls of every bird which flits in forest or alley; and Fate was smiling and smiling.

IV

Little Pussy Willows was half-way down to the gate, this time, before she accomplished the proper swish to her stiffly starched white skirts and the proper bob to her glistening yellow curls. There was a trace of seriousness still in the round, shining eyes, and there was an occasional gasping flutter of the breath. The second package of cake was smaller than the one she had dropped in the mud.

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"Vivian!"

"Yes'm." A sniffle with this.

"Remember that's your Sunday dress!"

"Yes'm." Sniffle.

"Be careful how you sit down."

"Yes'm," and Pussy started again for the gate.

Mrs. Willows looked after her sternly for a quarter of a minute, and then fondly. She was a woman with round, blue eyes, like Pussy's, and sternness was an acquired art. Besides, the child was so beautiful!

"Oh, Pussy."

"Yes, mommy!" A clear, happy tone.

"Don't stay too late at granny's."

"No, mommy!" No trouble at all to secure the proper swish and the proper bob, for the benefit of Marie Majors, who had laughed when Pussy fell in the mud. This frock had lace on it. The other one had only embroidery.

Now, Rex Barnes. He was a boy with pompadour hair, and a snub nose, and two front teeth gone; but there was straightness in his shoulders, and the stern look of command in his calm gray eye. Rex had firmly intended to climb a telegraph-pole and watch the big-league game this afternoon, but, as he passed the Scropper Patch edge of the commons, Fate jumped a lusty, brown-winged grasshopper into his very path. There was but one thing for Rex to do. His breath held cautiously and his eyes widening, he stooped slowly, cupped palm upraised to within correct swooping distance.

Zing! That strong-winged grasshopper, a yellow-brown streak in the air, was forty feet up the street. Rex, thus challenged, was right after it; then Fate, allowing him to miss, each time, by tantalizing inches, led that grasshopper up Eden Street, and across three gardens, and through a flower-bed, and over a high board fence, and out to the corner of Scropper Street and Honey suckle Alley, where Rex met Pussy Willows, toes out, skirts swishing, curls bobbing. The grasshopper jumped into a passing automobile.

"Hello, Pussy. Where you goin' all dressed up?"

"Granny's," confided Pussy, looking up at Rex trustfully. He was an illustrious personage in Scropper Patch, and felt keenly the responsibility of his position.

"Whatcha got?"

"Cake—" and the smile of Pussy was

PATROLMAN MCGRATH CLAPPED A HAND TO HIS JAW. IT WAS NO ORDINARY TOOTHACHE WHICH HAD ATTACKED HIM.

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as if something had been lit up inside her face—"ginger cake with caramel icing!"

"Um!"

They both looked at the package respectfully.

"Looky," and, daintily, Pussy tore off a tiny corner of the paper. Sure enough! It was ginger cake with caramel icing! Rex smelled ecstatically at the corner. Pussy was suddenly overcome by a daring burst of generosity. With a tiny thumb and forefinger she pinched out a crumb of the cake the size of a pinhead, and placed it on his ready tongue.

"Um!" said Rex, rolling his eyes, then he hastily tucked the package back under Pussy's arm, and changed the dangerous subject. "Thought you was goin' to your granny's."

"Un-huh." Pussy was swishing straight on down Scropper Street, and Rex had started to turn the corner of Diggins Street. "I'm going around by Oak Avenue."

"What for? That's miles," and he looked down Diggins Street.

"I don't want to cross Toughtown."

"Aw, why not?"

The eyes of Pussy Willows began to distend. "I'm afraid."

"Aw, whatcha 'fraid of?"

"The Toughtown Toughs!" and the eyes were now like big blue saucers.

"Huh!" The scorn of Rex was magnificent. "The Toughtown Toughs! You come right along with me!"

Pussy Willows's breath began to flutter, and her round eyes looked down Diggins Street to where the commons lay glaring white in the sun.

"I'm afraid!"

"Aw, come on!" Rex tapped himself on the chest, and his voice was two tones louder. "Nobody's goana touch you if I'm along! I dare 'em to! Come on!"

He took Pussy Willows by the wrist, and she yielded to superior moral force. Airily she swished along, toes out, curls bobbing; and Rex strode by her side, his fists jammed in his pockets, his shoulders humped, and his head bent. His lips were squared, his brows were knotted, and he was looking forward out of the tops of his eyes. They would be reckless foes indeed who would dare impede the progress of the leader of the Scropper Scrappers!

Down Diggins Street and across the commons, right in the open. Before they were half-way over, there was a boy at the corner where Diggins Street began again. Fifteen paces farther, and a second boy was at the corner; then a third. There were owl hoots and cat meows, faint, far off, but clear and circling. Five boys dashed from Taylor Alley, and the grocer between that and Diggins Street hurried out and stood in front of his fruit-stand with a broom handle.

"I'm afraid!" quavered little Pussy Willows.

"Aw, come on!" gruffly commanded Rex, putting an extra hunch in his shoulders. "Who's afraid of the Toughtown Toughs!"

Little Pussy Willows's chin trembled, but she showed the stuff of which women are made. She swallowed her heart and stiffened her legs, and marched straight on! There were more than a dozen boys on the Diggins Street corner when they arrived, and more were on the way. Patrolman Otto Schwinger turned as he saw the children congregating for play, and he spatted on down a shady cross street. The open space was hot.

"Whatcha doin' on our commons!"

It was Terrible Bat, the renowned leader of the Toughtown Toughs, a wide-shouldered boy with a flat face and a carefully developed trick of snarling with one corner of his mouth. He poked his chin forward when he talked.

"The commons belongs to the Scropper Scrappers!" asserted the renowned leader of that well-known gang. Remembering that he was escort to one of the subjects entitled to his protection, he took Pussy Willows by the arm and walked around Terrible Bat, and made a space with his elbow between Sammy Pruett and little round Jonesy.

"Whatcha doin' on our street!" Terrible Bat again. He had swung in front of Rex Barnes, and they stood chest to chest. Pussy Willows tried to start back home, but she was hemmed in solidly by Toughtown Toughs.

"None o' your business!" Rex.

"You better git off!" Bat.

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"I won't!"

"You will!"

"Lemme past!" Rex was swinging his shoulders.

"Go on past! I dare you!"

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"Do you think I'm a-scared!"

"Let me out!" wailed little Pussy Willows.

"You can't lick anybody!" scorned Terrible Bat, his mouth far up on one side. Every boy in that crowd was teetering with glorious anticipation.

"Oh, can't I?" Rex.

"No, you can't!" Bat.

"Yes, I can!"

"Why don't you do it?"

"Lemme past, I tell you!" There was no faintness in the heart of Rex, but he was surrounded by twenty of the Toughtown Toughs, and everybody knew they didn't fight fair. They were low-down! The Scropper Street Scrappers fought like sports.

"LOOKY." PUSSY TORE OFF A TINY CORNER OF THE PAPER. IT WAS GINGER CAKE WITH CARAMEL ICING!

There was a scream from little Pussy Willows. Skinny Petie Ramps had pulled her gorgeous blue ribbon bow.

"You let her alone!" yelled the renowned leader of the Scrappers, with sudden fire. Petie's act was more than mere personal insult. It was a direct blow at Rex Barnes's ability in protectorship; a blot upon his leadership! "Who done that?"

"Him!" sobbed Pussy Willows.

Bing! That was the calloused fist of Rex Barnes impinging upon the countenance of tow-headed Petie Ramps.

"You pick somebody your size!" yelled Terrible Bat, again thrusting himself before Rex, while somebody pulled the other end of little Pussy Willows's blue ribbon bow.

Biff! That was the calloused fist of the renowned Rex impinging upon the flat countenance of Terrible Bat; and then it began in earnest, the entire proceedings punctuated by the howls of little Pussy Willows.

It was a fine fight, and a well-matched one, and it is probable that Rex would have won it, for he lived a strictly athletic life; but in his heart there was a deep-seated conviction which brought him to grief. That conviction was that he could lick any two Toughtown Toughs. And he tried it. While Terrible Bat dodged back from a rushing swing, Rex, with his heroic idea constantly in mind, unexpectedly turned and soaked Hoot Tammas in the ear!

There could be but one consequence to such folly as that. The peerless leader of the Scrappers was kept so busy that he was not even aware of the side struggle which burst open the little paper package, and smeared ginger cake and caramel icing all over the front of little Pussy Willows's Sunday dress! Rex's first knowledge that anything beyond a skirmish was in progress, was when, dodging between simultaneous blows from Petie and Hoot and Terrible Bat, he saw a confused vision of the shrieking little Pussy Willows, in the midst of a dozen Toughtown Toughs, being dragged lickety-split down Taylor Alley!

Rex knew what that meant. It was a familiar incident of warfare in the Toughtown-Scropper Patch feud. Taking a parting smash on the nose from some Tough unrecognized, he broke out of the circle and went streaking away, not in the direction of Taylor Alley, but across the commons and up the home end of Diggins Street, followed by the jeers and hoots of the victorious Toughs; while Fate, with her chin in both hands, looked down, her clear, blue eyes shining and her red lips wreathed in a smile.

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A DEADLIER ENEMY INTERCEPTED HER—THE FEMALE OF THE SPECIES!

V

Mrs. Pruett, taking her basket on her arm, and adorning herself with a large, flounced, rigidly fresh percale apron, and five more hairpins, waddled down to the Columbus market, where she would exchange social courtesies with Mrs. Arnold, and Mrs. Beeman, and Mrs. Caster, and Mrs. Dobbs, and Mrs. Earnest, and all her other acquaintances, through the entire alphabet. There she would, between conversations, poke an inquiring thumb into all the steaks and roasts, pinch the legs of the dressed chickens, already black and blue from that process, and handle experimentally every article of food within reach, as became a careful housewife. She would spend the afternoon in this agreeable duty, arriving home at four o'clock, in time to scrub Sammy.

Mrs. Folsom, who lived on the other side of the Martins, went to market; so did Mrs. Grant, and Mrs. Holder, and Mrs. Izeman, and Mrs. Jenks, and every economical woman in the block. In consequence, Taylor Alley was an avenue between two desolations, when the Toughtown Toughs raced down with their struggling captive, and stopped, by the command of Lieutenant Sammy Pruett, at the deserted Martin stable.

"Put 'er in here!" yelled Sammy. "Them Martin skinnies is gone!"

"Let me loose!" cried little Pussy Willows, and with a sudden jerk she scratched the face of big-eared Shorty Grant, leaving three red marks down one cheek and two down the other. Pussy's wide blue ribbon bow was gone, her wide blue sash was trailing in the mud, her white shoes were blackened beyond recognition, her white stockings were splashed with mire, there was ginger cake and caramel icing on both hands, and rich brown streaks and smears of it were all over her stiffly

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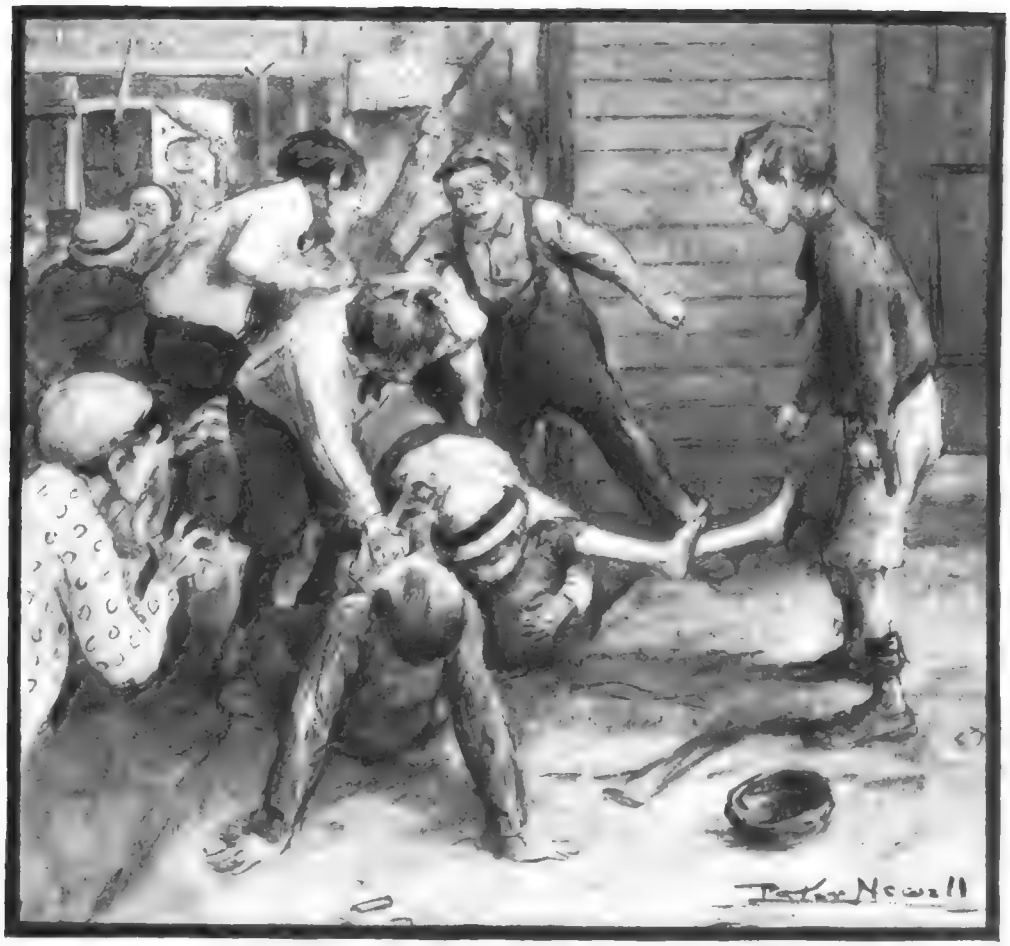

THERE WAS A CLASH OF ARMS ON ARMS, OF FISTS ON FACES, AND OF CLUBS ANYWHERE THEY WOULD LAND, AS THE SCROPPER SCRAPPERS MET THE TOUGHTOWN TOUGHS!

starched white front. But in the tear-stained eyes of Pussy Willows there was the rising spirit which had kept the Scropper Scrappers intact for three generations.

She jerked her arms swiftly from the clutch of Onions Jenks, slapped Mose Izeman a resounding thwack, and kicked every shin in reach as she made a dart up Taylor Alley. But a deadlier enemy than the Toughtown Toughs intercepted her—the female of the species! Out of the Grant back-yard gate there poured a nice, prim, dolly tea-party, though the dollies, with the exception of one carried by innocent baby Holder, were left behind in the one-bunch grape arbor.

"Stop 'er!" yelled Sammy Pruett. "She's a Scropper Patcher!"

They stopped her. A quick line of ginghamed and calicoed and piquéd little girls formed across the alley, and, as the flying figure of Pussy Willows attempted to cannon-ball itself through that phalanx, the phalanx closed right around her; then a shrill babble filled Taylor Alley from end to end.

Sammy Pruett's brigade came flying to the spot and, laying ruthless hands on the gentle prisoner of war, dragged her back to the empty stable, which Sammy Pruett unlocked by the simple process of lifting a loose board and crawling through. Struggling and scratching, Pussy Willows was pushed in at the door, which was then bolted from the outside, and four boys held shut the loose board while Alice Grant brought a hammer and nails.

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"You girls stay here on guard," ordered long-footed Sammy. "We got business."

Patrolman Otto Schwinger, crossing Taylor Alley at the corner, heard the wild screams of Pussy; but what he saw was scrawny Alice Grant, jumping and throwing her hands in the air, and leading a chorus of mocking screams at the top of her voice. Diminutive Sadie Holder was walking up and down before the windows of the Martin stable, swishing her skirts and bobbing her head extravagantly, and making hideous faces.

Otto Schwinger, with a tolerant smile on his spherical countenance, passed on, and left the little children at play!

VI

"The Toughs's kidnapped Pussy Willows!" yelled the renowned Captain of the Scropper Scrappers, bursting out of Honeysuckle Alley and into the vacant lot where two boys were digging a hole. They had not yet agreed what for. They dropped their borrowed spade and hatchet, and never after remembered where they had left them. Why should they? Rex had a bloody nose and a puffed lip, and kidnapping was the one act of warfare which must be avenged to the death.

"Who hitcha?" asked Curly Walker, a persistent seeker after information. His folks made him wear shoes.

"Four of 'em!" replied the peerless leader proudly. "Scatter! Get the gang!"

Popping with excitement, the three boys scattered, and wherever one boy met two or more they also scattered.

"The Toughs's kidnapped Pussy Willows!"

That rallying cry was all over Scropper Patch in less than no time, and at the foot of Diggins Street, where it led out on the commons, the clans began to gather, concealing their presence and numbers behind the billboards. At every moment a bare-legged boy came shooting down Honeysuckle Alley, or across somebody's garden, or through somebody's side yard, to join the stern and earnest Scrappers.

"Ready, Rex?" shouted the quivering Tommy Phelps, as the peerless leader came dashing down across Mrs. Danton's strawberry bed.

"Is Danny Connel here?"

"You bet your life!" A red-faced boy rose up with earth on one cheek. He had been peering beneath the billboard, across the commons at the Taylor Alley entrance, a block and a half up Diggins Street.

"Ready!" shouted Rex. "We don't have to sneak around! Mike McGrath's off the beat! There's a Dutchman on! We'll just slam right over! Specs Gray, you don't go 'long!"

"Aw, lemme, Rex!" pleaded the disgraced Specs, whose face was white. "I won't blubber, an' I won't run!"

"You stay here or I'll bat you," sternly ordered Rex; "and if you blab, we'll all bat you. Now, fellows: one for the money, two for the show, three to make ready, and four for to—GO!"

Like a stampede of wild ponies, the little children burst from their concealment and swept toward their innocent mimic warfare; and one had a ball bat, and one had a brick, and one had a pocket full of rocks, and some had plain clubs.

Whooping and yelling, they charged across the commons and raced up Diggins Street, and, as they neared Taylor Alley, the Toughtown Toughs rushed out to meet them. Otto Schwinger, from the shady end of the commons, saw the children at play and, taking off his helmet and mopping his brow, plodded around to the dingy back entrance of Gus Gootz's saloon for a surreptitious glass of lager.

There was a clash of arms on arms, of fists on faces, and of clubs anywhere they would land, as the Scropper Scrappers met the Toughtown Toughs! Long and fiercely the battle raged, and there were broken teeth, and mashed noses, and torn ears, and a few bruised bones as the result of that valiant encounter; for boys are but men of a lesser growth, and their motives, and passions, and thoughts, and actions are the same, except for experience and means. All up and down Diggins Street, and into the mouth of Taylor Alley, backward and forward, they fought, and the prize was the detention, or rescue, of little Pussy Willows!

VII

Clang! Clang! Clang! Clang! Rattlety-bang and hoot and screech, came the fire-engines! Down Diggins Street, and across Wimmer Street, and up Malone Avenue, and into Taylor Alley from every direction, piled the engines, and the hose

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wagons, and the hooks and ladders, and the little red buggy of the Chief!

Before the first engine arrived, however, thin-legged Sadie Holder, the best face-maker of the dolly tea-party, came scooting up out of Taylor Alley, her pigtail flying straight back. The battle had swayed to the commons by this time, but Sadie burst into it with a sublime disregard for chance rocks.

"Pussy Willows!" she shrilly gasped. "She'll burn to death! Martins' stable's afire!"

The battle immediately transformed itself into a white-faced rush for Pussy Willows, and, just as it poured into Taylor Alley, the fire-engines came and took the right of way. For three minutes of mad hullabaloo, hoarse shouts and the clanging of bells and the screaming of whistles, no boy could get within shouting distance of any fireman, nor within more than seeing distance of Pussy's prison; but Rex Barnes squirmed his way through and hopped up on the wheel of the chief's little red buggy.

"Get off o' there!" hoarsely commanded the chief. "Bust in the doors, boys!"

"You listen to me!" shouted Rex Barnes, shaking his finger in the chief's face. "There's a little girl locked up in that stable!"

"Hell!" exclaimed the chief, and sprang out of the buggy.

The flames were now creeping through the boarding of the dry-as-tinder old stable, and inside, through the windows, could be seen a mass of rolling, brown-red smoke; but the chief, and two firemen, and Terrible Bat, the renowned leader of the Toughtown Toughs, dashed into that blazing furnace as soon as the doors were burst open.

"Pussy! Pussy! Pussy! Pussy!" It was a shrill chorus of agonized childish terror, in voices shaken with sobs and turned falsetto by tears.

Step by step the chief and the two firemen were beaten back, smoke-blackened and half suffocated. They could not pass through those flames to reach little Pussy!

THE CHIEF STAGGERED OUT A MOMENT LATER, WITH THE LIMP FORM OF TERRIBLE BAT IN HIS ARMS.

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"Where's that boy!" yelled the chief, as he filled his blistering lungs with fresh air.

"Still in!" yelled a fireman, running forward.

"Hell!" snapped the chief, and ran back through the door. He staggered out, a moment later, with the limp form of Terrible Bat in his arms.

Within ten minutes the flimsy wooden walls caved in and the roof came down, amid the frantic screams of all the horror-stricken children. Pussy Willows! Pussy Willows! Pussy Willows!

Fate had been smiling, but as the tortured cry of the children stopped, and the deeper woe of their hearts froze them into silence, a tear like a diamond gathered in each of her clear, blue eyes, and, with the touch of a button, she directed the nozzle of the most active hose so that it shot straight across the smoking stable, and tore up the Martin garden, and seethed and splashed and streamed under the Martin back porch.

A scream, and then a dirty, smeared, dripping, slim little figure, its once white garments plastered to it, revealing every bone, crawled from under the back porch, and sniffled and snuffled, and sobbed and gasped, and rubbed its grimy knuckles in its grimy eyes, and looked down at its best Sunday frock, and boo-hooed again.

"Pussy!"

It was Curly Walker who recognized the once resplendent Pussy even in that bedraggled guise. He had often indignantly denied being sweet on Pussy, but now he was proud of it!

VIII

Who marched at the head of the procession which streamed across the commons from Toughtown to Scropper Patch? Pussy Willows!

Who, toes out and head bobbing, though there were no shining curls to dangle and no stiff skirts to swish, walked, proudly erect, between those two renowned leaders, Rex Barnes and Terrible Bat? Pussy Willows!

Who was the heroine of the grandest, most tremendous, and most thrilling adventure known in three generations of Toughtowners and Scropper Patchers? Pussy Willows! Who was to be Queen of the May? Pussy Willows!

Was not that enough to make any little girl's heart beat high with joy, and her pink cheeks flush with pleasure, and her round eyes shine with happiness? If that was not enough, here was more; ecstatically more! Who was to be a double Queen of the May; one royal mistress of the twin revels of Scropper Patch and Toughtown? Who? Listen. Pussy Willows!

No happiness is quite complete. In one tiny corner of Pussy Willows's heart there dwelt, besides the knowledge of her ruined Sunday dress, the canker of conscience; the match she had lit from the box she had found in worming her way out from under the stable floor! She was to be relieved of that worry within a few hours, when the Misses Martin would forgive her, in person, for having brought them fire-insurance to pay their mortgage. And as for the Sunday dress, what could that weigh against the intense gratification of having stopped the feud which, for three generations, had raged over the exclusive right to play ball on the commons!

"What we got to do, Rexie, is to drive out them East Side Indians that's started to use our commons." This was from Terrible Bat, who could afford to be magnanimous, because he was the proud bearer of blisters on both hands and had most of his hair singed off.

"You betcha, Bat!" heartily agreed Rex. "They could lick your gang, and they could lick my gang, but they can't lick our gang!"

"I don't want any more fights," calmly pronounced the Queen of the May.

"Huh!" scorned Rex. "There won't be any when the East Side Indians find out that the Toughs and the Scrappers is together. Will there, Bat?"

"You betcha not!" promptly agreed Bat.

Up Diggins Street, and through Honeysuckle Alley, and around on Scropper, turned the noisy throng, all the boys and girls from Toughtown and Scropper Patch, headed by the prim little Queen of the May and the two peerless leaders.

At the gate of the Willows residence they paused, and huddled, and let Pussy Willows go in alone. She did not try to swish as she went hesitantly up the walk, nor did she bob her head; even though Marie Majors was looking out of the window; and one foot did not toe out so well as the other.

A round-eyed woman came from the house, as Pussy neared the porch, and she

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threw up both hands; then she wound her hands in her apron and unwound them; then she darted forward and grabbed the heroine of the day by the wrist, and swung her up the steps and in at the door in two spraddling semicircles.

For long, long moments the triumphal procession huddled outside the gate in dismal silence, and waited; then a sympathetic shiver ran through them, as out of the Willows house there bulged a series of acute howls. For long, dismal, silent moments more the triumphal procession huddled, and listened to the dying of the howls; then it sadly and slowly went away.

Ah, well, parents are a different world; and they will never understand!

IX

Fate, still smiling tenderly, took up the cards which had marked the progress of the three-generation feud, and, with a little sigh of relief, erased all the future entries. There were tragedies among them. She put the cards away musingly, and then, for the first time that busy afternoon, turned her eyes upon the long rows of tickers which flashed, instant by instant, the world's events.

A frown sprang instantly on her beautifully arched brows. Something was wrong! The immense Rosenberg consolidation had been delayed; old Friscatto Amatti was still alive; the spider in the knothole of the old book-case in the Vrooland mansion had not caught a certain appointed fly; all over the millions of tickers there were, here and there, entries which were not in her memory for this hour and moment.

With a thrust of her pink forefinger she summoned the fore-goddess of Department G, and that tall brunette came up in a state of helpless flustration, her black hair stringing fantastically about her brow.

"A pretty mess you've made of things," scorned Fate. "Am I never to have a Saturday afternoon off?"

"I'm sorry," said the fore-goddess contritely, glancing over at the tickers, and at the untidy pack of cards in her hand, and down into Department G. "I have done the best I could."

Fate's eyes softened and her frown disappeared. "I'm certain of it," she kindly granted, and turned the chute on her own desk. "I'll take these cards; and thank you."

Her favorite pink cloud had rolled up beside the desk to waft her away for an evening spin, but she tucked up her sleeves instead, and brushed a stray golden ringlet away from her cheek, and plunged swiftly into her work with vast content; for the failure of the fore-goddess had brought Fate a deeply comforting thought. After all, there was an excellent reason why she was here. No one could do the work so well. There is an excellent reason why all of us are where we are, no doubt.

You have sometimes charged that Fate is merely amusing herself. You can forgive it now. You have sometimes wondered why, on certain days, everything in the world seemed to go wrong. Now you can understand it.

Fate worked with incredible swiftness and intense earnestness until dusk, then she spared herself an infinitesimal fragment of time to glance down into the Willows home, and the dimples flashed into her smooth, pink cheeks. Little Pussy Willows, sent to bed without her supper, was lying fast asleep, her shining curls on a snowy white pillow, her face scrubbed until it glistened again, and on her red lips the smile of perfect happiness. She was to be Queen of the May. Two Queens!

Permit us—and *Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON*—*to introduce to you Lucius Brutus Allen. He's a brand-new Tarkington character, making his bow in "THE SPRING CONCERT," on page 398, a delightful bachelor who is worthy of a place beside Penrod and Willie Baxter.*

Next month—in "MAYTIME in MARLOW"—Lucius Brutus Allen is to have an amazing experience. And after that—well, a number of others. He's a great person, is Lucius Brutus Allen, of Marlow.

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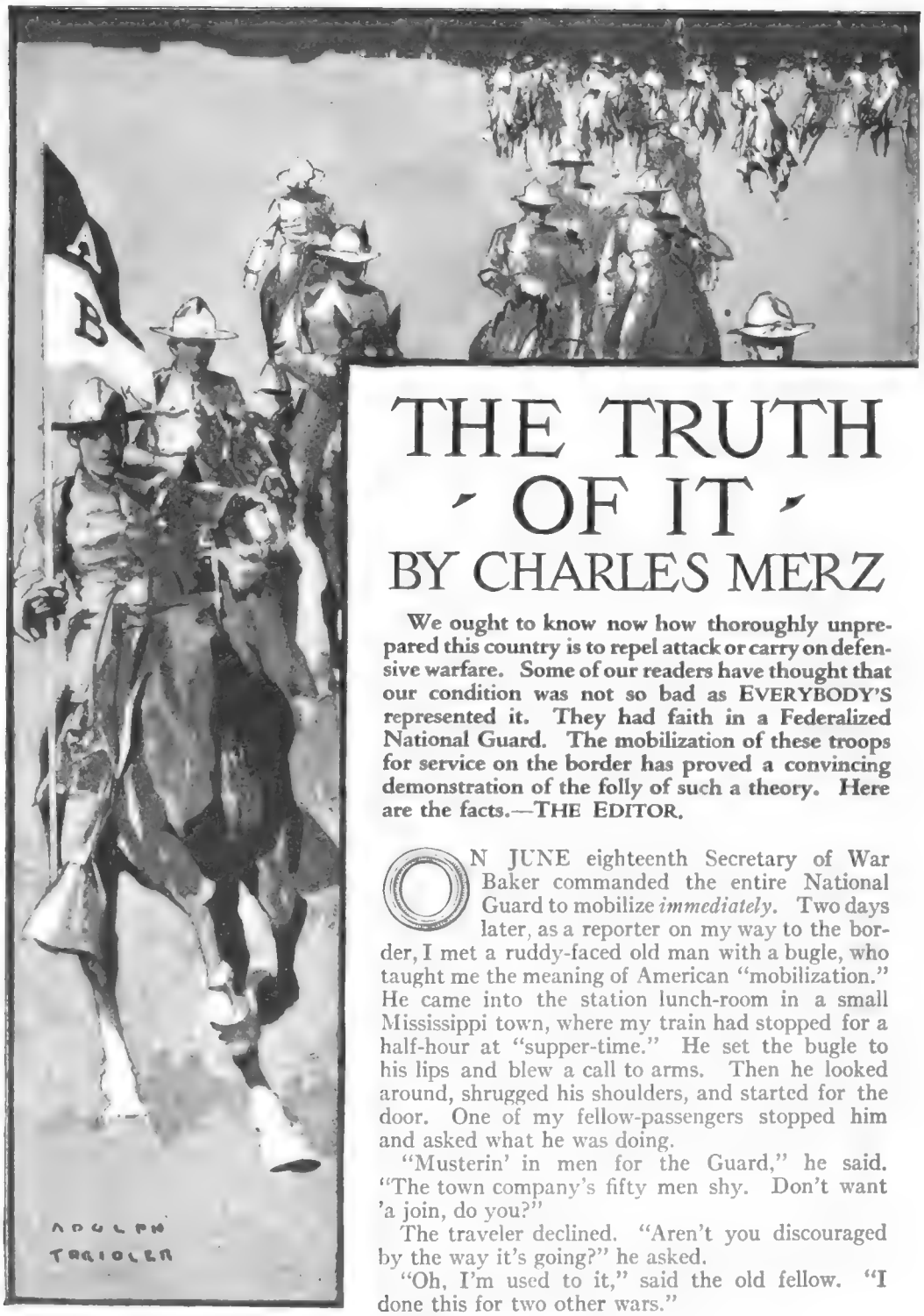

ILLUSTRATION BY ADOLPH TREIDLER

THE TRUTH OF IT

BY CHARLES MERZ

We ought to know now how thoroughly unprepared this country is to repel attack or carry on defensive warfare. Some of our readers have thought that our condition was not so bad as EVERYBODY'S represented it. They had faith in a Federalized National Guard. The mobilization of these troops for service on the border has proved a convincing demonstration of the folly of such a theory. Here are the facts.—THE EDITOR.

ON JUNE eighteenth Secretary of War Baker commanded the entire National Guard to mobilize *immediately*. Two days later, as a reporter on my way to the border, I met a ruddy-faced old man with a bugle, who taught me the meaning of American "mobilization." He came into the station lunch-room in a small Mississippi town, where my train had stopped for a half-hour at "supper-time." He set the bugle to his lips and blew a call to arms. Then he looked around, shrugged his shoulders, and started for the door. One of my fellow-passengers stopped him and asked what he was doing.

"Musterin' in men for the Guard," he said. "The town company's fifty men shy. Don't want 'a join, do you?"

The traveler declined. "Aren't you discouraged by the way it's going?" he asked.

"Oh, I'm used to it," said the old fellow. "I done this for two other wars."

For two other wars!

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WHAT REALLY HAPPENED WHEN THE NATIONAL GUARD MOBILIZED

SECRETARY BAKER, however, was more optimistic. Before issuing his command he had this to say of military mobilizations:

"*They take place easily, and need not be upon a magnificent scale in advance.*"

So, working on this theory of an easy and unprepared-for mobilization, Mr. Baker issued his call to arms on June 18. And this is what happened:

After *ten days* of maximum effort the various department commanders succeeded in getting *just twelve per cent.* of the men started for the border.

More than thirty per cent. of the Guardsmen were found to be physically unfit for service. Many of those who went to the border had never had a single day's training.

Instead of having 144 batteries of artillery, the National Guard actually counted seventy.

Of the twenty-seven regiments of cavalry we were supposed to have, only eight were in existence.

The Guard was short twenty-nine engineer companies, three signal corps, eight field-hospitals, twenty-nine ambulance companies, and—worse still—seventy-nine machine-gun companies.

A report to the Military Committee of the Senate indicated that thirty per cent. of the men who went to the border had never fired an army rifle.

Whole companies, notably from Oregon and New York, were sent into the sweltering border heat wearing heavy woolen winter uniforms.

During the last year, from border to border there have come repeated declarations of service and

MARGINAL SKETCHES BY HAROLD SICHEL

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patriotism; emphatic denunciations of foreign schemers; a raising of the issue of "America First"; organized preparedness parades on a huge scale. But when the call to arms came, not a single state was ready to do its share. Here is the *record*, condensed from what authentic information is now available. Incomplete, to be sure, but complete enough, surely, to cause at least some uneasiness if you will contemplate for a moment what would have happened if war had really come.

ALABAMA

Alabama—On paper, Alabama had 172 officers and 2,826 men. There seemed to be no special reason for drilling; so last year 151 of the 3,000 men showed up for the "practise marches" that were part of the regular training. When mobilization orders came, Alabama found her organizations below peace strength, and lacking in uniforms and field equipment.

ARIZONA

Arizona—The Arizona National Guard went to the border 1,200 strong. Of this number, 700 were equipped with antiquated Springfield rifles. So far as armament was concerned, the remainder had to be content with the latest type of pocket-knives and improved drinking-cups.

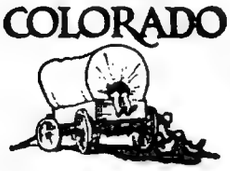
ARKANSAS

Arkansas—The mobilization here was delayed by a lack of equipment. In one small Arkansas town, where my train halted for water, I caught a glimpse of the local troops marching to entrain for the state camp. The street that led to the station was draped with flags and bunting. The sidewalks were lined with cheering friends and relatives. Every factory whistle in town was tooting. And down the street came the departing militiamen—off to fight Mexico, *wearing straw hats and carrying umbrellas.*

CALIFORNIA

California—Four days after the first orders to mobilize came the command to "complete" the mobilization at once. This was a stiff order for California, since only the Sacramento companies had even reached the mobilization camp. Later on, the troops from the southern part of the state arrived. They were originally within sight of the border, but by obeying orders and mobilizing *via* Sacramento they added approximately 900 miles to their journey.

COLORADO



Colorado—Eight days after orders had been issued for an "immediate" mobilization the Colorado National Guard was being "indefinitely delayed" by a lack of its equipment and ten per cent. of its men. In less time than it took Colorado militia to prepare to move, Germany had penetrated to within striking distance of Paris.

CONNECTICUT

Connecticut—Connecticut suffered from a lack of equipment. Reports, received eight days after the call to arms, showed that in the field-artillery "only the guns were lacking," and in the cavalry "only the horses."

DELAWARE

Delaware—Six days after the order for mobilization, two whole battalions were still waiting for *shoes*.

DISTRICT of COLUMBIA

District of Columbia—A week after mobilization orders, Battery B of the Field-Artillery had no horses, and twenty per cent. of its men were without shoes. At the end of the next week, more than half of the companies in the Third Regiment were still below minimum peace strength.

FLORIDA

Florida—Seventy per cent. of Florida's Second Infantry had never had even the Independence Day parade that constitutes the training of the average Guardsman. Out of the 800 men in one regiment, 600 were found unfit for military service.

GEORGIA

Georgia—The whole state force was found to be short in equipment, almost all the recruits being without uniforms, shoes, or tent equipment.

IDAHO

Idaho—Idaho was also lacking in equipment. Only a small percentage of ammunition for the field-guns was on hand.

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Illinois—A week after the orders for "immediate" mobilization, more than a quarter of the men assembled at Camp Dunne were still without uniforms. There was no drilling going on in the cavalry—for there was nothing to drill on. There weren't even any mustering blanks on which to sign up the new recruits.

ILLINOIS

Machine guns, of course, were out of the question. A group of patriotic Chicagoans decided to raise a fund and furnish some to their state soldiery. They got together $25,000, and found that every newly manufactured field-gun in the country was scheduled for immediate delivery in Europe.

Further difficulty was furnished by the absence of proper railroad arrangements. The First Cavalry—the "Horseless First," as it was called, for obvious and regrettable reasons—stood eleven hours in a rain on July first, waiting for a train to take it to the border.

Indiana—Twenty per cent. of the National Guard troops of Indiana were found to be unfit for service. In addition, there were a number of refusals to be mustered in. On one occasion thirty-seven men, including seven officers, refused to take the oath of service. As usual, there was a scarcity of horses. Company A, Signal Corps, had to go into camp with three mounts. It needed twenty-five times that many.

INDIANA

Iowa—"Immediate" mobilization in Iowa was theoretically accomplished in just twenty-eight days. There were a number of hitches in the process. In the first squadron of the First Iowa Cavalry, for example, 196 of the 308 militiamen refused to take the oath of enlistment.

IOWA

Kansas—A week after mobilization orders there were still great gaps in the Kansas organization. The Third Regiment was begging for 140 more men, to bring it up to normal strength and enable it to keep its identity as a regiment.

KANSAS

Kentucky—One thousand of Kentucky's 5,000 Guardsmen were declared unfit for service. Many of the companies were left with barely half of their minimum peace strength.

KENTUCKY

Louisiana—Besides being handicapped by an insufficient supply of guns and ammunition, the Louisiana Guard found it difficult to recruit up to war strength. Company D, for example, had secured twenty men a week and a half after mobilization orders.

LOUISIANA

Maine—There was little ammunition on hand for the field-batteries in Maine, and the animals held under option by the Guard, while fit for drill purposes, were found unfit for actual army service.

MAINE

Maryland—Fifty per cent. of the applicants to fill the Fourth and Fifth Regiments were unable to pass the required physical examination. In addition, twenty men were hooted out of the mobilization camp for refusing to take the Federal oath.

MARYLAND

Michigan—Eleven days after commencing its "immediate" mobilization, Michigan still needed 1,065 more men to be up to normal strength. Meantime not a single man in camp had been given a chance to fire a practise shot—except those who practised on the salute gun when the flag went up in the morning.

MICHIGAN

Minnesota—In this state equipment was sorely needed. The consignment that arrived ten days after mobilization orders was reported to contain "everything except guns and uniforms."

MINNESOTA

Mississippi—The beginning of the third week after the call to arms found many of the men at Camp Swep Taylor still without uniforms. Guns and equipment were also lacking.

MISSISSIPPI

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Massachusetts—A week after Massachusetts had been ordered to send her Guardsmen to the border *immediately*, 1,500 more recruits were needed to bring the organization up to normal strength. On June twenty-sixth (mobilization orders were issued June eighteenth), a patriotic crowd went to Framingham to cheer the First Regiment Field-Artillery as it started for the border. But the regiment didn't start; it had no horses. The Sixth Infantry was also delayed, because it had been ordered to box its four machine guns and send them to Vermont, which demanded something to practise with. The Ninth Infantry, however, did get away—though it went off wretchedly equipped. It was destined to have more trouble, for when it got to the border its members tried some of their canned salmon—and thirty cases of ptomaine poisoning resulted.

It was in Massachusetts that Adjutant-General Cole found it necessary to announce, two weeks after mobilization orders, that discharges granted to members of the militia were illegal, and that this applied to "between 500 and 800 men who had refused to take oath."

Missouri—When the Missouri National Guard was finally ready to start for the border it was further delayed by transportation difficulties. The Fourth Infantry spent its Fourth of July standing in a hot sun from 7 A. M. until 3 P. M., waiting for a train.

Montana—As in other states, mobilization in Montana was delayed by the fact that officers and men of the supply departments were lacking in experience in the actual movement of troops.

Nebraska—Two weeks after the call to arms Nebraska was still trying to get its first two regiments ready to go to the border. Other regiments, such as the Fifth, were being depleted by the physical examinations.

Nevada—Nevada suffered from a lack of rifles—to the disgust of one of its majors, who declared that "There is yet to be found the enemy that will slow up at the cry: 'Hold on there! No fair coming any farther until we find our triggers!' "

New Hampshire—The mobilization of the Guard was delayed by the refusal of many Guardsmen to take the oath, with the result that the units fell below peace strength. Another difficulty lay in the lack of horses. There was need for 383—371 of the number were lacking.

New Jersey—Although twenty or thirty men refused to be sworn in, and many regiments lost men in the physical examinations—the Fifth, for example, losing sixty-one—the mobilization of the New Jersey Guard was accomplished in a short time. In spite of this promptness the militiamen were prevented from starting for the border by lack of equipment and mounts. It took two weeks to get the latter—and even then two troops had to be left behind because they had no horses.

New Mexico—Three hundred and sixty members of the Guard were rejected in the physical ex minations. The rest were delayed because the Government was deaf to a demand for shoes. It was still deaf when the militia marched off to the border in oxfords and tennis shoes.

North Carolina—It was announced, two weeks after mobilization orders, that twenty per cent. of the Guardsmen had been rejected by the medical examiners.

North Dakota—This state had no field-artillery and no cavalry. There was a shortage in uniforms, blankets, and field equipment.

Oklahoma—Two weeks elapsed before even the state mobilization camp was made ready. This delay was not damaging, since up to that time only three companies had reported being up to minimum war strength.

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New York—Many members of the New York Guard were found unfit for military service. Two hundred and fifty men were rejected in the Forty-seventh Regiment; the Seventy-first left three hundred of its members behind it—either unable to pass the physical tests or lacking in equipment. There were also cases of unwillingness to be mustered in. Sixty members of the Sixty-ninth and Twenty-second Regiments "refused to take the oath to serve their country," and were "hissed as their uniforms were taken from them." Some of them rejoined their regiments later, smarting under taunts of cowardice.

In the matter of equipment, New York fared as badly as any other state. The Twenty-third, mobilized promptly, was held up two weeks for want of proper outfits. The Second Regiment from Troy arrived at Camp Beekman with at least a quarter of its members lacking uniforms. The Tenth came marching in—wearing sweaters, "sneakers," and colored duck trousers. I saw the men of the Fourteenth on the border—sweltering in woolen uniforms. As late as June 24 there were still 2,000 men in camp wearing civilian clothes. Many of them were without guns, a condition apparently atoned for by the fact that they were all good clerks or first-class stenographers.

Ohio—The first Ohio regiment to respond to the call for "immediate mobilization" was the Eighth, which marched into Columbus ten days after the call to arms had been sounded. On that day more than 4,000 recruits were needed to bring the infantry alone up to normal strength. Many of them were still needed a whole *month* later—the guard being held in Columbus all that time as unfit to go to the border.

Oregon—Lack of ordinary equipment was still delaying the Oregon National Guard, nine days after the call to arms. When Oregon troops finally arrived at the border the boys from the north appeared in their heavy woolen uniforms for active service in a blistering desert climate, where natives wear only the lightest sort of shirts and trousers. "If they are sent into Mexico in those rigs," said an observer, "they'll die like rats."

Pennsylvania—When mobilization orders were issued, the Pennsylvania Guard was badly lacking in tent equipment and absolutely lacking in field-guns. The First Brigade of Philadelphia was even delayed by a lack of typhoid vaccine. Once started, the Pennsylvania Guardsmen fared little better. Their train service was deplorable; half-way to the border it was necessary to appeal to the Mayor of Kansas City for *food*.

Further difficulties resulted from refusals to be mustered in. Many of the militiamen at Camp Brumbaugh declined to take the oath of Federal service. The delinquent Guardsmen announced that their refusals were based "on excellent domestic reasons."

Rhode Island—The Guard was severely handicapped in its mobilization by a lack of equipment—including guns, uniforms, and tent equipment.

South Carolina—Mobilization here proceeded slowly. As in other states, the militia cavalry was poorly mounted and had had little field training.

South Dakota—Lack of mounts also delayed the South Dakota Guard. In all these cases where horses were lacking the fault lay in the fact that as a rule mounts for the militia cavalry are merely under option. Thus, on the Fourth of July, 1913, Private Smith rides a sorrel mare from the livery-stable. That constitutes his cavalry experience until the Fourth of July, 1914, when he appears aslant Brown the butcher's bay gelding. Such training does not make indomitable horsemen. In a recent cavalry drill of the militia the order was given to charge mounts. The greatest confusion resulted, and half a dozen men were injured, one fatally.

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Tennessee—A week and a half after mobilization was ordered, 2,100 militiamen were still waiting for uniforms and equipment.

Texas—In this state, where the additional incentive of actual Mexican invasion was present, there was not so nearly universal a response to the call to arms as might have been expected. In one case, 116 members of the Second Regiment refused to join their companies.

Utah—The Guard was delayed by the usual shortage of guns, ammunition, and uniforms, as well as by the fact that many of the companies had their full strength only on paper.

Vermont—When finally ready, nine days after the mobilization call, the Guard was delayed by transportation difficulties.

Virginia—Many militiamen in this state were found to be physically unfit for service. Company B, of the First Infantry, for example, lost thirty per cent. of its members, and Company G thirty-six per cent.

Washington—Ammunition trains for needed field-artillery organization were lacking, and could not be completely supplied in less than three months.

West Virginia—In addition to difficulties in securing equipment, 275 out of 946 militiamen in the Second Regiment refused to take the oath of enlistment.

Wisconsin—Two weeks of diligent work found the Wisconsin Guard outfitted with two distinct types of uniform, and lacking 1,100 horses.

Wyoming—The Guard was delayed by the "no equipment" problem. No reserve supplies were on hand, and no adequate arrangements had been made for them.

THESE are just a few of the facts of our "immediate" and painless mobilization.

They do not reflect discredit on the Guard itself; considering what help it had—and what it was—it did as well as could be expected. The fault lies with the system that sets aside little time for training and organization, and then does not provide a public opinion that will spur men to devote even that time to the work. You can not blame the individual Guardsmen.

You can not even criticise the railroad officials who further delayed them. The American people have never so much as suggested that the railroads of the country ought to be mobilized and prepared as a part of the military machine. Nor is it entirely fair to criticize the employers who delayed many militiamen, or put them in such a position that they were compelled to ask for their discharges. Industries suddenly called upon to give up employees, and simultaneously hustle supplies for them, are put in a difficult position.

"Industrial preparedness" is only a phrase with us. A year ago it wasn't even that.

The evils of "no equipment" and "unfit for service" in the Mexican mobilization were intensified by the fact that they were not properly called to the attention of the public. To the average reader there was little indication that the whole mobilization was not proceeding smoothly. Those military items which did catch his eye were largely of an optimistic nature. The Chicagoan who chuckled when he read that his state cavalry had gone to the border in coaches labeled "Carranza's whiskers or Villa's scalp" was probably unaware that the cavalry had entrained without any horses. We are always pleasantly oblivious to facts of this kind. Reporting only the favorable, and blithely gilding the unfavorable, is an old American trick.

In a history I once studied in school—a standard history for children—there was this report of the Battle of Long Island:

> Sure enough, here came Howe and his army. Washington's men met them and fought like heroes. They had a fierce battle on Long Island and another on White Plains. But they were not so successful as they had been at Boston. Washington had to give up New York, and the British occupied the big city and held it to the end of the war.

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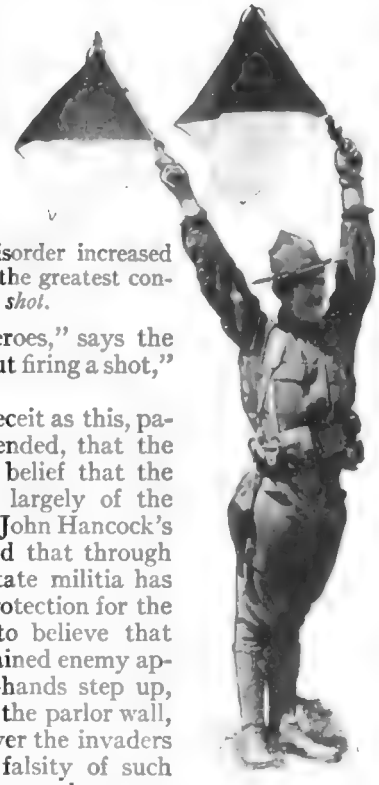
It was a number of years later when I accidentally read Washington's own report of the same battle. It ran as follows:

As soon as I heard the firing I rode with all possible despatch toward the place of landing, where, to my surprise and mortification, I found the troops that had been posted in the line retreating with the utmost precipitation, and those ordered to support them flying in the greatest confusion, notwithstanding the efforts of their generals to form them. I used every means in my power to rally them and get them into some order, but my attempts were fruitless, and on the appearance of a small party of the enemy, *not more than sixty or seventy*, their disorder increased and they ran away in the greatest confusion, *without firing a shot.*



They "fought like heroes," says the school-book. "Without firing a shot," adds the general.

It is through such deceit as this, patriotically enough intended, that the child grows up in the belief that the Revolution consisted largely of the Boston Tea Party and John Hancock's large handwriting, and that through all our history the state militia has furnished adequate protection for the country. He learns to believe that the moment a well-trained enemy appears, a million farm-hands step up, pick their muskets off the parlor wall, and go out and bowl over the invaders by the legion. The falsity of such a confidence should be made apparent to us through our recent mobilization. It should have been apparent long ago. The War of the Revolution had been in progress less than two years when George Washington declared that "to place any dependence upon the militia is assuredly resting upon a broken staff."

THAT was a hundred and forty years ago. If a man lived to be a hundred and forty years old and hadn't learned better than to leave his house in the protection of a watch-dog with rubber teeth, we should scarcely call him an advanced thinker. Yet we can see that this country is about that far advanced in its methods of protection. With the most valuable property in the world to defend and the traditions and institutions of a great nation to uphold, we rely on untrained militiamen—*two-thirds of whom have failed to qualify as even second-class marksmen.* For us the only difference between a raw recruit and an experienced campaigner is a haircut.

"The answer," in the words of a member of the Senate Military Committee, "is that the whole nation has been a slacker. We've not only refused to do our duty, but even to see it. Let us thank God it was only Mexico that waked us up!"

Have we waked up? Perhaps.

But until we formulate a foreign policy more constructive than a state of mere isolation—backed up by a system of universal training that will mean we shall be prepared at any moment to meet any emergency—we cannot say that we have awakened.

We are only yawning.

TO A YOUNG GIRL AT A WINDOW

BY MARGARET WIDDEMER

THE Poor Old Soul plods down the street, contented, and forgetting
How Youth was wild and Spring was wild, and how her life is setting;
And you lean out to watch her there, and pity, nor remember
That Youth is hard and Life is hard, and quiet is December.

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JAMES TODHUNTER SLOAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY H. V. B. KLINE

"MY FIRST APPEARANCE"

Critical moments in the careers of stars in the athletic world

by William B. Hanna

IF JAMES TODHUNTER SLOAN had been as unhappy in a few subsequent races as he was in his first, he never would have become the greatest of jockeys.

In February, 1889, at New Orleans, a midget of a boy—he weighed fifty pounds—climbed into the saddle of the race-horse Lovelace, known as a bad actor. It was the boy's first race, and the boy was Sloan.

Starter Caldwell, a noted figure of the turf, turned to the owner of Lovelace, and exclaimed:

"What are you doing, putting a child on that horse? You wouldn't do it with a child of mine!" Tod was fifteen.

"I'm giving the boy a chance to ride."

"It's a hell of a chance!"

However, the big starter looked out for the little novitiate at the barrier, and saw to it that he got away; and Sloan finished third. In time he became famous for his judgment of pace, his hands, his seat, his head. At that time he had none of these qualities, only courage.

"The whole experience was distasteful," according to Sloan. "From the time we got to the post until the finish I was wishing it was over, and I didn't like a single feature of it. I didn't care if I never rode a horse again. That's the way I felt about my first race."

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RALPH DE PALMA

TO HEAR Ralph De Palma tell it, it is nothing at all to be whizzing along a road sixty-five miles an hour in your first automobile road race and slam into a stone wall. That's what happened to him; but some men see and feel and realize danger where others are unconscious of any such sensations. A man wouldn't go into the business of driving racing automobiles if he thought about the physical risks.

De Palma had this placid experience in his very first race.

"It was over the Westchester course at Briarcliff, New York, in 1908," says De Palma. "I was then twenty-four years old. I had started driving cars in 1902, but that was my first race. All that I knew about driving at the time I had learned myself. Nobody ever taught me. I was a cyclist, then a motorcyclist, then went to work in a garage, where I learned the mechanism of motor-cars.

"I felt confidence in my car in the début race, and that was all there was to it. I felt as safe as if I was eating lunch. I realized the importance of the occasion, but I can't remember that I was fussed up over it."

De Palma has big, strong, firm hands, which are warm and friendly when they grasp yours. Likely as not he got a firm, strong grip from bicycles and motorcycles; also a steady nerve. Firm hands and steady nerve could exercise a powerful influence on a speeding motor-car.

It was a tire blowout at Briarcliff. He was in fourth place at the time. Oldfield, Strang, Cedrino, and Vaughn were among the twenty-four drivers. Nowadays cars are driven 105 miles an hour, but sixty-five miles was hot speed then. Although De Palma said he felt comfortable while darting over the Westchester roads sixty-five miles an hour, he added:

"In those days cars weren't as perfectly balanced as to-day, and a blowout was more serious. The only thing to do was to hold on and hope we wouldn't hit anything. I held on and stayed in the car when we struck, but my mechanician was thrown out head over heels and lit on his feet. Nobody was hurt.

"I can't recall that I was frightened."

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CHRISTY MATHEWSON

EVER hear of the Orange and Wing County League? No? Sounds bucolic, doesn't it? It was. It was there, though, that Christy Mathewson, paragon of pitchers, now manager of the Cincinnati Reds, made his beginning as a professional. The League had Pennsylvania and New York for its locale, and took in such points as Honesdale, Carbondale, Port Jervis, and Goshen.

Matty graced the line-up of the Honesdales. He joined them in 1898, when he was seventeen years old. His salary was twenty dollars a month "and found." As to his first game, he can't recall any excessive nervousness; but he had been playing since he was twelve.

When Matty was sixteen, he journeyed one day to Scranton to get a suit of clothes. There was a ball game in Scranton that day. The Y. M. C. A. team was playing the Pittston Reds. The Y. M. C. A. pitcher turned up missing, and the manager, seeing "Matty" on the stand and having heard of him as a youth from Keystone Academy who had a curve and could burn them in, asked him if he would pitch.

"There was a crowd of about eight hundred," says Matty, "but I wasn't nervous enough to bother me much. Anyway, I fanned seventeen of them and we beat them, 4 to 2. Then and there I acquired belief in my ability to pitch."

It was on the strength of the Scranton performance that Matty received his offer to join the Honesdale club. And it was there that he discovered the fade-away—he didn't call it by that name then—the most widely known, most distinctive curve used since the original curve ball was discovered. The fade-away is really an in-drop curve, a ball which curves in to right-handed batters. There was a left-handed pitcher named Williams with the Honesdale club, and he taught Matty how to throw it. Williams's ball was an outcurve for right-handed batters, which was the same as a right-handed pitcher's throwing the incurve. Through all the years until Matty joined the Giants, he improved it. Thrown from overhead with the motion of a fast ball, the fade-away floated up leisurely, broke in and down as it passed the batter—just seemed to fade away.

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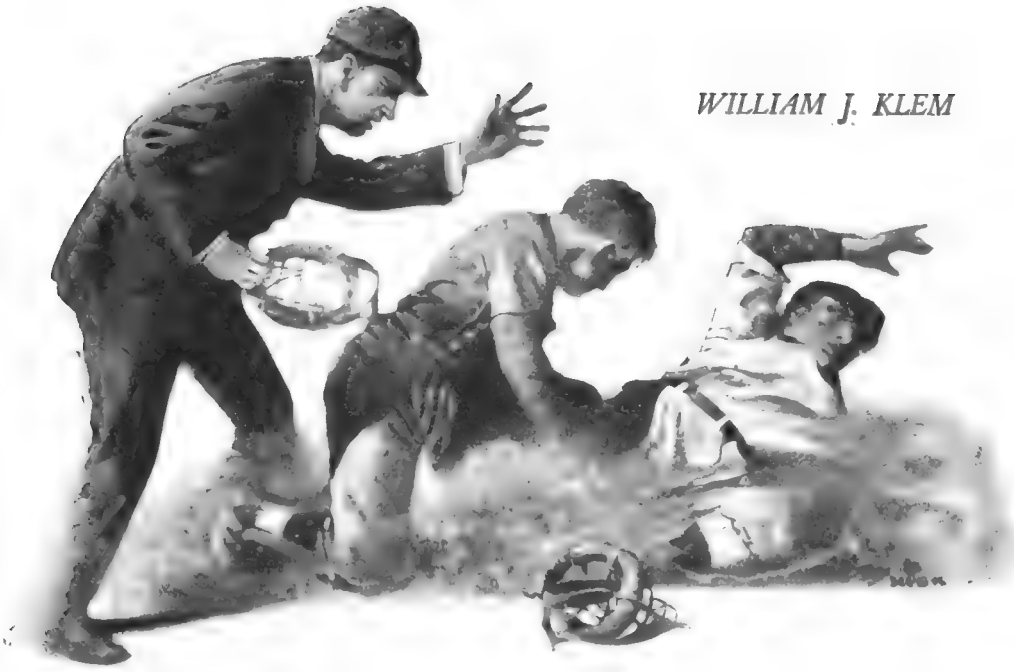

WILLIAM J. KLEM

NO NOTED personage in sports ever went into a contest for the first or any other time under more trying circumstances than did William J. Klem, the peer of umpires. He began life with a battle.

In 1902 Klem was employed by a bridge-building concern in Pennsylvania. He was a time-keeper, and in spare moments he umpired ball-games. He got to be pretty good at it. There were calls for his services from other than local teams. He liked the work, and in that same year when a chance came to branch out as an umpire he accepted it. He "arbitrated" his first professional game at New London in 1902.

The New London Club was playing Bridgeport, and the rivalry was sharp, not to say acute. New London was ahead, 1 to 0, in the sixth inning, when there came a play at second base in which Klem called a New London runner out.

The New London captain rushed up to Klem and declared that the Bridgeport infielder had dropped the ball. The bleachers set up an indignant howl to the same effect. The captain prolonged his wrangling and Klem drew his watch—something he never does nowadays, for he has learned how to handle situations without that.

"Get a batter up there or I'll forfeit the game!" exclaimed Klem.

"See those boys up there," the captain retorted, pointing to the bleachers. "You don't dare to forfeit!"

"Twenty seconds to get a batter up there!"

The twenty seconds passed, and then from Klem: "Game forfeited to Bridgeport, nine to nothing!"

"With that," continued Klem, telling of the episode, "I went to the bench and began changing my shoes. The kicking captain followed. So did the mob. There were two hundred around me before I unlaced one shoe. The captain offered to bet me fifty dollars I didn't know the rules.

" 'Oh, yes, I do,' I answered, and I pulled the rule-book.

" 'You haven't got fifty dollars!'

" 'Oh, yes, I have,' and I yanked out a roll with a hundred-dollar bill on the outside.

" 'You know I haven't got fifty with me,' was the reply to that call of his bluff.

"And that night I met him in the hotel and threw the rule-book in his face."

Klem stayed in New London overnight, and was out there the next day to umpire. "You've got a nerve coming back here," the gatekeeper told him.

"Why, say," Klem answered, "it's such happenings as that that make an umpire. I'll get up to the big league on the strength of this."

"You can't be afraid and succeed as an umpire," Klem declares. "But," he adds, "the best safeguard is the old clear conscience."

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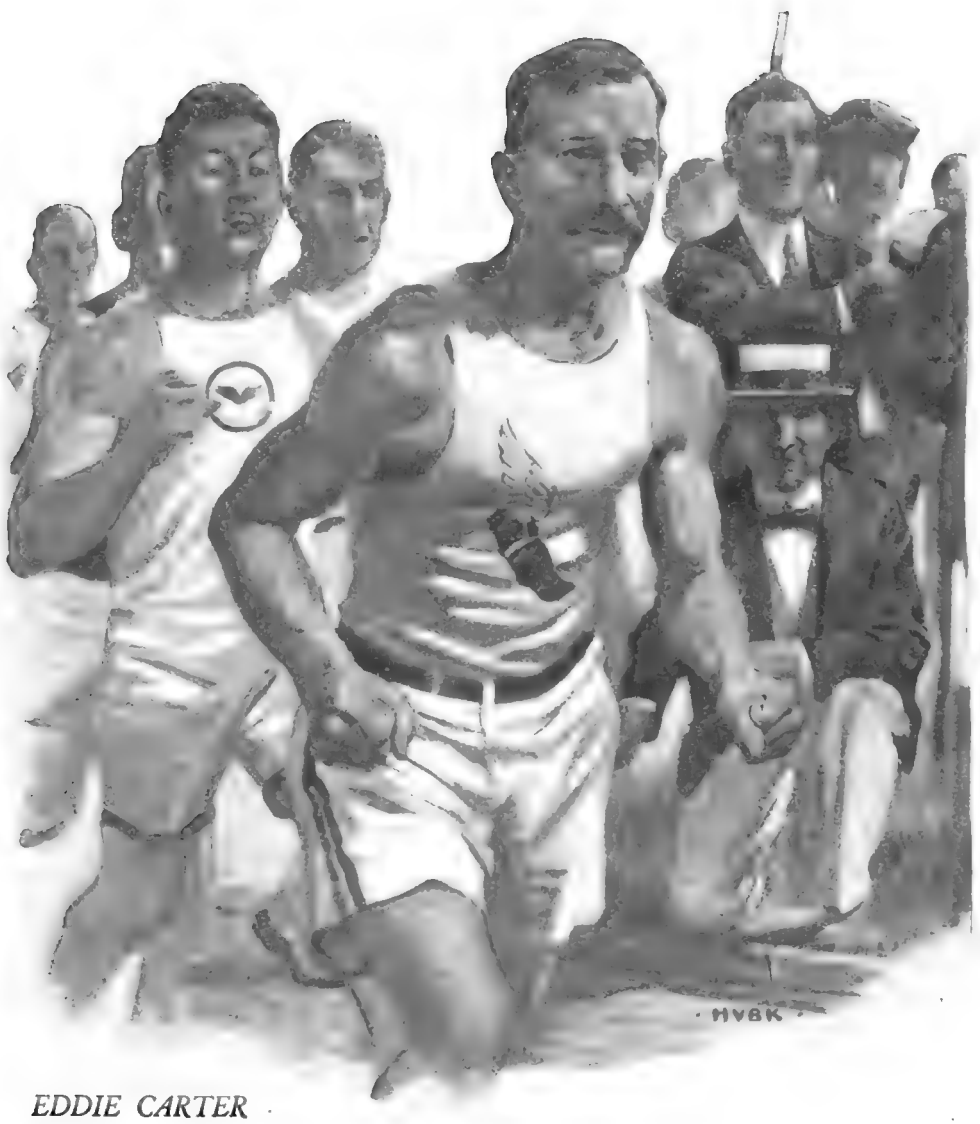

EDDIE CARTER

MANY years ago—thirty-seven to be exact—a slender, long-legged boy, hardly big enough to throw a shadow, and trembling with stage-fright, floundered along in a pair of spiked shoes too big for him, which he didn't know how to handle anyway. He had never run in spiked shoes before. It was in a mile handicap, with competitors strung out all over the scenery in the neighborhood of Bristol, England. Still, that skinny, shaky sixteen-year-old boy finished fourth; and that was the first contest in a career which in time brought to him the ten-mile and cross-country championships of the Amateur Athletic Union in this country, and, in 1887, the four-and ten-mile championships of England.

Eddie Carter could beat most of the boys of his acquaintance in Bristol, but he had no idea whatever of his ability when he entered this mile handicap, his maiden appearance. He had to borrow a pair of running-shoes. He spent half an hour getting his feet used to the feel of them; and the first half mile was a miserable stretch for him.

"I was so small," says Mr. Carter in telling of the race, "that somebody asked me how heavy I was, and my answer was, 'Ninety stone,' which shows how flustered I was. I meant to say ninety pounds. And oh, how dry my mouth was!"

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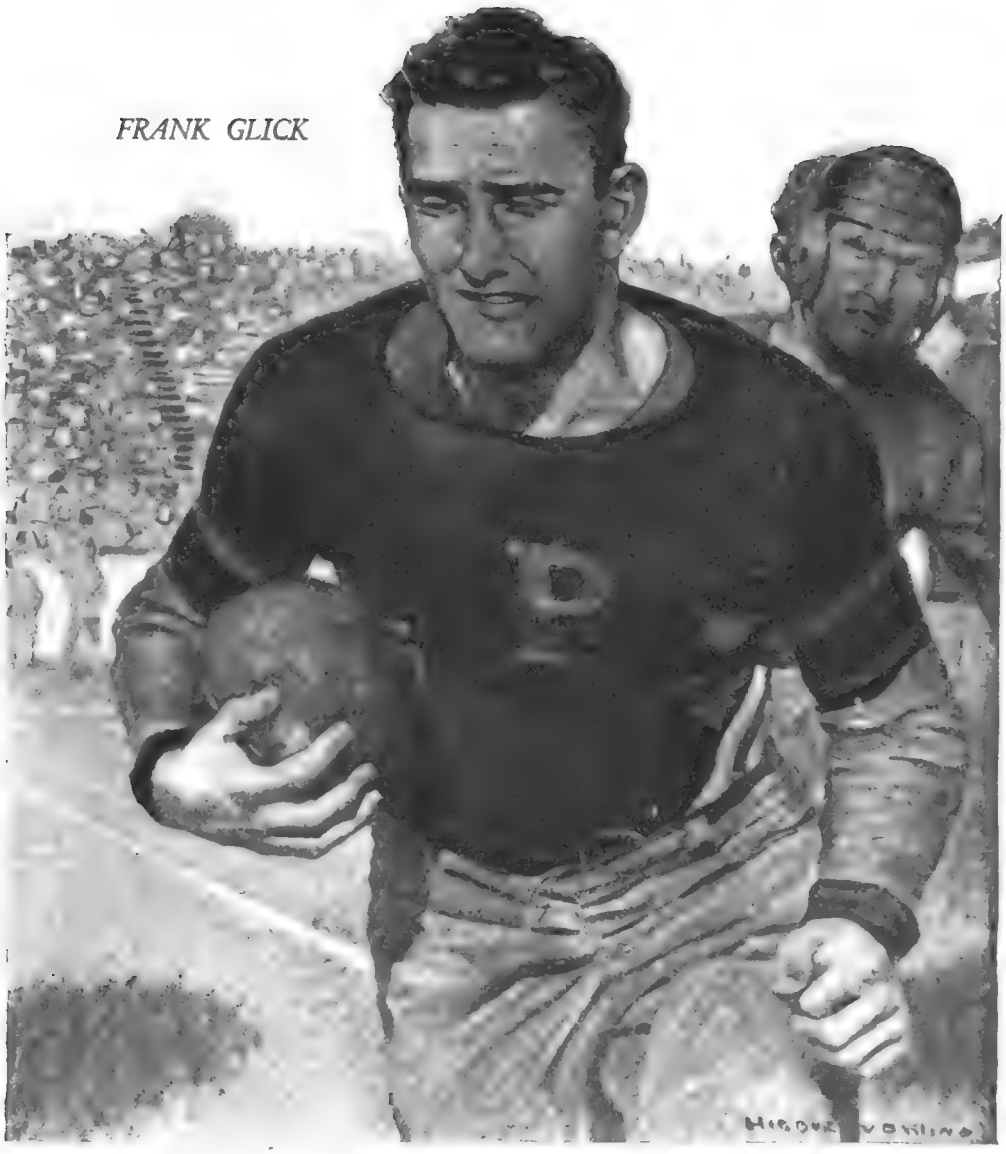
FRANK GLICK



FRANK GLICK, last year's football captain at Princeton, declares that the longest moment of his life so far, came during a football game.

"The Harvard-Princeton match of 1913 was my first big game," he says. "I had been playing at halfback during the season, but had been shifted to quarterback a week before the Harvard game. But when we lined up to receive the kick-off I was in the position of fullback. You bet I was nervous! My head was full of signals and plays galore, and, worst of all, it had just rained.

"Brickley kicked off for Harvard, and he kicked the ball so high it brought down more rain. The ball was coming straight for me, and I had to decide whether to let it drop and roll over the line for a touchback, or to catch it and run.

"In the longest second of my life I decided to run with it.

"I caught the ball somewhere between the one-yard line and six inches back of the goal—I've never decided where. I got past ten men; the last man tackled me after I had run forty yards, and all my nervousness was gone. As soon as I had touched the ball and called the first signal I felt ready for a football game. The following week at New Haven the tension had been broken and there was no long second."

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JEROME TRAVERS

Photograph by Edwin Levick

TWELVE years intervened between the first appearance of Jerome Travers in a regularly scheduled golf tournament and his winning of the open championship at Baltusrol in the summer of 1915. He was fifteen on the first occasion, and although he didn't win his first public tilt, he had his opponent much disconcerted.

He played against Frank Rinehart in a tournament at the Westbrook Golf Club, Long Island.

But Travers had begun golfing when he was nine years old. He was raised on a mid-iron. The mid-iron was his first club. At an early age he could take his stance in his father's back yard and drive a ball through the kitchen window every time.

"Of course, I was very nervous," Travers confesses, speaking of that first tournament, "but—" and right here he tells of a condition which has had an important bearing on his wonderfully successful career—"my nervousness did not affect my play, while Rinehart told me after the match that he had worried at the possibility of being defeated by a kid."

Rinehart, who was a clever and experienced golfer, one of the first to defeat W. J. Travis, beat young Travers only 2 up, and the latter made him step the best he knew by bringing in an 80.

"I was putting well that day," the champion added—"always was good at that. And then I was only a little fellow in short trousers."

In spite of his long golf career, Travers still experiences the excessive nervousness of that first day, though onlookers all the while think he is ice-cold in his composure. But this is not incompatible with the winning temperament—the temperament which was in evidence even in that early boyhood match. If he played one shot badly, that fact had no effect on his next shot—save, perhaps, to cause him to play the next one all the better. A poorly played shot never disturbed him. It was past and done with. The thing to do was to play the next well.

That is golf temperament, and that is a state of mind the coming champion proved he had at that early day. His first match not only showed him to be skilful beyond the ordinary, but was an indication of his future greatness.

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IT WAS A LAZY PLEASURE TO HAVE THE VALET PULL OFF HIS BOOTS.

HIS FAMILY

By

ERNEST POOLE

Author of "The Harbor," etc.

Illustrations by Balfour Ker

THIS is the story of a man and his three daughters in the midst of a great modern city and its problems. Roger Gale's wife died when the children were little, and for sixteen years he lived shut up within himself, not sharing in his daughters' interests. Now, nearly sixty, he is again awake, and eager to understand these three grown-up women of his household. His eldest daughter, Edith, is wrapped up in her family—an intensely maternal type of woman whose devotion to her children shuts out the rest of the world. The second, Deborah, is the superintendent of a great public school working on modern lines—and mother to children by the thousand. The youngest, Laura, a beauty, devotes her whole mind to pleasure.

One evening shortly after Roger Gale's interest in life has been rekindled, Laura startles him with the news that she is to be married—to a man as pleasure-loving, as much a speeder and a spender as herself. Roger is aghast at his new responsibility—he must find his way into this life too. He passes the news along to Deborah the next morning, and the two of them carry it to Edith. Plans for a wedding which is to turn the house upside down begin to form. And as they leave, Edith terrifies her father with the suggestion that after Laura's marriage Deborah may want to give up their house for a flat—the house in which he has known all his happiness.

CHAPTER FIVE

Laura's New Ring—and Her Father's

ONE afternoon, a few days later, Roger was riding in the park. He rode "William," a large, lazy cob who, as he advanced in age, had so subtly and insidiously slackened his pace from a trot to a jog that Roger barely noticed now how slowly he was riding. As he rode he liked to watch the life of the broad, winding bridle-path with its bobbing procession of riders that kept appearing before him under the tall, spreading trees. Though he knew scarcely any one by name, he was a familiar figure here and he recognized scores of faces. To many men he nodded at passing; and to not a few alluring young dames, ardent creatures with bright eyes who gave him smiles of greeting, Roger gravely raised his hat. One was "The Silver Lady" in a Broadway musical show, but he thought she was "one of the Newport crowd." He liked to make shrewd guesses like that.

For Roger was a genial soul, and after those bleak, lonely years confronted by eternity it was good to come here and forget, to feel himself for the moment a part of all the thoughtless gaiety, the ease and luxury of the town. Here he was just on the edge of it all. Often, as a couple passed, he would wonder what they were doing that night. In the riding-school where he kept his horse, it was a lazy pleasure to have the English "valet" there pull off his boots and breeches—though if any one had told him so, Roger would have denied it with indignation and surprise. For was he not an American?

It had been a wonderful tonic, a great idea of Laura's, this forcing him up here to ride. In one of her sudden affectionate moods, just after a sick spell he had been through, his daughter had insisted that he have his horse brought down from the mountains. She had promised to ride with him herself, and she had done so—for a week. Since then he had often met her with one of her many smart young men.

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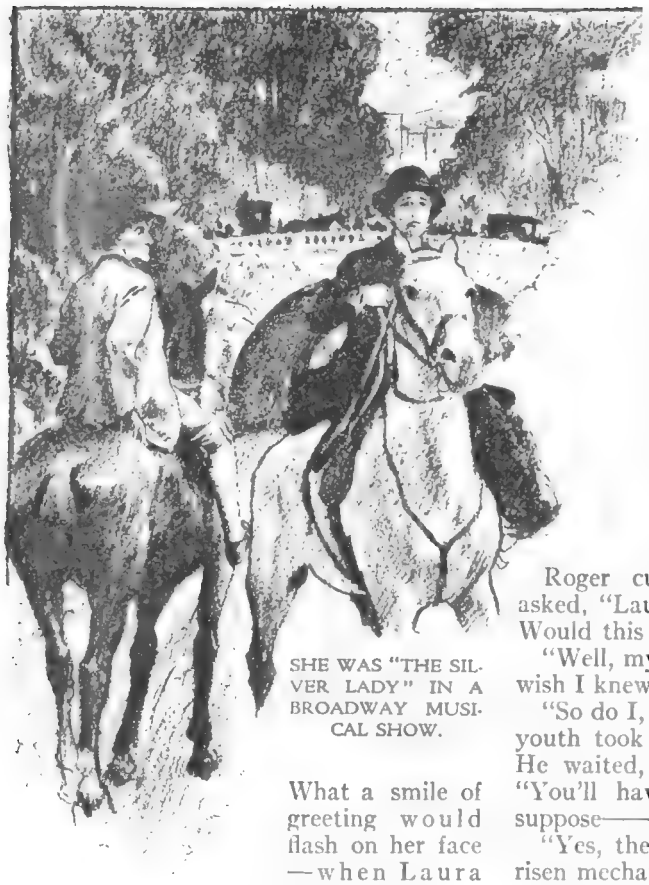

SHE WAS "THE SILVER LADY" IN A BROADWAY MUSICAL SHOW.

What a smile of greeting would flash on her face—when Laura happened to notice him.

He was thinking of Laura now, and there was an anxious gleam in his eyes. For young Sloane was coming to dinner to-night. What was he going to say to the fellow? Edith had urged her father to go through the lad's life with a fine-tooth comb, and if he should find anything there to kick up no end of a row for the honor of the family. All of which was nothing but words, reflected Roger pettishly. It all came to this, that he had a most ticklish evening ahead!

On the path as a rider greeted him, Roger's reply was a dismal frown.

Laura's suitor arrived at six o'clock. In his study Roger heard the bell, listened a moment with beating heart, then raised himself heavily from his chair and went into the hallway.

"Ah yes! It's you!" he exclaimed, with a nervous cordiality. "Come in, my boy, come right in. Here, let me help you with your coat. I don't know just where Laura is. Ahem!" He violently cleared his throat. "Suppose while we're waiting we have a smoke." He kept it up back into his den. There the suitor refused a cigar and carefully lit a cigarette. Roger noticed again how young the chap was, and marriage seemed so ridiculous! All this feverish trouble was for something unreal!

"Well, sir," the candidate blurted forth, "I guess I'd better come right to the point. Mr. Gale, I want to marry your daughter."

"Laura?"

"Yes."

Roger cursed himself. Why had he asked, "Laura"? Of course it was Laura. Would this cub be wanting Deborah?

"Well, my boy," he said thickly. "I—I wish I knew you better."

"So do I, sir. Suppose we begin." The youth took a quick pull at his cigarette. He waited, stirred nervously in his seat, "You'll have some questions to ask, I suppose——"

"Yes, there are questions." Roger had risen mechanically and was slowly walking the room. He threw out short, gruff phrases. "I'm not interested in your past—I don't care about digging into a man—I never have and I never will—except as it might affect my daughter. That's the main question, I suppose. Can you make her happy?"

"I think so," said Sloane, so decidedly that Roger gave him a glance of annoyance.

"That's a large order, young man," he rejoined.

"Then let's take it in sections," the youngster replied. Confound his boyish assurance! "To begin with," he was saying, "I rather think I have money enough. We'd better go into that, hadn't we?"

"Yes," said Roger indifferently. "We might as well go into that." Of course the chap had money enough. He was a money-maker. You could hear it in his voice, you could see it in his eyes. Now he was telling briefly of his rich aunt in Bridgeport, the generous start she had given him, his work down-town, his income.

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"Twenty-two thousand this year," he said. "We can live on that all right, I guess."

"You won't starve," was the dry response. Roger walked for a moment in silence, then turned abruptly on young Sloane.

"Look here, young man, I don't want to dig," said Roger very huskily, "but I know little or nothing of what may be behind you. I don't care to ask you about it now—unless it can make trouble."

"It can't make trouble." At that answer, low but sharp, Roger wheeled and shot a glance into those clear, twinkling eyes. And then his own eyes gleamed with pain. Laura had been such a little thing, in days when she had been his pet, the days when he had known her well. He frowned heavily at the wall. What could he do about it? This was only the usual thing. But he felt suddenly sick of life.

"How soon do you want to get married?" he demanded harshly.

"Next month, if we can."

"Where are you going?"

"Abroad," said Sloane. Roger caught at that topic as at a straw. Soon they were talking travel, and the tension slackened rapidly. He had never been abroad himself, but had always dreamed of going. With maps and books of travel Judith and he had planned it out. In imagination they had lived in London and Paris, Munich and Rome, always in queer old lodgings looking on quaint, crooked streets. For his daughter how different it would be! This boy of hers knew Europe as a group of gorgeous new hotels.

The moment Laura joined them, Roger's eye was caught and held by the ring upon her finger. Roger knew rings—they were his hobby, and this huge yellow solitaire in its new and brilliant setting at once awakened his dislike. It just fitted the life they were to lead! What life? As he watched his daughter's eyes he kept wondering if she were so sure. Had she felt no uneasiness? She must have, he decided, for all her gay excitement. One Laura in those smiling eyes; another deep inside, doubting and uncertain, reaching for her happiness, now elated, now dismayed, exclaiming, "Now, at last, I'm starting!" Oh, what an ignorant child she was! He wanted to cry out to her: "You'll always be just starting! You'll never be sure, you'll never be happy, you'll always be just beginning to be! And the happier you are, the more you will feel it is only a start! . . . . And then——"

DEBORAH.

More and more his spirit withdrew from these smiling, heedless children. Later on, when Deborah came, he barely noticed her meeting with Sloane. After dinner she left them, and Roger smoked with the boy for a while and learned that he was twenty-nine. Both had grown uneasy and rather dull with each other. It was a relief when again Laura joined them dressed to go out. Soon she and her lover had left the house.

Roger sat motionless for some time. His cigar grew cold, unheeded. One of the sorrows of his life had been that his only son had died. Bruce had been almost like a son. But this young man of Laura's? No.

Later he went for his evening walk. And as though drawn by invisible chains he strayed far down into the Ghetto. Soon he was elbowing his way through a maze of uproarious tenement streets as one who had been there many times. But he noticed little around him. He went on, as he had always gone, seeing and hearing that seething life only as a background to his own adventure. He reached his destination. Pushing his way through a swarm of urchins playing in front of a pawn-shop he entered and was a long time inside, and when he came out again, at last, the whole expression of his face had undergone a striking change. As one who had found the solace he needed for the moment, his pace unconsciously quickened and he looked about him with brighter eyes.

He went into a small jewelry shop around the corner from his home, a remnant of the town of the past. There were no customers in the place, and the old Galician jeweler sat at the back playing solitaire. At sight of Roger he arose; and presently in a small back room, beneath the glare of a powerful lamp, the two were studying the ring which Roger had found in the Ghetto that night. It was plain, just a

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SOMEBODY HAD WORKED LONG AND LOVINGLY ON THAT RING.

thin-worn band of gold with an emerald by no means large; but the setting was old and curious, and personal, distinctive. Somebody over in Europe had worked long and lovingly on it. Now as the Galician gently rubbed and polished and turned the ring this way and that, the light revealed crude tiny figures, a man and a woman under a tree. And was that a vine or a serpent? They studied it long and absorbedly.

At home, up in his bedroom, Roger opened a safe that stood in one corner, took out a large, shallow tray, and sat down with it by his lamp. A strange array of rings was there: rings small and delicate, huge and bizarre; great signet-rings and wedding-rings, love-tokens, charms and amulets, rings that had been worn by wives, by mistresses, by favorite slaves, and by young girls in convents; poison rings, religious rings, rings with the Madonna and rings with many other saints graven on large, heavy stones; rings French, Russian, Polish, Spanish, and Italian. Some were many centuries old. In nine shallow metal trays they filled the safe in Roger's room.

He had found every one of them in the pawn-shops of New York. What new recruits to America had brought them here and pawned them? From what old cities had they come? What passions of love and jealousy, of hatred, faith, devotion were in this glittering array? Roger's own love-affair had been deep, but quiet and even and happy. All the wild adventures, the might-have-beens in his sex-life, were gathered in these dusky trays with their richly colored glints of light.

Of his daughters, Laura had been the one most interested in his rings, and so he thought of Laura now as he placed in the tray the new ring he had bought, the one he would have liked for her. But a vague uneasiness filled his mind, for she had the same craving as himself for what gleamed out of these somber trays. The old Galician jeweler had long been quite a friend of hers; she had often dropped in at his shop to ask him curious questions about his women patrons. And it was just that side of the Jew that Roger did not care for. So many of those women were from a dubious, glittering world, and the old Galician took a weird vicarious joy in many of the gay careers into

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which he sent his beloved rings, his brooches, earrings, necklaces, his clasps and diamond garters. And Laura loved to make him talk. Yes, she was her father's child. He too had had his yearnings, his burning curiosities, his youthful ventures into the town. "You will live on in our children's lives." With her inheritance what would she do? Would she stop half-way as he had done, or would she throw all caution aside and let the flames within her rise?

He heard a step in the doorway, and Deborah stood there smiling.

"A new one?" she inquired. He nodded, and she bent over the tray. "Poor father," Deborah murmured.

"What do you mean?"

"I saw you eyeing Laura's new ring at dinner to-night. It wasn't like this one, was it?"

He scowled. "I don't like what I see ahead of her," he said. "Nor do you. Come now, be honest."

She looked at him perplexedly. "We can't stop it, can we? And even if we could," she said, "I'm not quite sure that I'd want to. It's her love-affair, not yours or mine—grown out of a life she has made for herself—curious, eager, thrilled by it all—and in the center of her soul the deep, glad, growing certainty, 'I'm going to be a beautiful woman—I myself, I, Laura Gale!' Oh, you don't know—nor do I. And so she felt her way along—eagerly, hungrily, making mistakes—and you and I left her to do it alone. I'm afraid we both rather neglected her, dad," Deborah ended sadly. "And all we can do now, I think, is to give her the kind of wedding she wants."

Roger started to speak, but hesitated.

"What is it?" she inquired.

"Queer," he answered gruffly, "how a man can neglect his children—as I have done, as I do still—when the one thing he wants most in life is to see each one of 'em happy."

CHAPTER SIX

The Tyranny of Edith's Motherhood

ROGER soon grew accustomed to seeing young Sloane about the house. They could talk together more easily now, and he even began to call him Hal. Hal brought him cigars much finer than any he'd ever smoked before, and asked him to Sherry's with Laura to meet the aunt from Bridgeport, a lady excessively stout and profound. But that ended the formalities. It had all been so much easier than Roger had expected.

So, in its calm, sober fashion, the old house took into its life this new member, these new plans, and the old seemed stronger for the new—for Laura and Edith and Deborah drew together closer than they had been in many years. But only because they felt themselves on the eve of a still deeper and more lasting separation, as the family of Roger Gale divided and went different ways.

At times he noticed it sadly. Laura, who had scarcely ever been home for dinner, now spent many evenings here. She needed her home for her wedding, he thought. Each daughter needed it now and then. But as the years wore slowly on, the seasons when they needed it grew steadily wider and wider apart.

Now he was just beginning to feel the near approach of the wedding, when something different happened. Early in May one evening, when Roger came home from his office he found Edith's children in the house. From the hallway he could hear their gay, excited voices, and going into the dining-room he found them at their supper. Deborah was with them, and at once her father noticed how much younger she appeared—as she always did with these youngsters, who all idolized her so. She rose and followed him into the hall.

"Edith's baby is coming," she said.

"Good Lord! Is anything wrong?" he asked.

"No, no, it's all right——"

"But I thought the child wasn't due for three weeks."

"I know, and poor Edith is fearfully worried. It has upset all her plans. I'd go up and see her if I were you. Your supper is ready now if you like; you can have it with the children."

There followed a happy, boisterous meal, with much expectant chatter about the long summer so soon to begin up at the farm in the mountains. George, whose hair was down over his eyes, rumpled it back absorbedly as he told of a letter he had received the week before from his friend Dave Noyes, Roger's farmer, with whom George corresponded. One of the cows was to have a calf, and George was anxious to get there in time.

"I've never seen a real new calf, new absolutely," he explained. "And I want a

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look at this one the very minute he's born. Gee, I hope we can get there in time——"

"Gee! So do I!" cried Robert, aged nine. And then Tad, the chubby three-year-old who had been intently watching his brothers, slowly took the spoon from his mouth and in his grave, sweet baby voice said very softly, "Gee."

At her end of the table, Elizabeth, blond and short and rather plump, now frowned and colored slightly. For she was eleven, and she knew there was something dark and shameful about the way calves appear in barns. And so, with a quick, conscious cough, she sweetly interrupted:

"Oh, Aunt Deborah! Won't you please tell us about—about——"

"About — about," jeered the ironical George, "about what, you little ninny?"

Poor Elizabeth blushed desperately. She was neither quick nor resourceful.

"Now, George" said his aunt warningly.

"Wasn't I talking?" the boy rejoined: "And didn't Betty butt right in—without even a thing to butt in about? 'About—about,'" he jeered again.

"About Paris!" cried his sister, successful at last in her search for a topic. "Aunt Deborah's trip to Paris!"

"How many times has she told it already?" her brother replied with withering scorn. "And anyhow, I was talking of cows!"

"All right," said his aunt, "we'll talk about cows—some cows I saw on a lovely old farm in a little village over in France."

"There!" cried his young sister. "Did she ever tell of *that* part of her trip?"

And she made a little triumphant face at her brother.

"I don't care," he retorted doggedly. "She has told about Paris lots of times—and that was what *you* wanted. Yes, you did, you said, 'About Paris.' Didn't she, Bob?"

"You bet she did," young Bob agreed.

"Now, children, children, what does it matter?"

"All right, go ahead with your barn in France," said George with patient tolerance. "Did they have any Holsteins?"

Soon the questions were popping from all sides, while little Tad beamed from one to the other. To Tad it was all so wonderful—to be having supper away from home, to be here, to go to bed up-stairs, to take part perhaps in a pillow-fight. And, glancing at the glowing face and parted lips of his small grandson, Roger felt a current of warm new life pour into his soul.

Early in the evening he went up to Edith's apartment. He found his daughter in her room, looking flushed and very tense. He took her arm and they walked for a time. A trained nurse was soaping the windows. Roger asked the reason for that, and was told that the baby might not come until the early morning, in which case her physician wanted to use the daylight. "And neighbors in New York are such cats! You've no idea!" said Edith. She looked out at the numberless windows crowding close about her home, and fairly bristled with scorn. "Oh, how I loathe apartments!"

IT WAS WONDERFUL TO GO TO BED UPSTAIRS.

"They seem to have come to stay, my dear. In a few years more New York will be a city without a house," he said. "Only a palace here and there." The thought flashed in his mind, "But I shall be gone."

"Then we'll move out to the country!" she cried. Still walking the floor with her father, she talked of the many perplexities which in her feverish state of mind had loomed suddenly enormous. She had planned everything so nicely for the baby to come the first of June, but now her plans were all upset. She did not want the children here—it would make too much confusion. They had much better go up to the mountains, even though George and Elizabeth lost their last few weeks at school. But who could she find to take them? Bruce was simply rushed to death with that new receivership of his. Laura was getting her trousseau. Deborah, said Edith, had time for nothing on earth but school.

"Suppose I take them," Roger ventured. But she only smiled at that. "My dear," he

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urged, "your nurse will be with me, and when we arrive there's the farmer's wife." But Edith impatiently shook her head. Her warm, bright eyes seemed to picture it all, hour by hour, day and night, herself not there with her children.

"You poor dear," she told him, "you haven't the slightest idea what it means. The summer train is not on yet, and you have to change three times on the way—with all the children—luggage, too. And there are their naps, and all their meals. You don't arrive till late at night. No," she decided firmly, "Bruce will simply have to go." She drew a deep breath of discomfort. "You go and talk to him," she said.

"I will, my dear." Roger looked at his daughter with mingled pity and concern. Awkwardly his heavy hand touched her small plump shoulder, and he felt the constant quivering there. "Now, now," he muttered uneasily, "it's going to be all right, you know—" And at that she gave him a rapid glance out of those warm, hunted eyes, as though to ask, "What do you know of this?" And Roger flinched and turned to the door.

Bruce was working at his desk, with an old briar pipe in his teeth. He looked up with a quick, nervous smile that showed his dread of the coming ordeal, but his voice had a carefully casual tone. "Does she want me in there now?" he asked.

"No," said Roger. And he told of her plan for the children. "I volunteered myself," he added, "but she wouldn't hear to it."

"Oh, my God, man, you wouldn't do," said Bruce with droll disparagement. "You with forty-nine bottles of pasteurized milk? Suppose you smashed one? Where'd you be? Moving our children isn't a job; it's a science, and I've got my degree." He rose and his face softened. "Poor girl, she mustn't worry like that. I'll run in and tell her I'll do it myself—just to get it off her mind."

He went to his wife. And when he came back his dark features appeared a little more drawn.

"Poor devil," thought Roger, "he's scared to death—just as I used to be myself."

"Pretty tough on a woman, isn't it?" Bruce muttered, smiling constrainedly.

"Did Baird say everything's going all right?" Baird was Edith's physician.

"Yes. He was here this afternoon, and he said he'd be back this evening." Bruce stopped sharply, then went on: "I told her I'd see to that trip with the kiddies, and it seemed to relieve her a lot." His eye went to a pile of documents that lay on the desk before him. "It'll play the very devil with business, taking three days off just now. But I guess I can manage it somehow——"

A muscle began to twitch on his face. He relit his pipe with elaborate care and looked over at Roger confidingly: "Do you know what's the matter with kids these days? It's the twentieth century," he said. "It's a disease. It starts in their teeth. No modern girl can get married unless she has had her teeth straightened for years. Our dentist's bill, this year alone, was over eight hundred dollars. But that isn't all. It gets into their young intestines, God bless 'em, and makes you pasteurize all they eat. It gets into their nerves and tears 'em up, and your only chance to save 'em is school—not a common school but a 'simple' school, tuition three hundred dollars a year. And you hire a dancing-teacher besides—I mean a rhythm teacher—and let 'em shake it out of their feet. And after that you buy 'em clothes—not fluffy clothes but 'simple' clothes, the kind that always cost the most. And then you build a simple home, in a simple place like Morristown. The whole idea is simplicity. If you can't make enough to buy it, you're lost. If you can make enough, just barely enough, you get so excited you lose your head—and do what I did Monday."

The two men smiled at each other. Roger was very fond of Bruce.

"What did you do Monday?" he asked.

"I bought that car I told you about."

"Splendid! Best thing in the world for you! Tell me all about it!"

And while Bruce rapidly grew absorbed in telling of the car's fine points, Roger pictured his son-in-law upon hot summer evenings (for Bruce spent nearly all the summer in town) forgetting his business for a time and speeding out into the country. Then he thought of Edith and the tyranny of her motherhood, always draining her husband's purse and keeping Edith so wrapped up in her children and their daily needs that she had lost all interest in anything outside her home. What was there wrong about it? He knew that Edith prided herself on being like her mother, but Judith had always found time for her friends.

He himself had been more as Edith was

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"PARIS IN JUNE," SAID EDITH, "SUMS UP LAURA'S WHOLE CONCEPTION OF MARRIAGE."

now. How quickly after Judith died he had dropped all friends, all interests. "That's it," he told himself ruefully, "Edith takes after her father." And the same curious feeling which he had had with Laura came back to him now with her sister. This daughter, too, was a part of himself. "You will live on in our children's lives." That deep instinctive craving of his to keep to himself and his family was living on in Edith, was already dominating her home. What a queer, mysterious business it was, this tie between a man and his child.

He was thinking of that when Baird arrived. Allan Baird was not only the doctor who had brought Edith's children into the world: he was besides an intimate friend. He had been Bruce's room-mate at college. As he came strolling into the room with his easy greeting of "Well, folks—" his deep base voice, his muscular frame, over six-feet-two, and the kindly calm assurance in his lean strong visage gave to Bruce and Roger the feeling of safety they needed. For this kind of work was his life. He had specialized on women, and after a little over twelve years of toilsome up-hill labor he had become, at thirty-six, one of the big gynecologists. Now he was taking his success with the quiet relish of a man who had had to work for it hard.

And yet he had not been spoiled by success. He worked even harder than before —so hard, in fact, that Deborah, with whom through Bruce and Edith he had long ago struck up an easy, bantering friendship, had sturdily set herself the task of prying open his eyes a bit. She had taken him to her school at night and to queer little foreign cafés. And Baird, with a humor of his own, had retaliated by dragging her to the Astor Roof and to musical plays.

"If my eyes are to be opened," he had doggedly declared, "I propose to have some diamonds in the scenery, and a little cheery ragtime, too. You've got a good heart, Deborah Gale, but your head is full of tenements."

To-night, to divert Bruce's thoughts from his wife, Baird started him talking of his work. In six weeks Bruce had crammed his mind with the details of sky-scraper building, and his talk was bewildering now, permeated through and through with the feeling of strain and fierce competition. As Roger listened he had again that sharp and oppressive sensation of a savage, complex

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modern town unrelentingly pressing, pressing in. Restlessly he glanced at Baird, who sat there listening quietly. And Roger thought of the likeness between their two professions.

For Bruce, too, was a surgeon. His patients were the husbands in their distracting offices. Baird's were the wives and mothers in their equally distracting homes. Which were more tense—the husbands or wives? And, good Lord, what was it all about, this feverish strain of getting and spending? What were they spending? Their very life's blood. And what were they getting? Happiness? What did most of them know of real happiness? How little they knew, how blind they were, and yet how they laughed and chattered along, how absorbed in their little games. What children, oh, what children!

He left them soon, for he felt very tired. He went to his daughter to say good-night.

And in her room the talk down-stairs grew suddenly remote and strange, that restless world of small account. For in Edith, in the one brief hour since her father had seen her last, there had come a great transformation, into her face an eager light. She was slipping down into a weird, small world which for a brief but fearful season was to be utterly her own, with agony and bloody sweat, and joy and a deep mystery. Clumsily he took her hand. It was moist and he felt it clutch his own. He heard her breathing quickly.

"Good-night," he muttered huskily. "I'll be so glad, my dear, so glad."

For answer she gave him a hurried smile, a glance from her bright, restless eyes. Then he went heavily from the room.

At home he found Deborah sitting alone, with a pile of school papers in her lap. As he entered she slowly turned her head with a quiet smile of deep content.

"Are the children all in bed?" he asked.

"Yes," she replied. "How is Edith?" And Roger told of his visit up-town. He spoke of Edith's anxiety over getting the children up to the farm.

"I'll take them myself," said Deborah.

"But how can you get away from school?"

"Oh, I think I can manage it. We'll leave on Friday morning and I can be back by Sunday night. I'll love it." Deborah answered. She had already resumed her work. Her father had lighted a cigar, and there was silence for a time.

WHAT A RESPLENDENT YOUNG CREATURE LAURA WAS, SEATED THERE AT HER DRESSER.

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"I let George sit up with me to-night till an hour after his bedtime," Deborah said presently. "We started talking about white rats—you see it's still white rats with George—and that started us wondering about God. George wonders if God really knows about rats—'if He has ever stuck His face right down and had a good close look at one. Has God ever watched a rat stand up and brush his whiskers with both paws? Has He ever really laughed at rats? And that's another thing, Aunt Deborah. Does God ever laugh at all? Does He know how to take a joke? If He don't, we might as well quit right now.'"

Roger chuckled quietly and Deborah continued her work. He finished his smoke and rose from his chair. "I'm glad you're going to see to the children. Edith will be so relieved," he said. He bade her good-night and went up-stairs.

He slept until late the next morning, and awoke to find Deborah by his bed.

"It's another boy," she told him. Her father sat up excitedly. "Bruce has just telephoned the news. The children and I have breakfasted, and now they're going out with their nurse. Suppose you and I go up and see Bruce and settle this trip to the mountains."

About an hour later, arriving at Edith's apartment, they found Bruce down-stairs with Allan Baird, who was just taking his departure. Bruce's eyes were two smiles of relief, but his hand was hot and nervous. Allan, on the contrary, though his lean and powerful face was now rather lined and gray, had the same steadiness in his eyes.

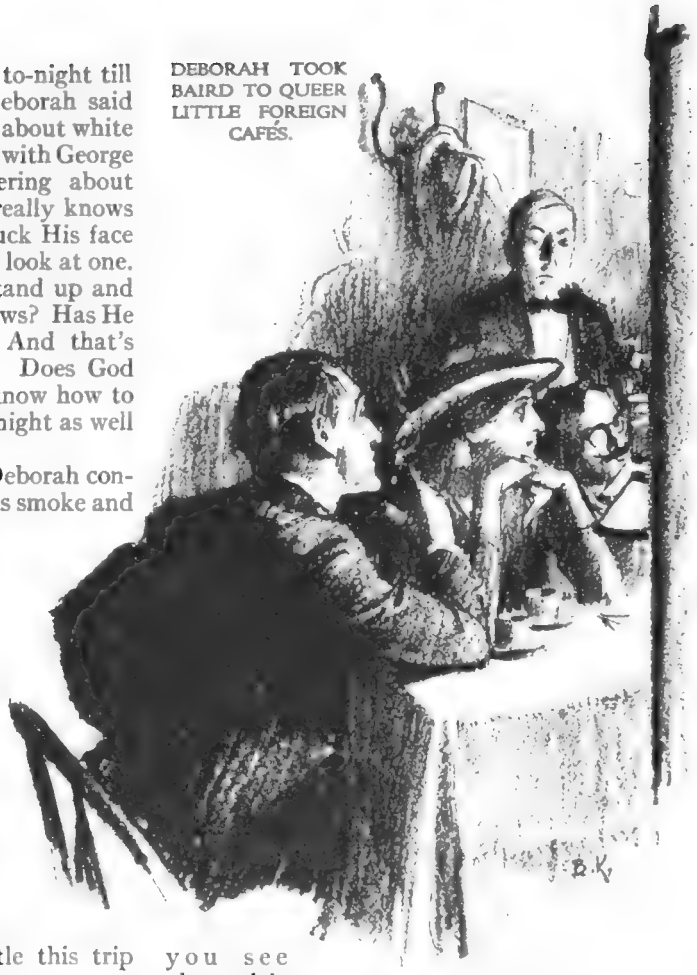
"Bruce," he said, "has for once in his life decided to do something sensible. He's going to drop his business and take a week off with his children."

"And worry every minute he's gone," Deborah retorted, "and come back and work day and night to catch up. But he isn't going to do it. I've decided to take the children myself."

"You have?" cried Bruce delightedly.

"You'll do no such thing," said Allan, indignant.

"Oh, you go to thunder," Bruce put in. "Haven't you any delicacy, Baird? Can't you see that this affair is no possible business of yours?"



DEBORAH TOOK BAIRD TO QUEER LITTLE FOREIGN CAFÉS.

"It isn't, eh?" Allan sternly rejoined. And of Deborah he demanded: "Didn't you say you'd go with me to 'Pinafore' this Saturday night?"

"Ah," sneered Bruce. "So that's your game. And for one little night of your pleasure you'd do me out of a week of my life!"

"Like that," said Baird, with a snap of his fingers.

"I'm going, though," said Deborah.

"That's right, little woman," Bruce admonished her earnestly. "Don't let him rob you of your happiness."

"Come here," growled Baird to Deborah. She followed him into the living-room, and Roger went up-stairs with Bruce.

"If he ever hopes to marry that girl," said Bruce, with an anxious backward glance, "he's got to learn to treat her with a little consideration."

"Quit your quarreling," Roger said.

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"What's a week in the mountains to you? Hasn't your wife just risked her life?"

"Sure she has," said Bruce feelingly. "And I propose to stick by her, too!"

"Can I see her?"

"No, you can't—another of Baird's fool notions."

"Then where's the baby?"

"Right in here."

Silently in front of the cradle Bruce and Roger stood looking down with that content which comes to men on such occasions when there is no woman by their side expecting them to say things.

"I made it a rule in my family," Roger spoke up presently, "to have my first look at each child alone."

"So have I," said Bruce. And they continued their silent communion. A few moments later, as they were leaving, Deborah came into the room and went softly to the cradle. Down-stairs they found that Allan had gone, and when Deborah rejoined them she said she was going to stick to her plan. It was soon arranged that she and the children should start on their journey the following day.

Back at home she threw herself into the packing and was busy till late that night. At daybreak she was up again, for they were to make an early start. Bruce came with his new automobile, the children were all bundled in, with their nurse, and a half-hour later at the train Bruce and Roger left them — Deborah flushed and happy, surrounded by children, luggage, and wraps, an ice-box, toys, and picture-books.

"Don't worry about us, Bruce," she said. "We're going to have the time of our lives!"

Bruce fairly beamed his gratitude. "If she don't marry," he declared, as he watched the train move slowly out, "there'll be a great mother wasted!"

CHAPTER SEVEN

Roger "Talks" to Laura.

IN THE weeks that followed, Roger found the peace of his home so interrupted and disturbed by wedding preparations that often, retreating into his den, he savagely told himself he was through; that a man with three grown daughters was a fool to try to take part in their lives.

There seemed to be no end whatever to the young bride's blithe demands. The trousseau part of it he didn't mind. To the gowns and hats and trunks and bags that now came pouring into the house, he made no objection. All that, he considered, was fair play. But what got on Roger's nerves was all this frantic fuss and change. The faded hall carpet had to come up, his favorite lounge was whisked away, the piano was retuned while Roger was trying to take a nap, rugs were beaten, crates and barrels filled the halls, and one whole bedroom, stripped and bare, had been transformed into a shop where the wedding presents were displayed. Deborah was as bad as the bride. At times it appeared to Roger as though her fingers fairly itched to jab and tug at his poor old house, which now wore an air of mute reproach. In the shuffle his box of cigars disappeared. In short, there was the devil to pay!

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In gloomy wrath one afternoon he went up to see Edith and quiet down. She was well on the way to recovery now, but instead of receiving solace there he only found fresh troubles. For, sitting up in her old-fashioned bed, with an old-fashioned cap of lace upon her shapely little head, Edith made her father feel she had washed her hands of the whole affair.

"I'm sorry," she said, "that Laura does not care enough about her oldest sister to put off the wedding two or three weeks so that I can be there. It seems rather undignified, I think, for a girl to hurry her wedding so."

In dismay her father found himself defending the very daughter of whom he had come here to complain. It was not such a short engagement, he said; he had learned that they had been engaged some time before they told him.

"Do you approve of that?" she rejoined. "When I was engaged, I made Bruce go to you before I even let him—" here Edith broke off primly. "Of course that was some time ago. An engagement, Laura tells me, is 'a mere experiment' nowadays. They 'experiment' till they feel quite sure, then notify their parents and get married in a week."

"She is rushing it, I admit," Roger answered soothingly. "But she has her mind set on Paris in June."

"Paris in June," said Edith, "sums up in three words Laura's whole conception of marriage. You really ought to talk to her, father. It's your duty, it seems to me."

"What do you mean?" he asked her.

"I'd rather not tell you." Edith's glance went sternly to the cradle by her bed. "Laura pities me," she said, "for having had five children."

"Oh, now, my dear girl!"

"She does, though—she said as much. When she dropped in the other day and I tried to be sympathetic, and give her a little sound advice, she said that I'd had the wedding I liked and the kind of married life I liked, and that she was going to have hers. And she made it quite plain that her kind is to include no children. It's to be simply an effort to find by 'experiment' whether or not she loves Hal Sloane. If she doesn't—" Edith gave a slight wave of dismissal.

Roger reddened angrily: "Do you mean to say Laura told you that?"

"I mean she made me feel it—as plainly as I'm telling it! What I can't understand," his daughter went on, "is Deborah's attitude in the affair."

"What's the matter with Deborah?" inquired Roger dismally.

"Oh, nothing's the matter with Deborah. She's quite self-sufficient. She at least can play with modern ideas and keep her head while she's doing it. But when poor Laura—a mere child with the mind of a chicken—catches vaguely at such ideas, applies them to her own little self, and risks her whole life at one silly throw, it seems to me perfectly criminal for Deborah not to interfere! Not even a word of warning!"

"Deborah believes," her father answered vaguely, "in every one's leading his own life."

"That's rot," was Edith's curt reply. "Do I lead my own life? Does Bruce? Do you?"

"No," growled Roger feelingly.

"Do my children?" Edith demanded. "I know Deborah would like them to. That's her latest and most modern fad—to run a school where every child shall sit with a rat in his lap, or a goat, and do just what he pleases—follow his natural bent, she said. I hope she won't come up to the mountains this summer and practise it first on my children. I should hate to break with Deborah," Edith ended thoughtfully.

Roger rose and walked the room. The comforting thought flashed into his mind that when the wedding was over he would take out his collection of rings and carefully polish every one. But even this thought did not stay with him long.

"With Laura at home," he heard Edith continue, "you at least had a daughter to run your house. If Deborah tries to move you out——"

"She won't!" cried Roger in alarm.

"If she does," persisted Edith, "or if she begins any talk of that kind—you come to me!"

"I will," said her father angrily, feeling quite certain he would not.

As he started for home, her words of warning recurred to his mind. Yes, here was the thing that disturbed him most, the ghost lurking under all this confusion. It was bad enough to know that his daughter, his own flesh and blood, was about to settle her life at one throw. But to be moved out of his house, bag and baggage! Roger strode

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AT THE TRAIN BRUCE AND ROGER LEFT THEM—DEBORAH FLUSHED AND HAPPY, SURROUNDED BY CHILDREN.

wrathfully up the street. "It's your duty to talk to her," Edith had said. And he meditated darkly on this. "Maybe I will and maybe I won't. I know my duties without being told. How does Edith know what her mother liked? We had our own lives, her mother and I, and our own ideas, long after she was tucked in bed. And yet she's always harping on 'what mother would have wanted.' What I should like to know—right now—is what Judith would want if she were here!"

With a pang of utter loneliness amid these vexing problems, Roger felt it crowding in, this city of his children's lives. As he strode on down Broadway, an old hag selling papers thrust one in his face and he caught a glimpse of a headline. Some bigwig woman redivorced. How about Laura's "experiment"? A mob of street urchins nearly upset him. How about Deborah? How about children? How about schools, education, the country? How about God? Was any one thinking? Had any one time? What a racket it made, slam-banging along. The taxis and motor trucks thundered and brayed, dark masses of people swept endlessly by, as though their very souls depended on their suppers or their jobs, their movies, roaring farces, thrills, their harum-scarum dances, clothes. A plump little fool of a woman minced by on high-heeled slippers. That was it, he told himself—the whole city was high-heeled! No solid footing anywhere! Good Lord, how they chattered!

What would Judith want if she were here? It became disturbingly clear to him that she would undoubtedly wish him to have a talk with Laura now, find out if she'd really made up her mind not to have any children, and if so to tell her plainly that she was not only going against her God but risking her own life's happiness. His face relaxed as he thought of his wife, but in his eyes was a deeper pain. If only Judith could be here.

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When he reached home he had made up his mind to talk with Laura that very night. He inquired for her and was told that she was dressing for dinner. He went up and knocked at her door.

"Yes?" came her voice.

"It's I," he said, "your father."

"Oh, hello, dad," came the answer gaily, in that high, sweet voice of hers. "I'm frightfully rushed. It's a dinner dance to-night for the bridesmaids and the ushers." He felt a glow of relief at that. "Come in a moment, won't you?"

What a resplendent young creature she was, seated there at her dresser! Behind her the maid with a needle and thread was swiftly mending a little tear in the fluffy blue tulle she was wearing. The shaded light just over her head brought a shimmer of red in her sleek brown hair. What eyes she had, what a bosom! She drew in a deep breath and smiled at him.

"What are you doing to-morrow night?" her father asked her.

"Oh, dad, my love, we have every evening filled and crammed right up to the wedding," she replied. "No—the last evening I'll be here. Hal's giving his ushers a dinner that night."

"Good. I want to talk to you, my dear." He felt his voice solemn—a great mistake. He saw the quick glance from her luminous eyes.

"All right, father—whenever you like."

The few days that were left were a crowding confusion of dressmakers, gowns, and chattering friends and gifts arriving at all hours. As a part of his resolve to do all he could for his daughter, Roger stayed home from his office that week. But all he could do was to unpack boxes, take out presents and keep the cards, and say, "Yes, my dear, it's very nice. Where shall I put this one?" As the array of presents grew, from time to time unconsciously he glanced at that engagement ring upon Laura's finger. And all the presents seemed like that. They would suit her apartment beautifully. He'd be glad when they were out of the house.

The house was almost ready now, dismantled and made new and strange. It was the night before the wedding. Laura was taking her supper in bed. What was he going to say to her? He ate his dinner silently. At last he rose.

"I think I'll go up and see her," he said.

Deborah quickly glanced at him. "What for?" she asked.

"Oh, I just want to talk to her——"

"Don't stay long," she admonished him. "I've a masseuse coming soon to get the child in condition to rest. Her nerves are rather tense, you know."

"How about mine?" he said to himself as he started up-stairs. "Never mind, I've got to tackle it."

Laura saw what he meant to say the moment that he entered the room, and the quick tightening of her features made it all the harder for Roger to remember the grave, kind, fatherly things that he had intended to tell her.

"I don't want to talk of the wedding, child, but of what's coming after that—between you and this man—all your life." He stopped short, with his heart in his mouth, for although he did not look at her he had a quick sensation as though he had struck her in the face.

"Isn't this rather late to speak about that? Just now? When I'm nervous enough as it is?"

"I know, I know." He spoke hurriedly, humbly. "I should have talked to you long ago; I should have known you better, child. I've been slack and selfish. But it's better late than never at all."

"But you needn't!" the girl exclaimed. "You needn't tell me anything! I know more than you think—I know enough!" Roger looked at her, then at the wall. She went on in a voice rather breathless: "I know what I'm doing—exactly—just what I'm getting into. It's not as it was when you were young—it's different—we talk of these things. Harold and I have talked it all out."

In the brief and dangerous pause that followed Roger kept his eyes on the wall. "Have you talked—about having children?"

"Yes," came the answer sharply, and then he felt the hot clutch of her hand. "Hadn't you better go now, dad?"

Her father hesitated. "No," he answered huskily. "Do you mean to have children, Laura?"

"I don't know."

"I think you do know. Do you mean to have children?"

Her black eyes, dilating slowly, were fixed defiantly on his own. "Well, then, no, I don't!" she replied.

He made a desperate effort to think what

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he could say to her. Good God, how he was bungling! Where were all his arguments? "How about your religion?" he blurted out.

"I haven't any—that makes me do that—I've a right to be happy!" Tears of vexation came in her eyes.

"You haven't!" His voice had suddenly changed. In accent and in quality it was like a voice from the heart of New England where he had been born and bred. "I mean you wun't be happy—not unless you have a child! It's what you need—it'll fill your life! It'll settle you—deepen you—tone you down!"

"Suppose I don't want to be toned down!" The girl was almost hysterical. "I'm no Puritan—I want to live! I tell you that we're different now! We're not all like Edith—and we're not like our mothers! We want to live! And we have a right to! Why don't you go? Can't you see I'm nearly crazy? It's my last night, my very last! I don't want to talk to you—I don't even know what I'm saying! And you come and try to frighten me!" Her voice caught sharply and broke into sobs. "You know nothing about me! You never did! Leave me alone, can't you—leave me alone!"

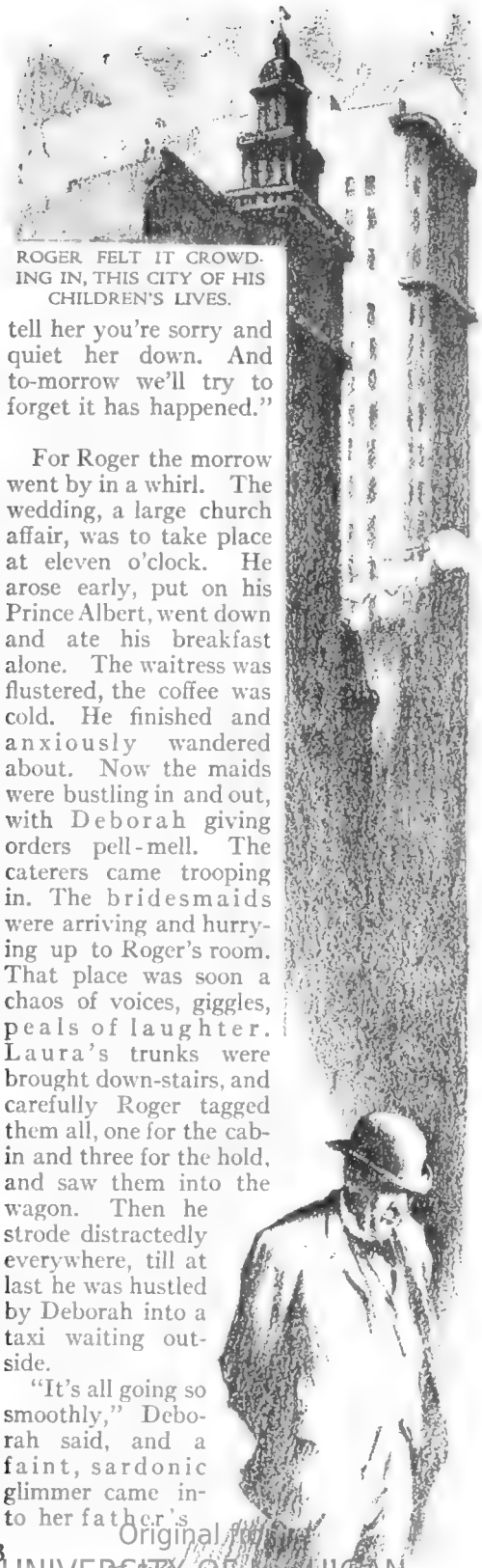
"Father?" He heard Deborah's voice, abrupt and stern, outside the door.

"I'm sorry," he said hoarsely. He went blindly out of the room and down to his study. He lit a cigar and smoked wretchedly. Every few moments he drew a deep breath. When presently Deborah appeared he saw that her face was set and hard; but as she caught the baffled look, the angry, tortured light in his eyes, her own expression softened.

"Poor father," she said softly. "If Edith had only let you alone."

"I certainly didn't do much good," her father muttered hopelessly.

"Of course you didn't—you did harm—oh, so much more harm than you know. I wanted to make her last days in this house a time she could look back on, so that she'd want to come home for help if ever she's in trouble. She has so little—don't you see?—of what a woman needs these days. She has grown up so badly. Oh, if you'd only let her alone! It was such a bad, bad time to choose." She went to her father and kissed him. "Well, it's over now," she said, "and we'll make the best we can of it. I'll tell her you're sorry and quiet her down. And to-morrow we'll try to forget it has happened."



ROGER FELT IT CROWDING IN, THIS CITY OF HIS CHILDREN'S LIVES.

For Roger the morrow went by in a whirl. The wedding, a large church affair, was to take place at eleven o'clock. He arose early, put on his Prince Albert, went down and ate his breakfast alone. The waitress was flustered, the coffee was cold. He finished and anxiously wandered about. Now the maids were bustling in and out, with Deborah giving orders pell-mell. The caterers came trooping in. The bridesmaids were arriving and hurrying up to Roger's room. That place was soon a chaos of voices, giggles, peals of laughter. Laura's trunks were brought down-stairs, and carefully Roger tagged them all, one for the cabin and three for the hold, and saw them into the wagon. Then he strode distractedly everywhere, till at last he was hustled by Deborah into a taxi waiting outside.

"It's all going so smoothly," Deborah said, and a faint, sardonic glimmer came into her father's

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hunted eyes. Deborah was funny!

Soon he found himself in the church. He heard whispers, eager voices, heard one usher say to another, "God, what a terrible head I've got!" And Roger glared at him for that. Plainly these youngsters, all mere boys, had been up with the groom a good part of the night. But here was Laura, pale and tense, eyes bright and fixed. She smiled at him and squeezed his hand. There was silence, then the organ, and now he was taking her up the aisle. Strange faces stared. His jaw set hard. At last they reached the altar. An usher quickly touched his arm and he stepped back where he belonged. He listened but understood nothing. Just words, words and motions.

"If any man can show just cause why they may not be lawfully joined together, let him now speak or else hereafter forever hold his peace."

"No," thought Roger, "I won't speak." Just then he caught sight of Deborah's face, and at the look in her steady eyes all at once he could feel the hot tears in his own.

At the wedding breakfast he was gay to a boisterous degree. He talked to strange women and brought them food, took punch with men he had never laid eyes on, went off on a feverish hunt for cigars, came back distractedly, joked with young girls and even started some of them dancing. The whole affair was over in no time. The bride and the groom came rushing downstairs; and as they escaped from the shower of rice, Roger ran after them down the steps. He gripped Sloane's hand.

"Remember, boy, it's her whole life!" entreated Roger hoarsely.

"Yes, sir! I'll look out! No fear!"

"Good-by, daddy!"

"God bless you, dear!"

They were speeding away. And with the best man, who looked weary and spent, Roger went slowly up the steps. It was an effort now to talk. Thank Heaven, these people soon were gone. Last of all went the ponderous aunt of the groom. How the taxi groaned as he helped her inside and started her off for Bridgeport. Back in his study he found his cigars and smoked one dismally with Bruce. Bruce was a decent sort of chap. He knew when to be silent.

"Well," he spoke finally, rising, "I guess I'll have to get back to the office." He smiled a little and put his hand on Roger's weary shoulder. "We're glad it's over—eh?" he asked.

"Bruce," said Roger heavily, "you've got a girl of your own growing up. Don't let her grow to feel you're old. Live on with her. She'll need you." His massive, blunt face darkened. "The world's so damnably new," he muttered, "so choked up with fool ideas."

Bruce still smiled affectionately. "Go up and see Edith," he said, "and forget 'em. She never lets one into the flat. She said you were to be sure to come and tell her about the wedding."

"All right, I'll go," said Roger. He hunted about for his hat and coat. What a devilish mess they had made of the house! A half-hour later he was with Edith; but there, despite his efforts to answer all her questions, he grew heavier and heavier, till at last he barely spoke at all. He sat watching Edith's baby.

"Did you talk to Laura?" he heard her ask.

"Yes," he replied. "It did no good." He knew that Edith was waiting for more, but he kept doggedly silent.

"Well, dear," she said presently, "at least you did what you could for her."

"I've never done what I could," he rejoined. "Not with any of you." He looked at his daughter with pain in his eyes. "I don't know as it would have helped much if I had. This town is running away with itself. I want a rest now, Edith, I want things quiet for awhile." He felt her anxious, pitying look.

"Where's Deborah?" she asked him. "Gone back to school already?"

"I don't know where she is." And Roger rose forlornly. "I guess I'll be going back home," he said.

On his way, as his thoughts slowly cleared, the old anxiety rose in his mind. Would Deborah want to keep the house? Suppose she suggested moving to some titty-tatty little flat. No, he would not stand in her way. But Lord, what an end to make of his life! His home was almost dark inside, but he noticed rather to his surprise that the rooms had already been put in order. He sank down on the living-room sofa and lay there motionless for a while. From time to time he drearily sighed. Yes, Deborah would find him old and life here dull and lonely. Where was she now,

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he wondered. Couldn't she quit her zoo school for one single afternoon?

At last, when the room had grown pitch dark, he heard the maid lighting the gas in the hall. Roger loudly cleared his throat, and at the sound the startled girl cried softly, "Oh, my Gawd!"

"It's I," said Roger sternly. "Did Miss Deborah say when she'd be back?"

"She didn't go out, sir. She's up in her room."

Roger went up and found her there. All afternoon with both the maids she had been setting the house to rights, and now she ached in every limb. She was lying on her bed, and she looked as though she had been crying.

"Where have you been?" she inquired.

"At Edith's," her father answered.

She reached up and took his hand, and held it slowly tighter. "You aren't going to find it too lonely here, now that Laura's gone?" she asked. And something thrilled in Roger.

"Why should I?" he retorted.

Deborah gave a queer little laugh. "Oh, I'm just silly, that's all," she said. "I've been having a fit of the blues. I've been feeling so old this afternoon—a regular old woman. I wanted you, dearie, and I was afraid that"——she broke off.

"Look here," said Roger sharply. "Do you really want to keep this house?"

"Keep this house? Why, father!"

"You think you can stand it here alone, just the two of us?" he demanded.

"I can!" cried Deborah happily. Her father walked to the window. There, as he looked blindly out, his eyes were assaulted by the lights of all those titty-tatty flats. And a look of vicious triumph appeared for a moment on his face.

"Very well," he said quietly, turning back. "Then we're both suited." He went to the door. "I'll go and wash up for supper," he said.

CHAPTER EIGHT

Clippings

TO ROGER in the next few days it was a great relief to find how smoothly he and Deborah dropped back into their old relations. It was good to get home those evenings, for in this new stage of its existence, with its family of only two, the house appeared to have filled itself with a deep reposeful feeling. Laura had gone out of its life.

He glanced into her room one evening, and it looked like a guest-room now. The sight of it brought him a pang of regret. But the big ship which was bearing her swiftly away to "Paris in June" seemed bearing off Roger's uneasiness too. He could smile now at his fears, for Laura was safely married and wildly in love with her husband. Time, he thought, would take care of the rest. Occasionally he missed her here, but these regrets soon died away. The old house shed them easily, as though glad to enter this long rest. And Roger liked the quiet.

The old routine was reestablished—his dinner, his paper, his cigar, and then his book for the evening, some good old-fashioned novel or some pleasant book of travel that he and Judith had read aloud when they were planning out their lives. They had meant to go so often abroad. It was so quiet over the sea, things were so old and mellow there.

He resumed, too, his horseback rides, and on the way home he would stop in for a visit with Edith and her baby. In these long grateful seasons of rest that followed the birth of each of her children, Edith loved to lie very still and make new plans for her small brood. Only once she spoke of Laura, and then it was to suggest to him that he gather together all the bills that his daughter had doubtless left behind.

"If you don't settle them," Edith said, "they'll go to her husband. And you wouldn't like that, would you?"

That evening after dinner he started in at Laura's desk. It was rather an appalling time. He looked into his bank account and found that Laura's wedding would take about all his surplus. But this did not dismay him much, for money matters never did. It simply meant more work in the office.

The next day he rose early and was in his office by nine o'clock. He had not been so prompt in months, and many of his employees came in late that morning. But nobody seemed very much perturbed, for Roger was an easy employer. Still, he sternly told himself, he had been letting things get altogether too slack. He had been neglecting his business again. The work had become so cut and dried, there was nothing creative left to do.

It had not been so in years gone by.

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Those years had fairly bristled with ideas and hopes and schemes. But even those old memories were no longer here to hearten him. They had all been swept away when Bruce had made him move out of his office in a dark, creaky edifice down close under Brooklyn Bridge, and come up to this new building, this steel-ribbed caravansary for all kinds of business ventures; this place of varnished woodwork, floods of daylight, concrete floors; this building fireproof throughout. That expressed it exactly, Roger thought. Nothing could take fire here, not even a man's imagination, even though he did not feel old.

Now and then in the elevator, as some youngster with eager eyes pushed nervously against him, Roger would glance at such a one and think, "What are you so excited about!"

But again the business was running down, and this time he must jerk it back before it got beyond him. He set himself doggedly to the task, calling in his assistants one by one, going through all the work in those outer rooms, where at tables long rows of busy young girls, with colored pencils, scissors, and paste, were demolishing enormous piles of newspapers and magazines. And now vaguely, little by little, he came to a realization of how, while he had slumbered, the life of the country had swept on. For as he studied the lists and the letters of his patrons, Roger felt confusedly that a new America was here.

Clippings, clippings, clippings. Business men and business firms, gigantic corporations, all sending here for clippings, news of themselves or their rivals, keeping keen watch on each other's affairs for signs of strength or weakness. How savage was the fight, these days. And here was news of mines and mills and factories all over the land, clippings sent each morning by special messengers downtown to reach the brokers' offices before the market opened. For every hour counted there.

As Roger turned over his morning mail, in spite of himself he grew absorbed. What a change in the world of literature! What a host of names of scribblers, novelists and dramatists, poets and muckrakers all jumbled in together, each one of them straining for a place! And the actors and the actresses, the musicians and the lecturers, each with his press-agent, all avid for publicity, "fame."

And here were society women, too, eager for press notices of social affairs they had given or managed, suffrage speeches they had made. Half the women in the land were fairly talking their heads off, it seemed! And they married and wanted to hear what was said in the papers about their weddings; they quarreled and got divorces and still sent here for clippings; they died and still their relatives wrote in for the funeral notices.

And even death was commercialized. A maker of monuments wanted news "of all people of large means, dead or dangerously ill, in the state of Pennsylvania."

Here were demands from charity bodies, hospitals and colleges; from clergymen with an anxious eye on the Monday morning papers.

And here was an anarchist millionaire.

And here was an insane asylum wanting to see itself in print!

With a grim smile on his heavy face, Roger stared out of his window. Slowly the smile faded, and a wistful gleam came into his eyes. "Who'll take my business when I'm gone?" If his small son had only lived, with what new zest and vigor it might have been made to grow and expand. "You will live on in our children's lives." If only his son had been here by his side . . .

The next instalment of ***"His Family"*** *will appear in the November number.*

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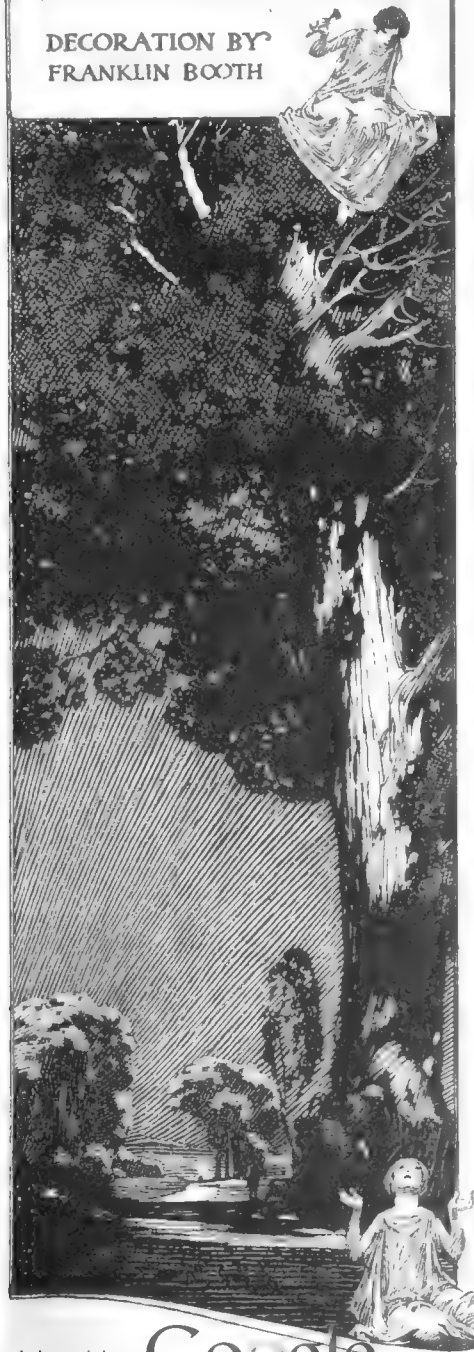
THE END *of the* DROUGHT

BY NANCY BYRD TURNER

DECORATION BY FRANKLIN BOOTH



THE world was thirsty yesterday,
Parched and dry-throated was the world;
The bright flag-flowers their colors furled
By streams so narrow grown and small
They could not cool the dusty feet
Of cattle come a dusty way
To find a refuge from the heat;
The willows were not wet at all,
Low leaning from the bank, to lay
Sad faces in the water's play;
And sheltered places in the woods
Where hollows always kept some pool
Of remnant rain, and airs blew cool,
Were dry as desert solitudes.
The hot white roads curled up and down
With seldom one slow passenger
To keep their scorching trail or stir
Their dust; the fields were sere and brown—
Far desolation where had rolled
Bright summer seas of green and gold.
Silence, from earth to burning sky,
Close silence stifling everything—
Only the rude cicala's cry
Hurt the sick air with rasping word,
And now and then a drooping bird
Told a few bars reluctantly
As though it wearied him to sing.

Shameless the sun went down, at last,
And the horizon's quivering line
Was molten fire where he passed.
In all the tortured west no sign
Of mercy for to-morrow shone;
No breath of promise moved upon
The drooping tree-tops' dusty white.
A pulseless twilight fell, and far,
Cool heaven summoned star on star
To mock the panting night.

. . . . . .

This morning when the dawn was nigh,
Still weary sleepers stirred to catch
The sound of hesitating, shy
Soft finger-falls on roof and latch;
As when one tries and tries again
To find a music long since heard,
Some half-remembered old refrain—
Tries with uncertain hand, and vain
Reiterated note and word——

Till lo, the memory had release!
Upon the waiting silence beat
Old chords and tender cadences
And rhyme and rhythm passing sweet—
And hearts half lost to sleep again
Murmured in dreams,
"The rain! the rain!"

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HUGO WOULD STAND IN A DREAM.

HE LOVED HIS COUNTRY

by Sinclair Lewis

Author of "Our Mr. Wrenn," "The Trail of the Hawk," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES S. CHAPMAN

HUGO BROMENSHENKEL had almost forgotten that he was born in Germany. Fifty years, now, he had lived at Curlew, where the woods ring the Minnesota lakes. His wife was Yankee, and his four sons were American business men of Minneapolis and Duluth and Chicago. Seventy-five years old was Hugo, wizened and fringe-bearded and elf-locked with gray, a fiery and affectionate little man, who could still plow all day and afterward whistle boyishly as he fed his cattle. On winter days when the thermometer was forty below and the trees shivered with the incredible cold, Hugo would still put on his coonskin coat and shoepacks, caper about the kitchen crying, "I am the dancing bear!" then take his tip-ups and axe and go down the appallingly snow-bright alleys of the woods to the lake and fish for pickerel.

A very simple man, common as earth and fruitful as earth; trusting much, enduring much, laboring unceasingly, and rejoicing in love for his wife, with her luminous eyes and clear cheeks and comforting hands, and hair that was black as woodland loam to his eyes, though to others it may have seemed ragged with gray. In awe Hugo watched the processional of the seasons and mutely praised the goodness of God, Who brought him the first stirring softness of spring and the shimmering old-gold of the July wheat-fields.

"I worship God with an axe and a plow—and with love for my *Liebling*," he told his wife, and she, who had never lost her bridehood's passion for the little man, answered: "You worship Him with everything you do, Hugo, and I worship Him because He gave me you, my soldier!"

Hugo Bromenshenkel loved his country, his America, because he was one of the men who had made it. Fresh from the Old Country he had fought through the Civil War, a chirping, dancing, daring private—and "Grant" was the name he later gave to his oldest boy. After the war he had hiked from St. Paul to Curlew by ox-team, and his wife, daughter of Sergeant Whipple of Maine, he had met among the settlers huddled in a stockade during a Sioux uprising. He had found his farm a chaos of woods; he had made it a paradise; he had whitewashed the outbuildings, and helped his wife in the planting of honeysuckle and geraniums. A grim home for wolves he had made into a gardenland, therefore he loved it—and loved America.

He had no German neighbors near by; the Germans of his section of Minnesota were mostly clustered on the prairies, while Hugo was, like the Scandinavians, a man of the woods, of stump-jagged clearings and hills

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and small hardy lakes. Norwegian and Yankee were his neighbors in Curlew, with half-a-dozen Irishmen and French Canucks, and the Englishman of mystery, Laxton the saloon-keeper, who read Greek and scowled. Good people, good Americans, all of them, and Hugo loved them, and forgot that he was German as well as American, except once a month or so, when he had a letter from his sister in Prussia. Then Hugo proudly and wistfully remembered that he also was of the good German blood.

In annual photographs he had watched his nephews in the Old Country grow to manhood. It was hard to believe that his tender, slender little sister was the mother of bearded sons; but there they were, ardent men of power: Franz, the chemist, who was none other than Herr Docent Franz Fritz Stegner of Bonn; Hermann, who had stuck to the soil; and even the youngest, plump, laughing Ludwig, who was to be sent to South America, and was feverishly studying for his career. They were as real to Hugo as his own eldest son Grant, the curt and successful business man of Chicago. As he read of them on his ragged farm, more than four thousand miles away, old Hugo became a German again, and with pride remembered the house of his fathers. If America was his Brideland, Germany was, in no mere sentimental phrasing but in very fact, his Fatherland.

Sometimes on a summer Sunday evening, when the lake bore the flat notes of a church bell from Curlew and made them musical, and when a letter from his sister was still warm from her hands, Hugo would stand on the lake shore and in a dream that was like prayer remember the Old Country: land of rosy children, of Christmas cakes and carols and kindly greetings, of ancient towns where bells sounded down cobbled streets, of whispering woods and somber-haunted castles; land of his fathers, the warriors of old, grave, bearded men brandishing swords whose hilts were ponderous iron crosses. His fathers and his Fatherland Hugo loved no less because they were colored by memory and myth—far-off, venerable, not lightly to be forsaken.

II

To a certain American farmer, Hugo Bromenshenkel, the exploding of the great European war meant very little—at first. It couldn't last. Three months and it would be over. Germany would take Paris and punish the impudent frog-eaters. Germany's firm ally, America, would be glad—secretly however, for of course we had to be strictly neutral. All of this the American farmer demonstrated to his fellow-farmers and they uneasily accepted his explanations, for he was a Grand Army man and esteemed as an authority on war.

Hugo said nothing when the two French Canucks or Laxton, the Englishman, were about, since they were his neighbors, his friends, his fellow-Americans, and he wished not to hurt their feelings. Hadn't he held Laxton in his arms all night, when the Englishman had struggled and foamed with delirium tremens? And hadn't Laxton in turn come grimly skiing over nine-foot drifts of snow to bring coffee and flour and bacon and a Sunday newspaper to the Bromenshenkels, the winter of the big snow? How could a neighbor, who loved them despite their alien blood, who knew every pathetic weakness in their games of cribbage and casino and life, be other than silent regarding the triumphant march of the Germans to cleanse with blood and iron those streets of Paris which, of course, puritan America and puritan Germany equally detested?

Then——

While the battles of the Aisne and the Marne incredibly began the war to destroy civilization, Laxton and the Canucks—and Sweep Monohan, the storekeeper, who in one week had changed from a Fenian into a British Imperialist—in their turn kept silence when Hugo Bromenshenkel rode anxiously in for the news. . . . Mrs. Bromenshenkel had suckled Mrs. Monohan's child when mother and child were edging toward the ease of death; and once Ladour, the Canuck, being crippled with rheumatism, had heard a clanking at the door, and found Hugo beginning to saw his wood.

Then——

The war became a world-habit instead of an illness, and the bright young cartoonists of the American press, in their ardent desire for honor and truth, pictured the Kaiser and his men as hogs, as Huns, as baby-killers, while Hugo and his friends began to argue about the war—just a little, not belligerently. It was a matter of history and geography: "Look here now; if the French come round here on the right—" All that these American neutrals said, some fifty or

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sixty millions of other American neutrals from Bangor to Calexico were also saying, over and over.

Laxton suddenly sold his saloon to a Dane from Dakota, and started for Canada, to see, as he said, "if I'm valuable to the Empire as anything but a specimen of the genus Oxonian well preserved in alcohol." Hugo didn't understand that—and he didn't quite realize that Laxton was going off to fight Hugo's own nephews. He pounded Laxton's shoulder at parting, and brought a little present down to the train for him.

Then——

The reports of the Belgian atrocities, and the sinking of the *Lusitania*, and a letter from Hugo's sister wailing that her baby, her ambitious Ludwig, who was to have made wealth for her in South America, had been killed, and Hermann wounded, while Franz, the chemist, the zealot who had spent fourteen hours at a time in the laboratory, was glad to be out in the trenches, because he believed the life of Germany was threatened. Hugo wrote awkwardly to Grant, his eldest son, that the little cousin was dead. . . . Grant did not answer him, but then Grant was always very busy.

The Danish saloon-keeper, Laxton's successor, proved to be a man of wrath. He hated Germany, and he shouted "hog" and "Hun" and "baby-killer" to prove all sorts of things, and Hugo answered him savagely as, in bewildered reveries over the dead Ludwig, he began to believe that this really was a life-struggle for his own kinsmen. At first Hugo had lamented the sinking of the *Lusitania*, as a murderous error. Now, with stumbling unhappy phrases, he began to defend it, and to blame the Britishers for using passengers as a screen for munition-carrying. Gradually his neighbors, his friends, began to join the Dane in arguments—and the American farmer Hugo Bromenshenkel began to change into a German-American.

He had read the *Twin City Morning Sun* for years; but, because its cartoons and editorials represented the dead Ludwig's comrades as fiends, he stopped it, and took the *Volks-Zeitung* instead — though he scarce could read it, so deteutonized was he! But he labored over it daily, and daily he became more German-American.

Now, for the first time in their years of perfect understanding, he was trying to befool his wife. He pretended that he was not worried. He finally resubscribed to the *Twin City Sun*, lest she think he was disturbed by its attacks. Whenever she rode into Curlew with him he avoided the Dane, and all mention of the war. He lauded the spirit of the Canadians who, from the country just a few score miles to the north, were going to join Kitchener, and he anecdotally recalled the Canadians in his own company in the Civil War.

He could not deceive her. She saw decay in the blue-brown crescents under his eyes, agony in his trembling prayer when they knelt together by their bed, his arm tight about her, as they had knelt every night for forty-eight years, ever since their wild bridal-night during a Minnesota blizzard. The clash between his love of the Fatherland and his love of the Brideland brought them together, as sorrows had always done.

It did not occur to Hugo that he must not be just what he now was, a German-American; but that he must be either an American or a German. It was the phrase "hyphenated citizen" which brought to him the doctrine of the red-blooded—that only traitors and weaklings can continue to love both sides in a disagreement. It must, he felt, be evident to his friends that he was not a hog or a Hun or a baby-killer, and therefore that the other Germans were not. But the question of "hyphenation" could not be so settled.

At first he did not understand the phrase in all its force. The emphatic Dane saw to that, however. He was tremendous about Turn-Vereins. In fact the Dane became as fond of denouncing the sin of being hyphenated as he was of expatiating on the wickedness of not teaching the Danish tongue and history to all Danish-American children. But even when the Dane had made Hugo feel like a false husband to the Brideland, even when the *Twin City Sun* began to talk of defense, even when Hugo remembered that he himself had fought in an American War of Brothers, still it never seemed to his fixed old brain conceivable that Germany and America could have any contention which could not be settled by frank explanations. Why, they were both honest, manly; they were not trying to steal anything from each other. So he said, being very simple and not understanding about honor.

The great blow was dealt him suddenly, at a sacred hour.

There was no G. A. R. post at Curlew, and once or twice a year Hugo went down

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THERE WAS AGONY IN HIS TREMBLING PRAYER WHEN THEY KNELT TOGETHER BY THEIR BED.

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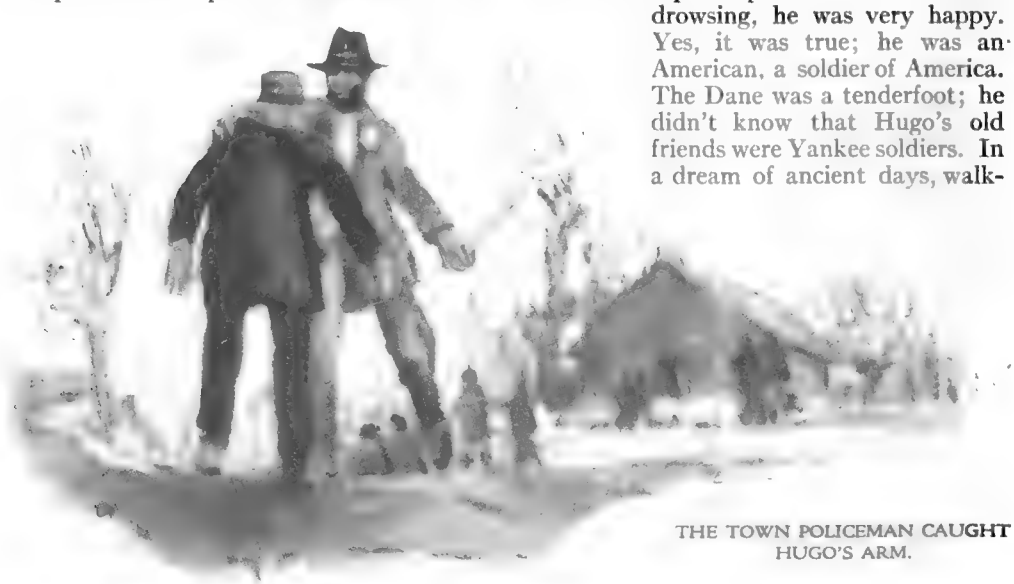
to the nearest post, at Joralemon, for a camp-fire. In November, 1915, the Joralemon G. A. R. was to have an anniversary meeting, with a special motion-picture show donated by the manager of the Joralemon Theatre, and an address by the young but Honorable Mr. Vickery, the state legislator who was slated to run for Congress. Hugo had constantly become more retiring, and his very seclusion brought signs of old age to his uneasy lips, to his more slowly bending joints. Strong he was, and healthy as a plowed field, but hesitant, doubtful. In a panic his wife urged him to go to the G. A. R. camp-fire; she pressed his blue coat and cleaned the black slouch hat with the gold cord, and drove with him to the station, and kissed him sideways in the hollow between chin and lower lip, a silly trick that these incurable lovers had never given up.

Hugo had not gone five miles on the train before he began to miss her, querulously, as the old do. But in Joralemon the sight of dozens of comrades from towns about made him as expectant as a small boy who is going to a party. The Women's Relief Corps had a supper for them in the basement of the Baptist Church — chicken fricassee, sweet potatoes, beans, coffee, ice-cream, sweet pickles, banana layer cake, and one of Mrs. Williams's famous chocolate cakes, with the chocolate on top as shiny as patent leather. Like most primitive people Hugo liked to eat, and he sampled everything and pretended to quarrel with old Mrs. Williams and cackled with her over memories of stockade days, while he kept glancing with affectionate satisfaction at his comrades, the lively white-pated men who were heroes —to-night—and could eat all they wanted to, and tell the ancient stories and the ancient jokes. Jig-time was in Hugo's step as they marched to G. A. R. Hall together, frail old men—leaves before the winter wind.

All the stories of the Joralemon comrades he had heard, but there was a new comrade present to-night, Dr. James of Iowa, who told of following the trail of Mosby. Hugo had for weeks wondered if he ought ever to have fought in any war, and he was a little self-conscious in the big city of Joralemon with its three thousand people and its cement walks and three-story brick hotel. But he forgot his diffidence; he sprang up and narrated his adventures in patrol duty on the Rappahannock. He laughed; he felt safe, with a place of his own, an American among Americans.

He had stood too close to the hot stove, and when he sat down he felt faint. He heard the benediction through a sick blur, and when the others formed to march to the Joralemon Theatre, for the motion-picture in their honor, he quavered: "I'll join you in a few minutes. No, it's all right, doc—I just talk too much yet!"

He staggered behind them to the drug-store. The November air restored him, but he sat for a few minutes in the cool space behind the prescription-counter. Half-drowsing, he was very happy. Yes, it was true; he was an American, a soldier of America. The Dane was a tenderfoot; he didn't know that Hugo's old friends were Yankee soldiers. In a dream of ancient days, walk-



THE TOWN POLICEMAN CAUGHT HUGO'S ARM.

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ing through a vision of rattling harness, the charge of lean-faced young men in tilted forage caps, the evening choruses and the fantastic boyish cursing at dawn, Hugo rambled to the theatre, and was ushered to the section reserved for the G. A. R., whose silvery polls glimmered in the half-light—his friends!

He had missed the first reel of the film. The second was just beginning. He was excited. Hitherto he had seen only two motion-pictures, both cheap melodramas. This was his first feature film.

It was the highly successful photo-play "Columbia Awaken!" in which three army aeroplanes and a regiment of real soldiers were used. To Hugo Bromenshenkel it was overwhelming. He was startled to see before him, moving, real, the khaki-uniformed soldiers of America to-day. He was proud; these were his younger comrades.

On the screen a squad ran forward, scattering, and leaped into a trench. Above them burst a shell. They ducked, grinned, rammed clips of cartridges into their rifles, and began firing at a mass of trees.

Hugo leaned forward, his mouth open. His stringy horn-hard fingers clawed at the seat-arm. "Get 'em! Get 'em!" he was muttering. It seemed to him that he himself was there in the trench, fighting to hold it. They *had* to hold it, and keep back the enemies hidden in those woods! His hands twitched and closed on an imaginary rifle-stock. He pulled breathlessly at a trigger. He groaned as the lieutenant commanding the squad slumped down, dead. He kept urging, "Get 'em! Get 'em! Hold the outpost!"

Now, foreign soldiers were sneaking out from the woods; were charging, in a dodging, bobbing, irresistible mass. They had to be kept back! To stop them Hugo was ready to die with the plucky, pitiful little bunch in the trench. He hated those rushing devils who were coming, coming——

With a gasp that could be heard three seats away Hugo recognized the nationality of the attacking force.

They were Germans. He was witnessing, he was actually sharing, the struggle between his own Brideland and his own Fatherland.

A very old, very tired, utterly heartsick lover of men, whose love was proven folly, crumpled in his seat, and no longer looked at the screen. He wanted to cover his eyes with his hands, but round about him were more people than the whole population of Curlew, and it was quite human of him that even in his agony he should not have dared to make so public a demonstration, or protest, or leave the hall. . . . Not yet. But black spirits circled over him.

The film ended. The lights came on. The Honorable Mr. Vickery, the silver-tongued siren of the state senate, arose.

Perhaps Hugo didn't want to comprehend; at any rate he was slow in comprehending the fact that the orator, after a vague tribute to German-Americans in general, and a very definite tribute to all German-Americans who were voters in his district, was proceeding toward a declaration that Germany's object in her submarine policy was to force America into the world-war.

Something, not of his conscious self, made the shy old man, Hugo Bromenshenkel, lift himself from his seat, a wrinkled, unheroic figure, and quaver, "That's a lie! Germany, she is surrounded. She try to fight her way out with submarines."

He stopped, appalled. The eyes of the crowd were a bed of coals about him. His comrades were gaping at him. He was condemned.

The orator was going smoothly on: "Far be it from me to contradict our friend who wears the sacred blue coat of the G. A. R., but——"

Hugo was weary of that oily voice, of the staring eyes. He picked up his black slouch hat and shabby ulster and tramped up the aisle. Then he was outside, in silence and cold air, and he was aghast to find that it was he, he himself, this self that was always with him, who was the fellow that had made a disturbance in a public hall. Curlew and Joralemon do not heckle speakers, except for covert foot-scrapings by tough, gum-chewing young men. All the way home to Curlew, in the smoking-car, Hugo fancied that his fellow-passengers were watching him. He was alternately astonished—each time with a new sharp surprise—by what he had done, and galvanized with desire to make others see Germany as the high-breasted crusader, armed with the iron-hilted sword of righteousness. . . . Hugo knew less about Germany's modern economic and military system than did even the Honorable Mr. Vickery. In Germany there doubtless are silver-tongued jingoes and amateur defenders of honor, small, snug bureaucrats and journalists who shout:

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OLD HUGO FACED HIM, QUIETLY SMOOTHING THE FOLDS OF THE FLAG.

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"Every red-blooded German—!" Hugo Bromenshenkel didn't know about that. He knew only that in a quiet valley, filled with bird sounds, was the grave of his father; and that somewhere in a putrid space between trenches was the body of his nephew Ludwig, the baby. Blood and tears and sweat of his own boyhood and of his own kin had fertilized Germany. With his blood and tears and sweat he loved Germany; and he believed—you can see from this just how simple he was—he believed that Germany was conceivably as honest and human in her warring as the North and the South had been in the Civil War.

Of one thing Hugo dared not think, while he hid behind the red-plush back of a seat in the smoker: he could never go down to the G. A. R., now, never see the boys again.

During the last two miles of the journey he prepared cheerful lies with which to meet his wife.

She was waiting for him at the station, with the democrat wagon and the old, warm buffalo-robe. After one look at him, she ran up and kissed his cheek, lingeringly, and put her arms about him. She asked no questions. As they entered the house he said, "There was a fellow—he spoke against Germany—" Nothing else was said regarding that evening, though for days she grieved that her boy had been robbed of the holiday to which he had gone forth so eagerly. About international policies she thought not at all; her patriotism consisted in keeping the wristlets on Hugo's thin wrists and the gaiety in his eyes.

Very much was said regarding that evening, however, in the two general stores and the saloon at Curlew; and the Dane blurted out to Hugo, the next time he came into town: "Well, you made a fine fool of yourself, they tell me."

Then came news from Germany that Franz, the chemist, the scholar, the creator, had been killed.

Hugo's eldest son, Grant, who lived in Chicago and owned a car, had heard a well-spiced version of Hugo's crime from some Joralemonite, and he wrote to his father with the harshness which the second generation often has for the first generation and Old Country ways: "You make me ashamed of you. What good did you think you were going to do?" Hugo did not answer, but he kept Grant's letter and read it often, and looked ashamed.

He was in Curlew on March seventeenth. The sight of the decorations in Monohan's store brought back all his indignation over the attacks on Germany in the motion-picture and in the speech of Mr. Vickery. He astounded the crowd in the store by shouting: "St. Patrick's Day! Green and allerlei foolishness. Irish-American! Hyphenated! It's only the Germans that mustn't be hyphenated!"

A week and a half later he was in Curlew again. People stared at him, curious. That doubtless got on his nerves. Otherwise he would never have disturbed the Norwegian-American parade, for he liked the Scandinavians; had been neighborly to them for two-score years. They were dedicating a new Lutheran church. Lines of lanky, tall, ash-blond men and little withered women formed in the muddy chaos of the village street, and marched singing toward the new white-steepled shack that stood in a grove of birches, virgin and rustic as the birches. Hugo listened to their chanting. Beside him was the Danish saloonkeeper.

"Not for a poor wicked boozing devil like me," said the Dane, waving his hand toward the procession. He, too, was beginning to feel a pathos in the growing bitterness of this man who had, even in stormy arguments, always kept a pleading affection for everybody. He tried to think of something diverting to say, while Hugo was complaining: "Norwegian-Americans! Hyphenated! They pray in Norwegian, even! Only the Germans that mustn't love their own flesh and blood, and Germany fighting for her life, and Franz dead—*Gott!*"

Suddenly Hugo bellowed: "Damn you all! Damn you! I hate you!"

The church procession heard, and their singing faltered. The town policeman ran up, caught Hugo's arm, led him off to the absurd lock-up behind the post-office. The Dane tagged behind them, begging: "He didn't mean it. Aw, he didn't say much of anything, Jim."

But the policeman left Hugo in the lock-up. Hugo stood in the middle of the room, his corded and rheumy chin up, and sang all that he could remember of "*Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott.*"

In the justice's court he was fined ten dollars. He said nothing. Always he looked at something sacred and awful that stood behind the justice.

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III

The ice was breaking in Curlew Lake, the mold smelled fresh with spring, ducks were calling of adventure, and the farm turned expectantly to its master. But Hugo followed the drill slowly. He said nothing to any one. He was convinced that he had become a criminal, a traitor, in some manner which he couldn't quite grasp though he went over and over it behind the drill. This seeding might be his last, he felt. His speech and his step were sluggish.

He was roused by an honor. In a letter in thin-looped German script he was invited to the pro-German city of St. Hilary, to attend a German Red Cross rally which was to be addressed by the famous German-American editor and propagandist, Peter Schiller-Lechtner of Chicago. And Hugo was to sit on the platform!

"We have heard," wrote the committee, "of the persecution which you have undergone for the Cause, and we desire to pay you at least this small belated honor."

Hugo read the letter to his wife.

"Well, I must go," he sighed.

He did not want to go. He had got into confused trouble every time he had gone anywhere, lately, and he wanted to spend every moment of what might be his last springtime with her, his *Liebling*, and with the fields that needed him. He was afraid to go from the joyous shine of the spring sun on softly weathered barns, out into the blackness where people laughed at him and put him in jail and reviled his dead nephews as men who had been trying to drag America into the war. Some one—he didn't understand these things any more—had ordered him to come and do something for the Fatherland, and he would obey, of course. But he stared regretfully about the kitchen, at the broad old stove with the glow through its lower draft, at the padded rocking-chairs, the glass bowl filled with balls of darning cotton. Everywhere, in everything, was the spirit of his wife. The wrinkles of his crêpe-paper skin were spread out to smoothness in his first smile for days.

"Why, you could go with me!" he cried.

"Yes, I will go."

They packed their pasteboard imitation-alligator-skin telescope. It was time to dress. Hugo reached for the garments which he had long associated with festal days—the blue coat and gold-corded hat of the G. A. R. He hesitated. Defiantly, glancing craftily at her while she pretended not to notice, he dragged on the coat and pulled the gold-corded hat low on his head.

"I will!" he quavered. "I got a right to."

"Yes, Hugo," she soothed.

He rested his forehead against her sturdy shoulder, and from her presence drew strength to join the enemies of his land, and hers. For he saw the rally at St. Hilary as actual rebellion against America.

At St. Hilary the Bromenshenkels were met by half a dozen young Germans, not long from the Old Country, and they were ceremoniously driven to the house of an ardent writer of pro-German letters to the state press. In a dining-room hung with German mottoes and pictures of Zeppelins, the young zealots laughed and argued and exploded in German songs. They courted Hugo. Because they were not exactly sure what it was he had "done for the Cause" at Joralemon and Curlew, they told him he was a hero, a lone outpost of the Empire, and aside from the large quantities of sauerkraut and leberwurst and hasenpfeffer which were pressed on him, they all kept handing him buttered compliments, which embarrassed him. Yet he reveled in the surging Germanism of everything about him. Not for years had he been in so Teutonic an atmosphere, or talked so volubly. . . . If you were a Princeton man, say, or Yale, and after scores of years in Petrograd you met some Princeton undergraduates, singing the old songs, would you not forget Russia for a little hour? . . . Hugo ranted and stammered in his glorification of Germany. The young men encouraged him, and he worked up to a high-pitched excitement that was not far from real madness.

He sprang up. Solemnly, in a cracked, trembling voice, he toasted the martyred Franz and Ludwig, and he loved the young men as they cheered and drank the toast—and understood.

Arm in arm with a perfervid young German schoolmaster, his wife stumping behind him, Hugo marched with the others to Turn Hall. After a dark passage through a rear door and among stacks of scenery his party came suddenly out on a platform, and were facing at least one thousand people, in sharply marked curving rows, all of them staring at him, all in a haze of lights and

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HE WANTED TO SPEND EVERY MOMENT OF WHAT MIGHT BE HIS LAST SPRINGTIME WITH THE FIELDS.

German flags and portraits of Von Hindenburg and the Kaiser. As Hugo's glance crept up to the great arched rafters, where hung an enormous imperial eagle, ringed with electric lights, he began to realize that this rising applause was for his own group —for him!

He sank down in the nearest chair, almost hidden in the wings, and appealingly grasped his wife's hand, to pull her down beside him, regardless of the polite efforts of his hosts to conduct him to a chair near the center of the platform. Hugo shrank into himself; he dared not peep out at the audience till the arrival of the speaker of the evening diverted the applause from his own group.

The audience was roaring, "Lechtner! Unser Peter!"

Hugo expected a bearded Teutonic warrior. He found a manikin, delightedly bobbing to the audience—Unser Peter. For the famous Peter Schiller Lechtner, editor of three new pro-German publications and friend of active German consuls, looked like a cross between a naive child and a malicious monkey who would chatter his own praise from any bush that would lift him above the marveling bunnies of the wood. Hugo, being rustic and ignorant, had never learned that Unser Peter was the New Bismarck. All he saw was a little, pimply young man, much like the sleazy youths who hang about the depot lunch-room at

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Joralemon. Hugo shook his head, puzzled.

The chairman announced that they were all about to derive high inspiration from that editor who had so valiantly defended Germany against the paid propagandists of France and perfidious Albion, that prophet of Teutonic supremacy, Herr Peter Schiller Lechtner.

Unser Peter darted up, raised his hands, demanded, "'*Die Wacht am Rhein!*' *Zusammen!*"

With the others sang Hugo, stirred to tears.

Unser Peter Schiller Lechtner let a moment of silence creep through the hall, then leaped into shrill eloquence. He was, it seemed, violently in favor of the Germans using their combined vote as a weapon in this year's presidential election. Why? Did they ask him why? Because American munitions had made millionaires of the Americans and corpses of the Germans.

Hugo Bromenshenkel wasn't used to hearing his Brideland mentioned in quite such a tone of hatred. But he uneasily assured himself: "Yes, I don't like those munition-exports. *Gott!* Maybe my sister's boys were killed by American shells!"

Unser Peter was darting across the stage. With a hysterical jerk he pulled down an American flag that was twined with the German colors. He waved it frenziedly, bawling: "This Yankee rag! Do you know what it means? Red for blood! White for false neutrality! Blue for——"

Hugo Bromenshenkel half rose from his chair. He no longer saw the audience, the committee on the platform. He saw only the claws of Unser Peter clutching the flag he had worshiped for fifty years. He stooped, and picked up his G. A. R. hat. He carefully brushed the hat with his sleeve. He carefully put it on. He walked to the center of the platform. He snatched the American flag from the hands of Unser Peter.

Unser Peter stopped in mid-sentence. He clenched his fist, drew back his arm. Old Hugo faced him, quietly smoothing the folds of the flag, arranging it over his arm.

"Shame! The old mann iss all right!" a Germanic voice shouted from the audience.

Unser Peter's arm began to relax.

Hugo turned to look for his wife. She was just back of him, waiting, patient.

"Come, *Liebling*, we will go home," he said.

Still smoothing the torn flag, Hugo stalked down the steps from the platform, up the center aisle of the hall. His wife trotted beside him. They both ignored the crowd that hemmed them in. On either side of the aisle Germans began to rise, to clap, then to cheer. While Unser Peter shouted unheard on the platform, a vast-shouldered, red-faced German in a box led the audience in a thunderous singing of "America."

At the door of the hall Hugo stopped. He folded up the flag. He began to laugh, and in his laughter was no madness, now. He said judiciously: "Unser Peter would make a fine scarecrow for the beggie-field, if he wasn't so easy scared!"

The old lovers chuckled comfortably, and arm in arm they started happily for the station.

"It looks like rain. We'll have a good crop this year, after all," said Hugo.

LAXTON CAME GRIMLY SKIING OVER NINE-FOOT DRIFTS OF SNOW.

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KING, *of the* KHYBER RIFLES

by Talbot Mundy

Author of "Hookum Hai!" "The Winds of the World," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOSEPH CLEMENT COLL

AT THE outbreak of the war, Athelstan King, a captain in the Indian army, is assigned to Secret Service duty in the Himalayas. India's forces are mostly oversea, and the Hill Tribes, which always take advantage, are threatening to overrun all India in a Holy War. King's orders call for a journey to Khinjan, and the solution of the mystery of Khinjan Caves. Also, he is directed to work with Yasmini, the most fascinating and mysterious woman in all India, who claims to have the freedom of Khinjan.

At Delhi, he learns that she has started north, but she has left a curious bracelet as his passport, with the request that he hurry after her up Khyber Pass. With some of her own picked men he follows, traveling up the Pass by night. Below Ali Masjid Fort, King's brother, who is in charge, comes out to see him, and helps him assume the disguise of a hakim—a converted Hindu physician. King adopts the name of Kurram Khan, and so enters the walled city of Khinjan.

At the mosque a mullah demands of him the key to Khinjan Caves. King answers that the price of entrance is the slaying of a man before witnesses in the teeth of written law; that he, Kurram Khan, has slain Athelstan King in the Khyber. He is admitted to the Caves by a great secret door, and through a long tunnel he comes out on to a ledge that borders the heart of a hollow limestone mountain—a chasm open to the sky, where a gigantic waterfall thunders. A spacious cavern is assigned to King and his men, and here the Khinjan sick and wounded swarm for help. That night, sleeping deeply after his arduous toil, King dreams that Yasmini calls him. On awakening he discovers that his bracelet is gone.

In the evening he is taken to the Cavern of Earth's Drink, across one end of which the great river flows. Here all the men of Khinjan are assembled, and here on a lofty ledge Yasmini appears, radiantly beautiful and revered almost as a goddess. King is summoned to stand forth and give proof that he has paid the price of admission to the Caves. A human head is slipped into his hands by way of evidence to offer to the crowd. It is his own brother's head. Despite his horror, King saves himself, with Yasmini's help, from self-betrayal; but he throws the head out into the river. To avert the crowd's wrath, Yasmini orders a great blast of trumpets—a signal that she is about to dance.

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CHAPTER ELEVEN—(Continued)

LEISURELY then, languidly, she raised both arms until she looked like an angel poised for flight. The little jewels stitched to her gauzy dress twinkled like fireflies as she moved. The crowd gasped sharply, as if she had it by the heart-strings. She called, and four guards got under one shield, bowing their heads and resting the great rim on their shoulders. They carried it beneath her, and stood still. With a low, delicious laugh, sweet and true, she sprang on it, and the shield scarcely trembled; she seemed lighter than the silk her dress was woven from.

They carried her so, looking as if she and the shield were carved of a piece, and by a master such as has not often been. And in the midst of the arena, before they had ceased moving, she began to sing, with her head thrown back, and bosom swelling like a bird's.

The East would ever rather draw its own conclusions from a hint let fall than be puzzled by what the West believes are facts. And parables are not good evidence in courts of law, which is always a consideration. So her song took the form of a parable. And to say that she took hold of them, and played rhapsodies of her own making on their heart-strings, would be to undervalue what she did. They were dumb while she sang, but they rose at her. Not a force in the world could have kept them down, for she was deftly touching cords that stirred other forces—subtle, mysterious, mesmeric, which the old East understands. They rose in silence, and stood tense.

While she sang, the guard to whom she had whispered forced a way through the ranks of the standing crowd, and came behind Ismail. He tweaked the Afridi's ear, to draw attention, for like all the others —like King too—Ismail was listening with dropped jaw, and watching with burning eyes. For a minute they whispered, so low that King did not hear what they said; and then the guard forced his way back by the shortest route to the arena, knocking down half a dozen men, and gaining safety beyond the lamps before his victims could draw knife and follow him.

Yasmini's song went on, verse after verse, telling never one fact, yet hinting unutterable things in a language that was made for hint, and metaphor, and parable, and innuendo. What tongue did not hint at was conveyed by subtle gesture, and a smile, and flashing eyes. It was perfectly evident that she knew more than King—more than the General at Peshawur—more than the Viceroy at Simla—probably more than the British Government, concerning what was about to happen in Islam. The others might guess. She knew. It was just as evident that she would not tell. The whole of her song—and it took her twenty minutes by the count of King's pulse to sing it—was a warning to wait, and a promise of amazing things to come.

She sang of a wolf-pack gathering from the valleys in the winter snow—a very hungry wolf-pack. Then of a stalled ox, grown very fat from being cared for. Of the Heart of the Hills, that awoke in the Womb of the Hills, and that listened, and watched.

"Now, is she the Heart of the Hills?" King wondered. The rumors men had heard and told again in India, about the Heart of the Hills in Khinjan, seemed to have foundation. He thought of the strange knife, wrapped in a handkerchief under his shirt, with its bronze blade and gold hilt, in the shape of a woman dancing. The woman dancing was astonishingly like Yasmini, standing on the shield!

She sang about the owners of the stalled ox, who were busy at bay, defending themselves and their ox from another wolf-pack in another direction "far beyond." She urged them to wait a little while. The ox was big enough, and fat enough, to nourish all the wolves in the world for many seasons. Let them wait, then, until another greater wolf-pack joined them, that they might go hunting all together, overwhelm its present owners, and devour the ox! So urged the Heart of the Hills, speaking to the mountain wolves, according to Yasmini's song.

"The little cubs in the burrows know.
Are ye grown wolves, who hurry so?"

She paused. But they gave tongue then because they could not help it, until the cavern shook to their terrific worship.

"ALLAH! ALLAH!"

They summoned God to come and see the height, and depth, and weight of their allegiance to her! And because for their thunder there was no more chance of being heard, she dropped from the shield like a

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blossom. The shield-bearers ran back to the bridge, and stood below it, eyes agape.

Rewa Gunga spoke truth in Delhi, when he assured King he should some day wonder at Yasmini's dancing!

She became joy, and bravery, and youth! She danced a story for them of the things they knew. She was the dawn light, touching the distant peaks. She was the wind that follows it, sweeping among the junipers and kissing each as she came. She was laughter, as the little children laugh when the cattle are loosed from the byres at last to feed in the valleys. She was the scent of spring uprising. She was blossom. She was fruit! Very daughter of the sparkle of warm sun on snow, she was the Heart of the Hills herself!

Never was such dancing! Never such an audience! Never such mad applause! She danced until the great, rough guards had to run round the arena with clubbed butts and beat back trespassers who would have mobbed her. And every movement —every gracious wonder-curve and step with which she told her tale—was as purely Greek as the handle on King's knife, and the figures on the lamp-bowls, and as the bracelets on her arm. Greek!

And she half modern Russian, ex-girl-wife of a semi-civilized Hill rajah! Who taught her? There is nothing new, even in Khinjan, in the Hills!

And when the crowd defeated the arena guards at last, and burst through the swinging butts to seize her and fling her high, and worship her with mad, barbaric rite, she ran toward the shield.

The four men raised it shoulder-high again. She went to it like a leaf in the wind—sprang on it as if wings had lifted her, scarce touching it with naked toes—and leapt to the bridge with a laugh.

She went over the bridge on tiptoes, like nothing else under heaven but Yasmini at her bewitchingest. And without pausing on the far side she danced up the hewn stone stairs, dived into the dark hole, and was gone!

"Come!" yelled Ismail in King's ear. He could have heard nothing less, for the cavern was like to burst apart from the tumult. "They will remember next that they have a bone to pick with thee! Come away!"

That seemed good enough advice. He followed as fast as Ismail could shoulder a way out between the frantic Hillmen, deafened, stupefied, numbed, almost cowed by the ovation they were giving the "Heart of their Hills."

CHAPTER TWELVE

A scorpion in a corner stings himself to death.
A coward blames the gods. They laugh and let him die.
A man goes forward. —*Native proverb.*

ISMAIL went like a rat down a run, and King failed to overtake him until he found him in the cave of the slippers, kicking to right and left at random.

"Choose a good pair!" he growled. "Let late-comers fight for what is left! Nay, I have thine! Choose thou the next best!" The statement being one of fact, and that no time or place for a quarrel with the only friend in sight, King picked out the best slippers he could see. The instant he had them on, Ismail was off again, running like the wind.

They had no torch. They left the little tunnel-lamps behind. It became so dark that King had to follow by ear, and so it happened that he missed seeing where the tunnel forked. He imagined they were running back toward the ledge under the waterfall; yet, when Ismail called a halt at last, panting, groped behind a great rock for a lamp, and lit the wick with a common safety-match, they were in a cave he had never seen before.

"Where are we?" King asked.

"Where none dare seek us!"

Ismail held the lamp high, shielding its wick with a hollowed palm and peering about him as if in doubt, his ragged beard looking like smoke in the wind, for a wind blew down all the passages in Khinjan.

King examined the lamp. There were figures graven on the bowl representing a woman dancing; but before he had time to look very closely Ismail blew it out, and was off again, like a shadow shot into its mother night.

Confused by the sudden darkness, King crashed into a rock as he tried to follow. Ismail turned back and gave him the end of a cotton girdle that he unwound from his waist; then he plunged ahead again into Cimmerian blackness, down a passage so narrow that they could touch a wall with either hand. Once he shouted back to duck, and they passed under a low roof where water

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dripped on them, and the rock underfoot was the bed of a shallow stream. After that the grade grew so steep that even Ismail, the furious, had to slacken pace.

They began to climb up titanic stairways all in the dark, feeling their way in a mountain's framework, up zigzag ledges, and over great broken lumps of rock from one cave to another; until at last in one great cave Ismail stopped and relit the lamp. Hunting about with its aid, he found an imported "hurricane" lantern, and lit that, leaving the bronze lamp in its place.

Soon after that they lost sight of walls to their left for a time, although there were no stars, nor any light to suggest the outer world—nothing but wind. The wind blew a hurricane. Their path was a very narrow ledge, formed by a crack that ran diagonally down the face of a black cliff on their right. They hugged the stone because of a sense of fathomless space above—below—on every side but one. The rock wall was the one thing tangible, and the footing the crack in it afforded was the gift of God.

The moaning wind rose to a shriek and made their clothes flutter like ghosts' shrouds; and in spite of it King's shirt was drenched with sweat, and his fingers ached from clinging, as if they were on fire.

Crawling against the wind along a wider ledge at the top, they came to a chasm, crossed by a foot-wide causeway. The wind howled and moaned in it, and the futile lantern-rays only suggested unimaginable things—death the least of them.

"Art thou afraid?" asked Ismail, holding the lantern to King's face.

"*Kuch dar nahin hai!*" he answered. "There is no fear!"

It was a bold answer, and Ismail laughed. It is on the edges of eternity that men find each other out, and sympathize. He went down on hands and knees, lifting the lantern along in front of him, and carrying it in his teeth by the bail the last part of the way. It seemed like an hour before he stood up nearly a hundred yards away on the far side and yelled for King to follow.

The wind snatched the yell away and King heard no sound of it, but the waving lantern beckoned him, and he knelt down in the dark. It happened that he laid his hand on a loose stone the size of his head, near the edge. He shoved it over, and listened for a minute, but did not hear it strike anything, and the shudder that he could not repress spread to each fiber of his being. If he had delayed another second his courage would have failed him; he began to crawl even as the fear crawled up his spine.

There was room on the ledge for his knees and no more. Toes and fingers were overside. He sat down, as on horseback, and transferred both slippers to his bosom, and then went forward again with bare feet, waiting, whenever the wind snatched at him with redoubled fury, to lean against it and grip the rock with numb fingers. Ismail swung the lantern, for reasons best known to himself, and half-way over, King sat astride the ridge again to shout to him to hold it still. But Ismail did not understand him.

"Khinjan graves are deep!" he howled back. "Fear and the shadow of death are one!"

He swung the lantern more violently, as if it were a charm that could exorcise fear and bring a man over safely. The shadows danced until King's brain reeled, and he swore he would thrash the fool as soon as he could reach him. He lay belly-downward on the rock and crawled like an insect the remainder of the way. And as if aware of his intention Ismail started to hurry on while there was yet a yard or two to crawl, and, anger not being a load worth carrying, nor revenge a thing permitted to interfere with the Sirkar's business, King let both die.

Hunted by the wind, they ran round a bold shoulder of cliff into another black-dark tunnel. There the wind died, swallowed in a hundred fissures, but the track grew worse, and steeper, until they had to cling with both hands and climb, and now and then Ismail set the lantern on a ledge and lowered his girdle to help King up. Sometimes he stood on King's shoulder in order to reach a higher level. They climbed for an hour, and dropped at last, panting, on a ledge.

The lantern-light shone on a tiny trickle of cold water, and there Ismail drank deep, like a bull, before signing to King to imitate him.

"A thirsty throat and a crazy head are one!" he counseled. "A man needs wit and a wet tongue who would talk with HER!"

"Where is SHE?" asked King, when he had finished drinking.

"Go and look!"

He gave King a sudden shove that sent him down, feet first. He fell a distance

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WITH A LOW, DELICIOUS LAUGH, SHE SPRANG ON THE SHIELD, AND IT SCARCELY TREMBLED; SHE SEEMED LIGHTER THAN THE SILK HER DRESS WAS WOVEN FROM.

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rather greater than his own height, to another ledge, and stood there looking up. He could see Ismail's red-rimmed eyes blinking down at him in the lantern-light, but suddenly the Afridi blew the light out, and then the darkness became solid. Thought itself left off less than a yard away.

"Ismail!" he whispered. But Ismail did not answer him.

He faced about, leaning against the rock, with the flat of both hands pressed tight against it for the sake of its company; and almost at once he saw a little bright red light glowing in the distance. It might have been a hundred yards and it might have been a mile away below him; it was perfectly impossible to judge, for the darkness was not measurable.

"Flowers turn to the light!" droned Ismail's voice above sententiously, and, turning, he thought he could see red eyes peering over the rock. He jumped, and made a grab for the flowing beard that surely must be below them, but he missed. "Little fish swim to the light!" droned Ismail. "Moths fly to the light! Who is a man that he should know less than they?"

He faced forward again. Very dimly he could make out that a causeway led downward from almost where he stood. He was convinced that should he try to climb back Ismail would merely reach out a hand and shove him down again, and there was no sense in being put to that indignity. He decided to go forward.

"Forward," says Cocker, in at least a dozen places. "Go forward, and find out! Better a bed in hell than a seat on the horns of a dilemma! Forward!"

"Come with me! Come along, Ismail!" King called.

"Aiiah! Hear him! Nay, nay, nay! Who was it said a little while ago, There is no fear! I am afraid, but thou and I are two men! Go thou alone!"

When he stopped speaking, there was no sound anywhere. King stretched a leg downward, and felt a rock two or three feet lower down, and the sound of his slipper-sole touching it, being the only noise, made the short hair rise on the back of his neck. Then he took himself, so to speak, by the hand and went downward, for action is the only curb imagination knows.

He had little means of guessing how long it took him to descend that causeway in the dark. It was not so very rough, nor so very dangerous, but of course he only knew that fact afterward. He had to grope his way inch by inch, trusting to sense of touch and the British Army's everlasting luck, with an eye all the while on a red light that was something like the glow through hell's keyhole.

When he reached bottom, after perhaps twenty minutes, and stood at last on comparatively level rock, his legs were trembling from tension, and he had to sit down while he stretched them out and rested. The light still looked a quarter of a mile away, although that was guesswork. It made scarcely more impression on the surrounding darkness than one coal glowing in a cellar. The silence began to make his head ache.

He got up and started forward, but just as he did that he thought he heard a footstep. He suspected Ismail might be following after all. "Ismail!" he called, trying to peer through the dark. But all the darkness had its home there. He could not even see his own hand stretched out. His own voice made him jump; after a second's pause it began to crack and rattle from wall to wall and from roof to floor, until at last the echoing word became one again, and died with a hiss somewhere in the bowels of the world—*Mbisssss!*—like the sound of hot iron being plunged into a blacksmith's trough.

But then he was sure he heard a footstep! He faced about; and now there were two red lights where there had been only one. They seemed rather nearer, perhaps because there were two of them.

"Hullo, King sahib!" said a voice he recognized; and he choked. He felt that if he had coughed his heart would have lain on the floor!

"Are you afraid, King sahib?" said Rewa Gunga's voice, and he took a step forward to be closer to his questioner. He found himself beside a rock, looking up at the Rangar's turban, which peered over the top of it. He could dimly make out the Rangar's dark eyes. "I would be afraid if I were you!" Rewa Gunga flashed a little electric torch into his eyes, but after a few seconds, he shifted it so that both their faces could be seen, although the Rangar's only very faintly. "I have come to warn you!"

"Very good of you, I'm sure!" said King.

"If SHE knew I'm here, she would jolly

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well have my liver nailed to a wall! I came to advise you to go back!"

"Have they taken Ali Masjid Fort?" King asked him.

"Never mind, sahib, but listen! I have brought her bracelet! I stole it! She stole it from you, and I stole it back! Take it! Put it on, and wear it! Use it as a passport out of Khinjan Caves—for no man dare touch you while you wear it!—and as a passport down the Khyber into India! Go back to India and stay there! Take it, and go! Quick! Take it!"

"No, thanks!" said King.

The Rangar laughed mirthlessly, shifting the light a little as King stepped aside to get a better view of him. He held the torch more cunningly than a Spanish lady holds a fan. "All Englishmen are fools—most of them stiff-necked fools!" he asserted. "Bah! Do you think I do not know? Do you think anything is hidden from HER? I know—and she knows—that you think you have a surprise in store for her! You think you will go to her, and she will say, 'King sahib, why did you throw that head into the river, and put me in danger from my men?' And you will say, will you not?—'Princess, that was my brother's head!' Was that not what you intended? Is it not true? Does she not know it? She knows more than you know, King sahib! I have come to warn you to run away!"

"Do you suppose she knows you are here?" King asked, and the Rangar laughed. "If she knows so much, and is able to read my mind from a distance, where does she suppose you are?" King insisted.

The Rangar laughed again, leaning his chin on both fists, and switching out the light. "Perhaps she sent me to warn you!"

"Perhaps!" said King. "But I will ask her questions. How did she know that was my brother's head? What did her song mean?"

The Rangar chuckled softly. "There are no fools in the world like Englishmen! Listen! You are being offered life and liberty! Here is the key to both!" He made the gold bracelet ring on the rock by way of explanation. "Take the key and go!"

"No!" said King.

"Very well, sahib! Hear the other side of it! Beyond those two red lights there is a curtain. This side of that curtain you are Athelstan King, of the Khyber Rifles, or Kurram Khan, or whatever you care to call yourself. Beyond it, you are what SHE cares to call you! Choose!"

King did not answer, so he continued after a pause:

"You shall pass behind that curtain, if you insist. Beyond it you shall know what she knows about Ali Masjid and your brother's head! You shall know all that she knows! There shall be no secrets between you and her! She shall translate the meaning of her song to you! But you shall never come out again King, of the Khyber Rifles, or Kurram Khan! If you ever come out again, it shall be as you never dreamed, bearing arms you never saw yet, and you shall cut with your own hand the ties that bind you to England! Choose!"

"I chose long ago," said King.

"You will go forward?"

"Yes," said King.

Rewa Gunga made no answer to that, although King waited for an answer. For about a minute there was no sound at all, except the beating of King's heart. Then he moved, to try and see the Rangar's turban above the rock. He could not see it. He found a niche in the rock, set his foot in it, and mounted, until his head was level with the top. The Rangar was gone!

He listened for two or three minutes, but the silence began to make his head ache again; so he stooped to feel the floor with his hand. There was no mistaking the finish given by the tread of countless feet. He was on a highway, and there are not often pitfalls where so many feet have been.

For all that, he went forward as a certain Agag once did, and it was many minutes before he could see a curtain, glowing blood-red in the light behind the two lamps, at the top of a flight of ten stone steps. It was peculiar to him and his service that he counted the steps before going nearer.

When he approached quite close he saw a carpet down the middle of the steps, so ancient that the stone showed through in places. All the pattern, supposing it had ever had any, was worn or faded away. Carpet and steps glowed red too. His own face, and the hands he held in front of him, were red-hot-poker color. Yet outside the little ellipse of light the darkness looked like a thing to lean against, and the silence was so intense that he could hear the arteries singing by his ears.

He saw the curtains move slightly, apparently in a little puff of wind that made

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the lamps waver. He was very nearly sure he heard a footfall beyond the curtains, and a tinkle—as of a tiny silver bell, or a jewel striking against another one.

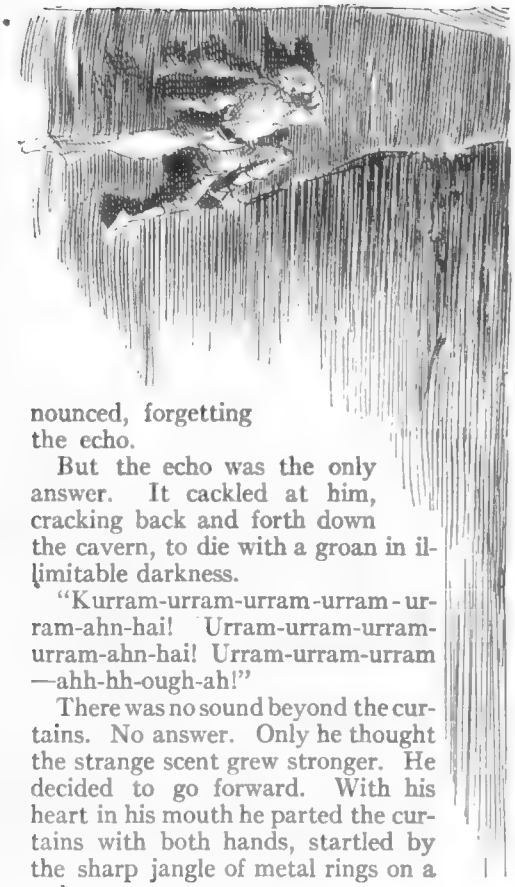
He kicked his slippers off, because there are no conditions under which bad manners ever are good policy. Consult history, and Cocker's famous code. Then he walked up the steps without treading on the carpet, because living scorpions have been known to be placed under carpets on purpose on occasion. And at the top, being a Secret Service man, he stooped to examine the lamps.

They were bronze, cast, polished, and graved. All round the circumference of each bowl were figures in half-relief, representing a woman dancing. She was the woman of the knife-hilt and of the lamps of the arena! She looked like Yasmini! Only she could not be Yasmini because these lamps were so ancient and so rare that he had never seen any in the least like them, although he had visited most of the museums of the East. The two lamps were alike, for he crossed over to make sure, and took each in his hands in turn. But no two figures of the dance were alike on either. It was the same woman dancing, but the artist had chosen twenty different poses with which to immortalize his skill, and hers. Both lamps burned sweet-oil with a wick, and each had a chimney of horn, not at all unlike a modern lamp-chimney. The horn was stained red.

As he set the second lamp down he became aware of a subtle, interesting smell, and memory took him back at once to Yasmini's room in the Chandni Chowk in Delhi, where he had smelled it first. It was the peculiar scent he had been told was Yasmini's own—a blend of scents, like a chord of music.

He took three strides, and touched the curtains, discovering now for the first time that there were two of them, divided down the middle. They were about eight feet high, and each three feet wide, of leather; and though they looked old as the Hills themselves, the leather was supple as good cloth. They had once been decorated with figures in gold-leaf, but only a little patch of yellow here and there remained to hint at faded glories.

He decided to remember his manners again, and at least to make opportunity for an invitation. "Kurram Khan hai!" he announced, forgetting the echo.



But the echo was the only answer. It cackled at him, cracking back and forth down the cavern, to die with a groan in illimitable darkness.

"Kurram-urram-urram-urram-urram-ahn-hai! Urram-urram-urram-urram-ahn-hai! Urram-urram-urram—ahh-hh-ough-ah!"

There was no sound beyond the curtains. No answer. Only he thought the strange scent grew stronger. He decided to go forward. With his heart in his mouth he parted the curtains with both hands, startled by the sharp jangle of metal rings on a rod.

So he stood, with arms outstretched, staring—staring—staring—with eyes skilled swiftly to take in details, and with a brain that tried to explain, formed a hundred wild suggestions, and then reeled. He was face to face with the unexplainable—the riddle of Khinjan Caves.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Grand was thy goal! Thy vision new!
Ave, Caesar!
Conquest? Ends of Earth thy view?
Ave, Caesar!
To sow—to reap—to play God's game?
How many Caesars did that same
Until the great, grim Reaper came!
Who plows with death shall garner rue,
And under all skies is nothing new,
Vale, Caesar!

THE leather curtains slipped through King's fingers, and closed behind him with the clash of rings on a rod. But he was beyond being startled. He was not

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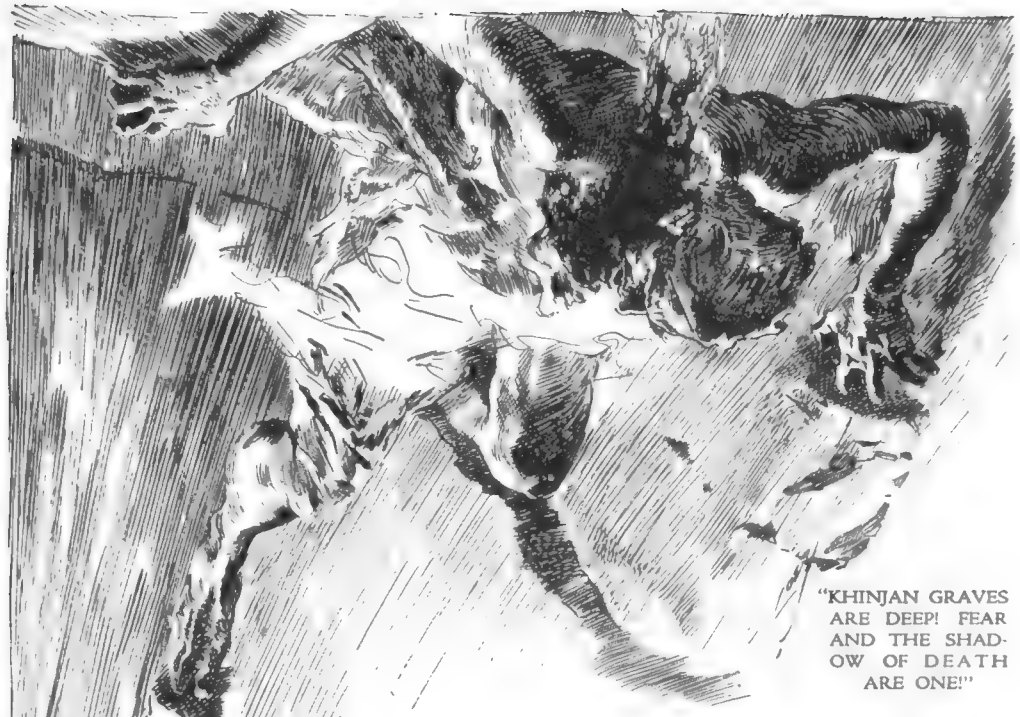

"KHINJAN GRAVES ARE DEEP! FEAR AND THE SHADOW OF DEATH ARE ONE!"

really sure he was in the world. He knew he was awake, and he knew he was glad he had left his shoes outside. But he was not certain whether it was the twentieth century or fifty-five B. C., or whether time had ceased.

The place where he was did not look like a cave but like a palace chamber, for the rock walls had been trimmed square and polished smooth; then they had been painted white, except for a wide blue frieze, with a line of gold-leaf drawn underneath it. And on the frieze, done in gold-leaf too, was the Grecian lady of the lamps. There were fifty or sixty figures of her, no two the same.

A dozen lamps were burning, set in niches cut in the walls at measured intervals. They were exactly like the two outside, except that their horn chimneys were stained yellow instead of red, suffusing everything in a golden glow.

Opposite him was a curtain, rather like that through which he had entered. Near to the curtain was a bed, whose great wooden posts were cracked with age. And it was at the bed he stared, with eyes that took in every detail, but refused to believe.

In spite of its age, it was spread with fine new linen. Richly embroidered, not very ancient Indian draperies hung down from it to the floor on either side. On it, above the linen, a man and a woman lay hand in hand; and the woman was so exactly like Yasmini, even to her clothing and her naked feet, that it was not possible for a man to be self-possessed.

They both seemed asleep. It was as if Yasmini, weary from the dancing, had laid herself to sleep beside her lord. But who was he? And why did he wear Roman armor? And why was there no guard to keep intruders out?

It was minutes before he satisfied himself that the man's breast did not rise and fall under the bronze armor, and that the woman's jeweled, gauzy stuff was still. Imagination played such tricks with him that in the stillness he imagined he heard breathing.

After he was sure they were both dead, he went nearer; but it was a minute yet before

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he knew the woman was not SHE. At first a wild thought possessed him that she had killed herself.

The only thing to show who he had been was the letters S. P. Q. R. on a great plumed helmet, on a little table by the bed. But she was the woman of the lamp-bowls and the frieze. A life-size stone statue in a corner was so like her, and like Yasmini too, that it was difficult to decide which of the two it represented.

She had lived when he did, for her fingers were locked in his. And he had lived two thousand years before, because his armor was about as old as that, and for proof that he had died in it part of his breast had turned to powder inside the breastplate. The rest of his body was whole, and perfectly preserved. Stern, handsome in a high-beaked Roman way, gray on the temples, firm-lipped, he lay like an emperor in harness. But the pride and resolution on his face were outdone by the serenity of hers. Very surely those two had been lovers.

Something—he could not decide what—about the man's appearance kept him staring for ten minutes, holding his breath unconsciously, and letting it out in little silent gasps. It annoyed him that he could not pin down the elusive thing; and when he went on presently to be curious about more tangible things, it was only to be faced with the unexplainable at every turn.

How had the bodies been preserved, for instance? They were perfect, except for that one detail of the man's breast. The air was full of the perfume he had learned to recognize as Yasmini's, but there was no sniff about the bodies of pitch, or bitumen, or of any other chemical. Nor was there any sign of violence about them, or means of telling how they died, or when, except for the probable date of the man's armor.

Both of them looked young and healthy, the woman younger than thirty, twenty-five at a guess, and the man perhaps forty, perhaps forty-five.

He bent over them. Every stitch of the man's clothing had decayed in the course of centuries, so that his armor rested on the naked skin, except for a dressed leather kilt about his middle. The leather was as old as the curtains at the entrance, and as well-preserved. But the woman's silken clothing was as new as the bedding; and that was so new that it had been woven in Belfast, Ireland, by machinery, and bore the mark of the firm that made it!

Yet they had died at about the same time, or how could their fingers have been interlaced? And some of the jewelry on the woman's clothes was very ancient, as well as priceless.

He looked closer at the fingers for signs of force, and suddenly caught his breath. Under the woman's flimsy sleeve was a wrought-gold bracelet, smaller than that one he himself had worn in Delhi and up the Khyber, exactly like the little one that Yasmini wore on her wrist in the Cavern of Earth's Drink! He raised the loose sleeve to look more closely at it.

The sleeve overlay the man's forearm, and the movement laid bare another bracelet, on the man's right wrist. Size for size, this was the same as the one that had been stolen from himself. Memory prompted him. He felt its outer edge with a fingernail. There was the little nick that he had made in the soft gold when he struck it against the cell bars in the jail at the Mir Khan Palace!

That put another thought into his head. It was less than two hours since Yasmini danced in the arena. It might well be much less than that since she had taken off her bracelets. He laid a finger on the dead man's stone-cold hand, and let it rest so for a minute. Then, running it slowly up the wrist, he touched the gold. It was warm. He repeated the test on the woman's wrist! Hers was warm too. Both bracelets had been worn by a living being within an hour —"Probably within minutes!" He muttered, and frowned in thought, and then suddenly jumped backward. The leather curtain near the bed had moved on its bronze rod.

"Aren't they dears!" a voice said in English behind him. "Aren't they sweet!"

He had jumped so as to face about, and somebody laughed at him. Yasmini stood not two arms' length away, lovelier than the dead woman because of the merry life in her; young and warm, aglow, but looking like the dead woman—and the woman of the frieze, and the woman of the lamp-bowls and the statue—come to life; speaking to him in English more sweetly than if it had been her mother tongue. The English abuse their language. Yasmini caressed it, and made it to do its work twice over.

Being dressed as a native, he salaamed

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low. Knowing him for what he was, she gave him the senna-stained tips of her warm fingers to kiss; and he thought she trembled when he touched them. But a second later she had snatched them away, and was treating him to raillery.

"Man of piils and blisters!" she said. "Tell me how those bodies are preserved. Pour knowledge from that learned skull of thine!"

He did not answer. He never has shone in conversation at any time, having made about as many friends as enemies by saying nothing until the spirit moves him. But she did not know that yet.

"If I knew why those two did not turn to worms," she went on, "almost I would choose to die now, while I am beautiful! What would men say if they found us two beside those two? Would not that be a mystery? Don't you love mysteries? Speak, man, speak! Has Khinjan struck you dumb?"

But he did not speak. He was staring at her arm, where two white marks on the skin betrayed that bracelets had been.

"Oh, those! They are theirs. I would not rob the dead, or the gods would turn on me. I robbed you instead, while you slept. Fie, King sahib, while you slept!"

But her steel did not strike on flint. It was *her* eyes that flashed. He would have done better to have seemed ashamed, for then he might have fooled her, at least for a while. But having judged himself, he did not care a fig for her judgment of him. She realized that instantly, and, having found a tool that would not work, discarded it for a better one. She grew confidential.

"I borrow them," she explained, "but I put them back. I take them for so many days, and when the day comes—the gods like us to be exact! Once there was an Englishman to whom I lent the larger one, and he refused to return it. He wanted it to wear, to bring him luck. Collins of the Gurkhas. A cobra bit him."

King's eyes changed, for Collins of the Gurkhas had died in his two arms, saying never a word. He had always wondered why the native who ran in to kill the cobra had run away again, and left Collins lying there after seeming to shake hands with him. Yasmini, watching his eyes, read his memory.

"You saw?" she said excitedly. "You remember? Then you understand! You yourself were near death when I took the bracelet last night. The time was up. I would have stabbed you if you had tried to prevent me!"

Now he spoke at last, and gave her a first glimpse of an angle of his mind she had not suspected. "Princess," he said—he used the word with the deference some men can combine with effrontery, so that very tenderness has barbs—"you might have had that thing back if you had sent a messenger for it at any time. A word by a servant would have been enough."

"Then you could never have reached Khinjan!" she retorted. Her eyes flashed again, but his did not waver.

"Princess," he said, "why speak of what you don't know?"

He thought she would strike like a snake, but she smiled at him instead. And when Yasmini smiles in just that way the recipient is never quite the same man afterward. He knows more. He has had a lesson in one of the finer arts.

"I will speak of what I do know," she said. "No, there is no need. Look! Look!" She pointed at the bed, at the man on the bed, fingers locked in those of a woman so like herself. "You see, yet you do not see! Men are blind! Men look into a mirror, and see only whiskers they forgot to shave the day before. Women look once, and then remember! Look again!"

He looked, knowing well there was something to be understood that stared him in the face. But for the life of him he could not determine question or answer.

"What is in your bosom?" she asked him.

He put his hand to his shirt.

"Draw it out!" she said, as a teacher drills a child.

He drew out the gold-hilted knife with the bronze blade, with which a man had meant to murder him. He let it lie on the palm of his hand, and looked from it to her and back again. The handle might have been a portrait of her modeled from the life.

"Here is another like it," she said, stepping to the bedside. She drew back the woman's dress at the bosom, and showed a knife exactly like that in King's hand. "One lay on her bosom and one on his when I found them!" she said. "Now, think again!"

He did think, of thirty thousand possibilities, and of one impossible idea that stood up prominent among them all, and insisted on seeming the only likely one.

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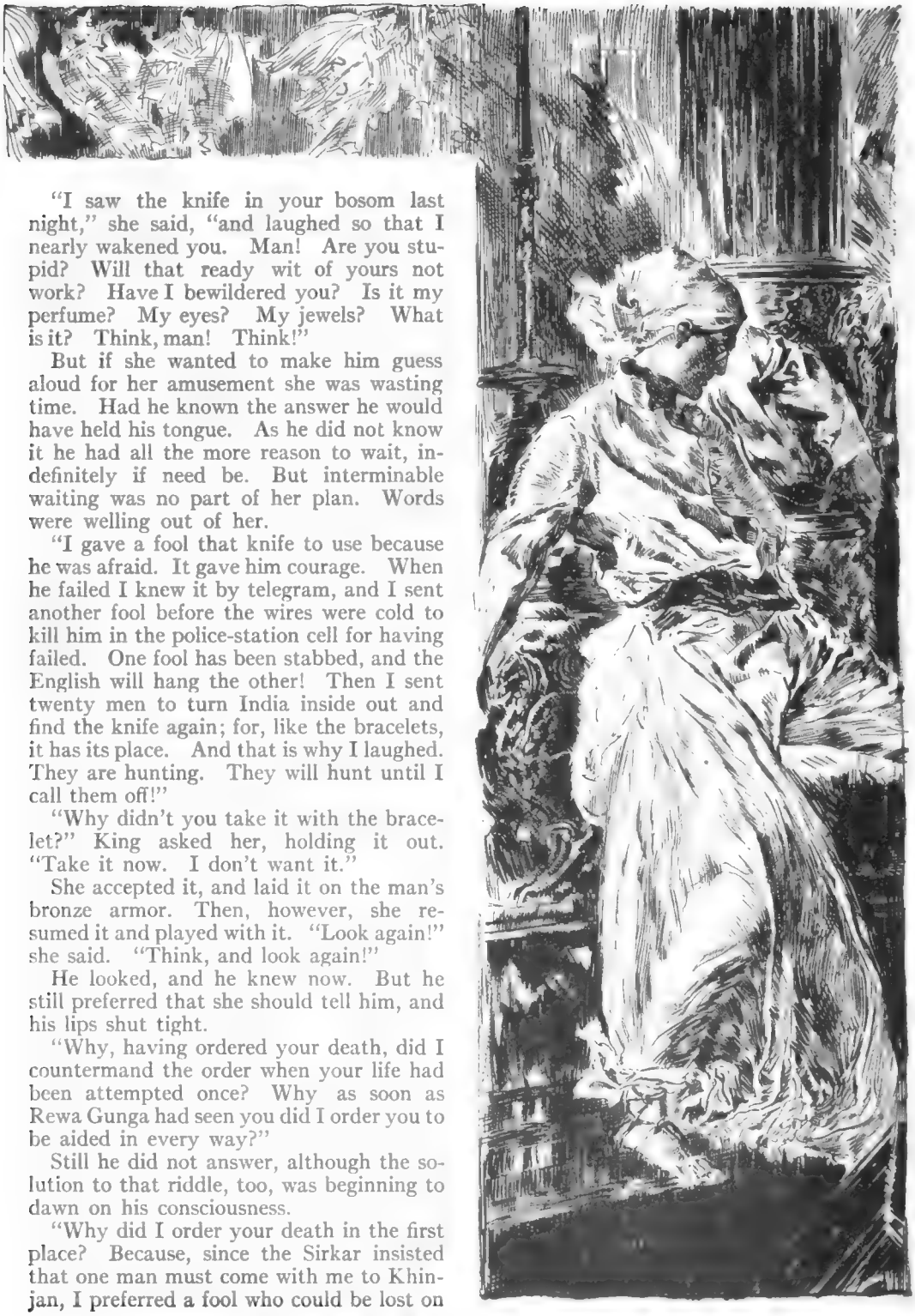

"I saw the knife in your bosom last night," she said, "and laughed so that I nearly wakened you. Man! Are you stupid? Will that ready wit of yours not work? Have I bewildered you? Is it my perfume? My eyes? My jewels? What is it? Think, man! Think!"

But if she wanted to make him guess aloud for her amusement she was wasting time. Had he known the answer he would have held his tongue. As he did not know it he had all the more reason to wait, indefinitely if need be. But interminable waiting was no part of her plan. Words were welling out of her.

"I gave a fool that knife to use because he was afraid. It gave him courage. When he failed I knew it by telegram, and I sent another fool before the wires were cold to kill him in the police-station cell for having failed. One fool has been stabbed, and the English will hang the other! Then I sent twenty men to turn India inside out and find the knife again; for, like the bracelets, it has its place. And that is why I laughed. They are hunting. They will hunt until I call them off!"

"Why didn't you take it with the bracelet?" King asked her, holding it out. "Take it now. I don't want it."

She accepted it, and laid it on the man's bronze armor. Then, however, she resumed it and played with it. "Look again!" she said. "Think, and look again!"

He looked, and he knew now. But he still preferred that she should tell him, and his lips shut tight.

"Why, having ordered your death, did I countermand the order when your life had been attempted once? Why as soon as Rewa Gunga had seen you did I order you to be aided in every way?"

Still he did not answer, although the solution to that riddle, too, was beginning to dawn on his consciousness.

"Why did I order your death in the first place? Because, since the Sirkar insisted that one man must come with me to Khinjan, I preferred a fool who could be lost on

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IT WAS AT THE BED HE STARED, WITH EYES THAT REFUSED TO BELIEVE.
"AREN'T THEY DEARS?" A VOICE SAID IN ENGLISH.

the way. I knew your reputation. I never heard any man call you a fool."

She laughed. He nodded. She was obviously telling truth.

"Can you guess why I changed my mind about you, wise man?"

She looked from him to the man on the bed, and back to him again. He watched her eyes. They were reminiscent, but much more changeable and colorful than any he had ever seen. They had the baffling trick of changing while he watched them.

"Having sent a man to kill you, why did I cease to want you killed? Instead of losing you on the way to Khinjan, why did I run risks for you? Why did I save your life in the Cavern of Earth's Drink to-night? You do not know yet? Then I will tell you something else you do not know. I was in Delhi when you were! I watched and listened while you and Rewa Gunga talked in my house! I was in the train that he took and you did not! I have learned at first hand that you are not a fool. But that was not

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enough. You had to be three things—clever and brave, and one other. The one other you are! Brave you have proved yourself to be! Clever you must be, to trick your way into Khinjan Caves, even with Ismail at your elbow! That is why I saved your life, because you are those two things, and—one other!"

She snatched a mirror from a little ivory table, a modern mirror, bad glass, bad art, bad workmanship, but silver warranted. "Look in it, and then at him!"

He obeyed, although he did not need to look. The man on the bed was not as much like himself as the woman was like her, but the resemblance seemed to grow under his eyes, as such things do. It was helped out by the stain his brother had applied to his face in the Khyber. King was the taller, and the younger by several years, but the noses were the same, and the wrinkled foreheads; the two men had the same firm mouth; both looked like Romans.

"How did you get that scar?" She came closer and took his hand, holding it in both hers, and he felt the same thrill Samson knew. He steeled himself as Samson did not.

"A Mahsudi got me with a Martini at long range in the blockade of 1902," he said dryly.

"Look! Did he get his from a spear, or from an arrow?"

Almost in the same spot, also on the dead man's left hand, was a scar so nearly like it that it needed a third and a fourth glance to tell the difference! They both bent over the bed to see it, and she laid a hand on his shoulder. Touch and scent and confidence, all three were bewitching. All three were calculated, too! He could have killed her and she knew he could have killed her, just as she knew he would not. Yet what right had she to know it!

"Athelstan!" She pronounced his name as if she loved the word, standing straight again, and looking into his eyes. There were high-lights in hers that outgleamed the diamonds on her dress. "Your gods and mine have done this, Athelstan! When the gods combine they lay plans well indeed!"

"I only know one God," he answered simply, as a man speaks of the deep things in his heart.

"I know of many! They love me! They shall love you too! Many are better than one! You shall learn to know my gods, for we are to be partners, you and I!"

She laughed at him, looking like a goddess herself, but he frowned. And the more he frowned the better she seemed to like him.

"Partners in what, Princess?"

"Thou—Ismail dubbed thee 'ready o' wit'—answer thine own question!"

She took his hand again, her eyes burning with excitement and mysticism, and ambition like a fever. She seemed to take more than physical possession of him. "What brought *them* here? Tell me that!" she demanded, pointing to the bed. "You think he brought her? I tell you she was the spur that drove him! Is it a wonder that men called her 'The Heart of the Hills'? I found them ten years ago, and clothed her, and put new linen on their bed; for the old was all rags and dust. There have always been hundreds — sometimes thousands — who knew the secret of Khinjan Caves, but this has been a secret within a secret. Some one, who knew the secret before I, sawed those bracelets through and fitted hinges and clasps. The men you saw in the Cavern of Earth's Drink have no doubt I am the Heart of the Hills come to life. They shall know thee as Him within a little while!"

She held his hand a little tighter, and pressed closer to him, laughing softly. He stood as if made of iron, and that only made her laugh the more.

"Tales of the Heart of the Hills have puzzled the Raj, haven't they, these many years? They sent me to find the source of them. They chose well! There are not many like me! I have found this one dead woman who was like me. And in ten years, until you came, I have found no man like him!"

She tried to look into his eyes, but he frowned straight in front of him. His native costume and Rangar turban did not make him seem any less a man. His jowl, which was beginning to need shaving, was as grim and as satisfying as the dead Roman's. She stroked his left hand with soft fingers.

"I used to think I knew how to dance!" she laughed. "For ten years I have taken those pictures of her for my model, and have striven to learn what she knew. I have surpassed her. I used to think I knew how to amuse myself with men's dreams—until I found this. Then I dreamed on my own account. My dream was true, my warrior! You have come! Our hour has come!"

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She tugged at his hand. He was hers, soul and harness, if outward signs could prove it. "Come!" she said. "Is this my hospitality? You are weary and hungry. Come!"

She led him by the hand, for it would have needed brute force to pry her fingers loose. She drew aside the leather curtain that hung on a bronze rod near the bed, led him through it, and let it clash to again behind them.

Now they were in the dark together, and it was not comprehended in her scheme of things to let circumstance lie fallow. She kissed his hand, and sighed, then hurried, whispering tender words that he could scarcely catch. When they burst together through a curtain at the other end of a passage his skin was red under the tan, and for the first time her eyes refused to meet his.

"Why did they choose that cave to sleep in?" she asked him. "Is not this a better one? Who laid them there?"

He stared about. They were in a great room, far more splendid than the first. There was a fountain in the center splashing in the midst of a bower of cut flowers. The Hills must have been scoured for them within a day.

There were great cushioned couches all about, and two thrones made of ivory and gold. Between two couches was a table, laden with golden plates and a golden jug, on pure white linen. There were two goblets of beaten gold, and knives with golden handles and bronze blades. The whole room seemed to be drenched in the scent Yasmini favored, and there was the same frieze running round all four walls, with the woman depicted on it, dancing.

"Come, we will eat!" she said, leading him by the hand to a couch. She took the one facing him, and they lay like two Romans of the Empire, with the table in between.

She struck a golden gong then, and a native woman came in who stared at King as if she had seen him before, and did not like him. Except for the jewels, she was dressed exactly like Yasmini, which is to say that her gauzy stuff was all but transparent. But Yasmini uses raiment as she does her eyes; it is part of her and of her art. The maid, who would have shone among many women, looked stiff and dull by contrast.

"I trust no Hill woman; they are cattle with human tongues," Yasmini said, frowning at the maid. "Even in Delhi there was only this one woman whom I dared bring here with me. *You* brought my menservants! They are loyal, but as clumsy as the bears in their cold Hills! Rewa Gunga brought me this one disguised as a man. You remember?"

She nodded to the servant, who clapped her hands. At once came a stream of Hillmen, robed in white, who carried sherbet in bottles cooled in snow, and dishes fragrant with hot food. He recognized his own prisoners from the Mir Khan Palace jail, and nodded to them as they set the things down under the maid's direction. When they had done, the woman chased them out, and came and stood behind Yasmini with a fan, for though it was not too hot, she liked to have her golden hair blown into movement.

"My cook was a viceroy's," she said, beginning to eat. "He killed an officer who said the curry had pig's fat in it. That made him free of Khinjan, but of not many other places! I have promised him a swim in Earth's Drink when he ever forgets his art!"

King ate, because a man can not talk and eat at once. Yasmini ate daintily, as if only to keep him company.

"You would rather have wine?" she asked suddenly. "All sahibs drink wine. Bring wine!" she ordered.

But King shook his head, and she looked pleased. He had thought she would be disappointed. When he had finished eating she drove the maid away with a sharp word; and when King jumped to his feet she led him toward the gold-and-ivory thrones, taking her seat on one of them, and bidding him adjust the footstool.

"Would I might offer you the other!" she said, merrily enough. "But you must sit at my feet until our hearts are one!"

It was clear that she took no delight in easy victories, for she laughed aloud at the quizzical expression on his face.

He brought an ivory footstool, and set it about a yard away from her waxen toes. And she, watching him with burning eyes, wound tresses of her hair around the golden dagger handle, making her jewels glitter with each movement.

"You pleased me by refusing wine," she said. "You please me, oh, you please me! Christians drink wine, and eat beef, and

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pig-meat! Ugh! Hindu and Muslim both despise them, having each a little understanding of his own. The gods of India, who are the only real gods, what do they think of it all! They have been good to the English, but they have had no thanks. They will stand aside, now, and watch a greater jihad than the world has ever seen! And the Hindu, who holds the cow sacred, will not support Christians who hold nothing sacred, against Muhammadans who loathe the pig! Christianity has failed! The English must go down with it—just as Rome went down when she dabbled in Christianity! Oh, I know all about Rome!"

"And the gods of India?" he asked, to keep her to the point now she was started. He was there to learn, not to teach.

"I know them, too! I know them as nobody else does! They are neither Hindu nor Muhammadan, but are older by a thousand ages than either foolishness! I love them, and they love me—as you shall love me, too! If they did not love both of us, we would not both be here! We must both obey them!"

None of the East's amazing ways of courtship is ever tedious. Love springs into being in an instant, and lives a thousand years inside an hour. She left no doubt as to her meaning. She and King were to love, as the East knows love, and then the world might have just what they two did not care to take from it.

His only possible course as yet was the defensive, and there is no defense like silence. He was still.

"The Sirkar," she went on, "the silly Sirkar fears that *perhaps* Turkey may enter the war. *Perhaps* a jihad may be proclaimed. So much for fear! I know! I have known for a very long time! And I have not let fear trouble me at all!"

Her eyes were on his steadily, and she read no fear in his either, for none was there. In hers he saw ambition; triumph already; excitement, the gambler's love of all the hugest risks. Behind them burned genius, and the devilry that would stop at nothing.

"Listen, while I tell you all from the beginning! The Sirkar sent me to discover what may be this Heart of the Hills men talk about. I found these caves—and this! I told the Sirkar a little about the caves, and nothing at all about the Sleepers. But even at that they only believed the third of what I said. And back in Delhi I bought books, borrowed books, sent to Europe for books, and hired babu Sita Ram to read them to me, until his tongue grew dry and swollen, and he used to fall asleep in a corner. I know *all* about Rome! Days I spent, weeks, months, listening to the history of their great Cæsar and their little Cæsars; of their conquests and their games! It was good, and I understand it all! Rome should have been true to the old gods, and they would have been true to her! She fell when she fooled with Christianity!"

She was speaking dreamily now, with her chin resting on a hand, and an elbow on the ivory arm of the throne, remembering as she told her story. And it meant so much to her, she was so in earnest, that her voice conjured up pictures for King to see.

"When I had read enough I came back here to think. I knew enough now to be sure that the Sleeper is a Roman, and the Heart of the Hills a Grecian maid. She is like me. That is why I know she drove him to make an empire, choosing for a beginning these Hills, where Rome had never penetrated. He found her in Greece. He plunged through Persia to build a throne for her. I have seen it all in dreams, and again in the crystal. And because I was all alone I saw that I would need all the skill I could learn, and much patience. So I began to learn to dance as she danced, using those pictures of her as a model. I have surpassed her! I can dance better than she ever did!

"Between times I would go to Delhi, and dance there a little, and a little in other places—once, indeed, before a viceroy, and once for the King of England; and all men, the King too, told me that none in the world can dance as I can! And all the while I kept looking for the man—the man who should be like the Sleeper, even as I am like her whom he loved!

"Many a man, many and many a man, I have tried and found wanting. For I was impatient in spite of resolutions. I burned to find him at once, and begin! But you are the first of all the men I have tested who answered all the tests! Languages—he must speak the native tongues. Brave he must be, and clever, resembling the Sleeper in appearance. I began to think long ago that I must forego that last test, for there was none like the Sleeper until you came. And when this world-war broke—for it is a

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world-war, a world-war, I tell you—I thought at last that I must manage all alone. And then you came!

"But there were many I tried, many, especially after I abandoned the thought that the man must resemble the Sleeper. There was a prince of Germany, who came to India on a hunting trip. You remember?"

King pricked up his ears and allowed himself to grin, for in common with many hundred other men who had been lieutenants at the time, he would once have given an ear and an eye to know the truth of that affair. Now that he seemed at last about to know all of it, he grinned in the way that so often had melted a path through a crowd for him. It transformed his whole appearance, and Yasmini beamed on him.

"I'm listening, Princess!" he reminded her.

"Well, he came, the Prince of Germany, the borrower!"

"Borrower of what, Princess?"

"Of wit! Of brains! Of platitudes! Of reputation! There came a crowd with him of such clumsy plunderers, asking such rude questions, that even the Sirkar could not shut its ears and eyes. I did not know all about sahibs in those days. I thought that, although this man is what he is, yet he is a prince, and perhaps I can fire him with my genius. I could have taught him the native tongues. I thought he has ambition, but I learned that he is only greedy. You see, I was foolish, not knowing yet that in good time, if I am patient, my man will come to me! But I learned all about Germans—all!

"I offered him India first, then Asia, then the world, even as I now offer them to you! The Sirkar sent him to see me dance, and he stayed to hear me talk. When I saw at last that he has the head and heart of a hyena, I told him lies. But he, being drunk, told me truths that I have remembered.

"Later, he sent two of his officers to ask me questions, and they were little better than he, although a little better mannered. I told them lies, too, and they told me lies; but they told me much that was true.

"Then the Prince came again, a last time. And I was weary of him. The Sirkar was very weary of him, too. He offered me money to go to Germany and dance for the Kaiser in Berlin. He said I will be shown there much that will be to my advantage. I refused. He made me other offers. So I spat in his face, and threw food at him. He complained to the Sirkar against me, sending one of his high officers to demand that I be whipped. So I told the Sirkar some, not much, indeed, but enough, of the things he and his officers had told me. And the Sirkar said at once that there was both cholera and bubonic plague, and he must go home!

"I have heard—three men told me—that he said he will never rest until I have been whipped. But I have heard that his officers laughed behind his back. And ever since that time there have always been Germans in communication with me. I have had more money from Berlin than would bribe the Viceroy's Council, and I have not once been in the dark about Germany's plans, although they have always thought I am in the dark.

"I went on looking for my man, studying all—Germans, English, Turks, French; and there was a Frenchman whom I nearly chose, and an American, a man who used the strangest words, who laughed at me. I studied Hindu, Muslim, Christian, every good-looking fighting man who came my way, knowing well that all creeds are one when the gods have named their choice.

"There came that old Bull-with-a-beard, Muhammad Anim, and for a time I thought he is the man—for he is a man, whatever else he is. But I tired of him. I called him Bull-with-a-beard, and the Hills took it up and mocked him, until the new name stuck. He still thinks he is the man, having more strength to hope, and more will to will wrongly, than any man I ever met, except a German. I have even been sure sometimes that Muhammad Anim is a German; yet now I am not sure.

"From all the men I met and watched I have learned all they knew. And I have never neglected to tell the Sirkar sufficient of what men have told me, to keep the Sirkar pleased with me.

"Nor have I ever played Germany's game—no, no! I have used the Germans, as they *think* they have used me. I have used them ruthlessly.

"Knowing all I knew, and being ready, except that I had not found my man yet, I dallied in India on the eve of war, watching a certain Sikh to discover whether he is the man or not. But he lacked imagination, and I was caught in Delhi when war broke, and the English closed the Khyber Pass. Yet I had to come up the Khyber to reach Khinjan.

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"So it was fortunate that I knew of a German plot that I could spoil at the last minute. I fooled the Germans by letting the Sikh whom I had watched, discover it. The Germans still believe me their accomplice. And the Sirkar was so pleased that I think if I had asked for an English peerage they would have answered me soberly. A million dynamite bombs was a big haul for the Sirkar! My offer to go to Khinjan and keep the Hills quiet was accepted that same day!

"But what are a million dynamite bombs! Dynamite bombs have been coming into Khinjan month by month these three years! Bombs and rifles and cartridges! Muhammad Anim's men, whom he trusts because he must, hid it all in a cave I showed them, that they think, and he thinks, has only one entrance to it. Muhammad Anim sealed it, and he has the key. But I have the ammunition! There was another way out of that cave, although there is none now, for I have blocked it. My men, whom I trust because I know them, carried everything out by the back way, and I have it all. I will show it you presently.

"I know all Muhammad Anim's plans. Bull-with-a-beard believes himself a statesman, yet he told me all he knows! He has told me how Germany plans to draw Turkey in, and to force Turkey to proclaim a jihad. Fools! The jihad will recoil on them! It will be like a cobra, striking whoever stirs it! A typhoon, smiting right and left! Christianity is doomed, and the Germans call themselves Christians! Fools! Rome called herself Christian, and where is Rome? But we, my warrior, when Muhammad Anim gets the word from Germany and gives the sign, and the Hills are afire, and the whole East roars in the flame of the jihad, we will put ourselves at the head of the jihad, and the East and the world is ours!"

King smiled at her. "The East isn't very well armed," he objected. "Mere numbers——"

"Numbers?" She laughed at him. "The West has the West by the throat! It is tearing itself! They will drag in America! There will be no armed nation with its hands free, and while the wolves fight, the other wolves shall come and steal the meat! The old gods, who built these caverns in the Hills, are laughing! They are getting ready! Thou and I——"

As she coupled him and herself together in one plan she read the changed expression of his face, the very quickly passing cloud that even the best-trained man can not control.

"I know!" she asserted, sitting upright, and coming out of her dream to face facts as their master. She looked more lovely now than ever, although twice as dangerous. "You are thinking of your brother—of his head! That I am a murderess, who can never be your friend! Is that not so?"

He did not answer, but his eyes may have betrayed something, for she looked as if he had struck her. Leaning forward, she held the gold-hilted dagger out to him, hilt first. "Take it and stab me!" she ordered. "Stab, if you blame me for your brother's death! I should have known him for your brother if I had come on him in the dark! His head might have come from your shoulders! You were like a man holding up his own head, as I have seen in pictures in a book! I would never have killed him!"

Her golden hair fell all about his shoulders, and its scent was not intended to be sobering. She ran warm fingers through his hair while she held the knife toward him with the other hand. "Take it and stab!"

"No," he said.

"No!" she laughed. "No! You are my warrior, my man, my well-beloved! You have come to me alone out of all the world! You would no more stab me than the gods would forget me!"

Their eyes were on each other's, deep looking into deep.

"Strength!" she said, flinging him away, and leaning back to look at him, almost as a fed cat stretches in the sunlight. "Courage! Simplicity! Directness! Strength I have, too, and courage never failed me; but my mind is a river winding in and out, gathering as it goes. I have no directness, no simplicity! You go straight from point to point, my sending-from-the-gods! I have needed you! Oh, I have needed you so much, these many years! And now that you have come, you want to hate me, because you think I killed your brother! Listen, I will tell you all I know about your brother."

Without a scrap of proof of any kind, he knew she was telling truth unadorned, or at least the truth as she saw it. Eye to eye, there are times when no proof is needed.

"Without my leave, Muhammad Anim sent five hundred men on a foray toward the

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THEY LAY AT THE TABLE LIKE TWO ROMANS OF THE EMPIRE.

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Khyber. Bull-with-a-beard needed an Englishman's head, for proof, for a spy of his, who could not enter Khinjan Caves. They trapped your brother outside Ali Masjid with fifty of his men. They took his head after a long fight, leaving more than a hundred of their own dead in payment. Bull-with-a-beard was pleased. But he was careless. I sent my men to steal the head from his men. I needed evidence for you. And I swear to you—I swear to you by my gods, who have brought us two together—that I first knew it was your brother's head when you held it up in the Cavern of Earth's Drink! Then I knew it could not be anybody else's head!"

"Why bid me throw it to them then?" he asked her, and he was aware of her scorn before the words had left her lips.

She leaned back again, and looked at him through lowered eyes, as if she must study him all anew. She seemed to find it hard to believe that he really thought so in the commonplace. "What is a head to me, or to you, a head with no life in it, carrion! compared to what shall be? Would you have known it was his head if you had thrown it to them when I ordered you?"

He understood. Some of her blood was Russian, some Indian, and Russia lies East, not West. "A friend is a friend, but a brother is a rival!" says the East, having world-old experience.

"Muhammad Anim shall answer to you for your brother's head!" she said with a little nod. "At present we need him. Let him preach his jihad, and loose it at the right time. Then he will be in the way! You shall name his death—Earth's Drink, slow torture, fire! Will that content you?"

"No," he said with a dry laugh.

"What more can you ask?"

"Less! My brother died at the head of his men. He couldn't ask more. Let Bull-with-a-beard alone."

She set both elbows on her knees, and laid her chin on both hands to stare at him again. He began to remember long-forgotten schoolboy lore about chemical reagents that dissolve materials into their component parts, such was the magic of her eyes. There were no eyes like hers that he had ever seen, although Rewa Gunga's had been something like them. Only Rewa Gunga's had not changed so. Thought of the Rangar no sooner crossed his mind than she was speaking of him.

"Rewa Gunga met you in the dark, beyond those outer curtains, did he not?"

He nodded.

"Did he tell you that if you pass the curtains you shall be told *all* I know?"

He nodded again, and she laughed.

"It would take time to tell you *all* I know! First, I think I will show you things. Afterward you shall ask me questions."

She stood up, and of course he stood up, too. So, she on the footstool of the throne, her eyes and his were on a level. She laid hands on his shoulders and looked into his eyes until he could see his own twin portraits in hers that were glowing sunset pools. Heart of the Hills? The Heart of all the East seemed to burn in her, rebellious!

"Are you believing me?" she asked him.

He nodded, for no man could have helped believing her. As she knew the truth, she was telling it to him, as surely as she was doing her skilful best to mesmerize him.

"Come!" she said, and she led him past the thrones to other leather curtains in a wall, and into long hewn passages from cavern into cavern.

In one cave there were piles of javelins that had been stacked there by the Sleeper and his men. In another were sheaves of arrows; and in one were spears, in racks against a wall. There were empty stables, with rings made fast into the rock, where a hundred horses could have stood in line. She showed him a cave containing great forges where the bronze had been worked, with charcoal still piled up against the wall at one end. There were copper and tin ingots in there, of a shape he had never seen.

"I know where *they* came from," she told him. "I know things the Hillmen's great-great-great-grandfathers forgot! I know old workings that would make a modern nation rich! We shall have money when we need it, never fear! We shall conquer India while the English backs are turned and the best troops are oversea. We will bring a hundred thousand slaves back here to work our mines! With what they dig from the mines, copper and gold and tin, we will make ready to buy the English off when they are free to turn this way again. The English will do anything for money! They will be in debt when this war is over, and their price will be less then than now!"

She laughed merrily at him because his face showed that he did not appreciate that stricture. Then she called him her Warrior

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and her Well-beloved, and took him down a long passage, holding his hand all the way, to show him slots cut in the floor for the use of archers.

"You entered Khinjan Caves by a tunnel under this floor, Well-beloved. There is no other entrance!"

By this time Well-beloved was her name for him, although there was no air of finality about it. It was as if she paved the way for use of Athelstan, and that was a sacred name. It was amazing how she conveyed that impression without using words.

"The Sleeper cut those slots for his archers. Then he had another thought, and set these caldrons in place, to boil oil to pour down into them. Could an army enter by the route you came in by?"

"No," he said, marveling at the ton-weight copper caldrons, one to each hole.

"Even without rifles for the defense?"

"No," he said.

"And I have more than a thousand rifles here, and more than a million rounds of ammunition!"

"How did you get them?"

"I will tell you that later. Come and see some other things!"

She showed him a cave in which boxes were stacked in high, square piles.

"Dynamite bombs!" she boasted. "How many boxes? I forget! Too many to count! Women brought them all the way from the sea; for even Muhammad Anim could not make Afridi riflemen carry loads. I have wondered what Bull-with-a-beard will say when he misses his precious dynamite!"

"You've enough in there to blow the mountain up!" King advised her. "If somebody fired a pistol in here, or set a fuse, the least would be the collapse of this floor into the tunnel below, with a hundred thousand tons of rock on top of it. There is no other way out?"

"Earth's Drink!" she said, and he made a grimace that made her laugh.

But she looked at him darkly after that, and he got the impression that the thought was not new to her, and that she did not thank him for the advice. He began to wonder whether there was anything she had not thought of, any loophole for escape.

"Kill her!" a secret voice urged him. But that was the voice of the Hills, which are violent first and regretful afterward. He did not listen to it. And then the wisdom of the West came to him, as epitomized by Cocker, who nowhere fails to be encouraging: "It isn't possible to make a puzzle with no solution to it. A puzzle is the proof that there's a key! Go ahead!"

She showed him where eleven hundred Mauser rifles stood in racks in another cave, with boxes of ammunition piled beside them, each rifle and cartridge worth its weight in silver coin—a very Rajah's ransom!

"The Germans are generous in some things—only in some things—very mean in others!" she told him. "They sent us no medical stores and no blankets!"

Past caves where provisions of every imaginable kind were stored, sufficient for an army, she led him to where her guards slept together with the thirty special men whom King had brought up the Khyber.

"I have five hundred others whom I dare trust to come in here," she said, "but they shall stay outside until I want them. It is good for them to wonder what I keep in here! A mystery makes for power!"

Pressing very close to him, she guided him down another dark tunnel, until he and she stood in the jaws of the round hole above the river, looking down into the Cavern of Earth's Drink.

Nobody looked up at them. The thousands were too busy working up a frenzy for the great jihad that was to come.

Stacks of wood had been piled up, six-man high in the middle, and then fired. The heat came upward like a furnace blast, and the smoke was a great red cloud among the stalactites. Round and round that holocaust the thousands did their sword-dance, yelling as the devils yelled at Khinjan's birth. They needed no wine to craze them. They were drunk with fanaticism, frenzy, lust!

"The women brought that wood from fifty miles away!" Yasmini shouted in his ear; for the din, mingling with the river's voice, made a volcano chord. "It is a week's supply of wood! But so they are—so they will be! They will lay waste India! They will butcher and plunder and burn! It will be what they leave of India that we shall build anew and govern, for India herself will rise to help them lay her own cities waste! It is always so! Conquests always are so! Come!"

The next instalment of "King, of the Khyber Rifles" will appear in the November number.

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THE High-School Volunteers of the United States is rapidly becoming a national institution.

The H. S. V. U. S. is the organization started by EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE two months ago to spread the big, democratic Wyoming idea for military training in the high schools.

Launched with the endorsement of such men as Secretary of the Interior Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of War Newton D. Baker, and Governor Charles S. Whitman of New York, the organization has won enthusiastic support in nearly every state of the Union—from parents, teachers, students, preachers, school authorities, and public officials.

EVERYBODY'S is devoting space each month to the news of this movement. Start the Wyoming system in your city. We are organized to help you. Let us. This is the address:

HEADQUARTERS

HIGH-SCHOOL VOLUNTEERS OF THE UNITED STATES

EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE, *NEW YORK*

THREE MORE SCHOOLS IN

Perth Amboy, New Jersey,
August 8, 1916.

I have carefully studied the Wyoming plan and the Government bulletin pertaining to same, and I consider the plan feasible and practical. I shall modify it to suit local conditions and try it out in our high school this year. It should succeed in any high school because it gives due consideration to the psychological side of the matter. Any volunteer movement of that character among students that eliminates the psychology is likely to fail.

The chief objection to military training comes from those who do not understand. They believe that we are trying to make soldiers of the boys, that they must go into the army after receiving such training. All who desire the movement to succeed should do all in their power to dispel that idea.

GLENWORTH STURGIS,
Director Department of Science,
Perth Amboy High School

Cheyenne, Wyoming, August 3, 1916.

I have noticed with much interest the excellent series of articles that you have been publishing editorially in support of the Wyoming plan. Your idea of the formation of a national organization of high-school volunteers appeals to me. I shall be glad to have the Cheyenne schools regarded as the nucleus of this organization.

Very truly yours,

IRA B. FEE,
Superintendent, Cheyenne Public Schools.

Ottawa, Illinois, August 31, 1916.

In response to your letter of August 24th, kindly allow me to say that the Ottawa Township High School will be glad to affiliate with the High School Volunteers of the United States. We are doing everything we can to put in Military Training this fall.

Yours very truly,

CHARLES H. KINGMAN.

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THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR
WASHINGTON

July 19, 1916.

My dear Mr. Wheeler:

I cannot too heartily express my endorsement of what is known as the "Steever Plan" of military instruction for high school boys. Your effort to enlarge the work by organizing The High School Volunteers of the United States is most commendable. It is a plan that should be put into effect in every high school in the country.

I am soon leaving the city for an extended trip, and regret that the limited time at my disposal prevents an expression of my views in more detail. May I not, however, send you my very best wishes for the success of the work that you are carrying on. More power to you!

Sincerely yours,

Franklin K. Lane

Mr. Howard Wheel
Everybody's M
Spring &, M
New Yor

FRANKLIN K. LANE, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR, ENDORSES THE H. S. V. U. S.

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THEY BELIEVE IN THE H. S. V. U. S.

Auburn, Nebraska, August 6, 1916.

I HAVE just read your article in the August number on military training of lads in public schools. I have for some time been advocating that America should have something like the Swiss system and the Australian system. I can not tell you how glad I am your great magazine, of which I have been a reader since you started, has formulated a *practical campaign* to awaken the American people on this line. You can have my hearty cooperation. I have some ability to tell what I know and to create conviction. I am willing to become the lecturer or advocate for the state of Florida. My home after September 6th will be Clearwater, Florida, where I will be pastor of a church. I will have freedom to visit the towns and county school institutes, and in summer I can lecture at many Chautauquas as I've been doing for twenty-five years.

A. W. LAMAR, D.D.

Wilkesbarre, Pa., August 4, 1916.

DEAR MR. OTT: [Edward Amherst Ott is chairman of field organization:]

The article in this month's EVERYBODY'S, "High-School Volunteers of the United States," appeals to me, and I am writing you for any additional information you may have. I have heard you and met you on your several trips to our city, and have always been benefited. I am the physical director of this association and have considerable to do with the high-school boys in athletics. I shall appreciate getting into this movement early, because I am a thorough believer in it. If I can do anything in our city I shall be only too glad to do so.

W. A. ROGERS,
Physical Director Y. M. C. A.

August 14, 1916.

Being deeply interested in high-school military training, I heartily approve of your admirable plan and splendid organization. As I am a high-school student at one of Kansas City's high schools, I represent, as one, the element of America's pride and her protection.

A great majority of us have a keen desire to have in our school system a strong military organization with the loyal support of the citizens of the community who would have the understanding that such an organization would mean a great deal more than a mere plan of training.

If I can be of any assistance in forming such an organization in Kansas City, I pledge my support as a high-school student.

STANLEY B. BYRD.

Kansas City, Mo.

Hot Springs, Arkansas, April 19, 1916.

The article of Lieutenant Steever in your recent issue was indeed the best solution we have seen as to the preparedness movement. Will you permit us to reproduce it in full or in part in our paper with proper credit? If so, kindly send a copy of the magazine to the above address.

The *Herald-Democrat* is a country newspaper published in Trenton, Tennessee, and it would lend whatever influence it may have to the *proper* settlement of the great question.

CHAS. E. SMITH,
Owner and editor Trenton *Herald-Democrat.*

Shenandoah, Iowa, August 10, 1916.

As president of our school board, I am interested in your campaign with reference to the Wyoming plan of universal military training. Will you kindly send me literature and explanatory matter, and oblige

Yours very respectfully,
THOS. W. KEENAN.

Three Rivers, Texas, August 8, 1916.

I have just seen your article in this month's magazine concerning the High-School Volunteers, and am writing to offer my cooperation with you in this great work, and to ask your assistance in the work I am trying to do here.

I have gotten the trustees of the Three Rivers High School to agree to put in military training. I have also talked to a number of other people, and believe that I will be able to get Seguin, and a number of other towns in south Texas to give military training in their schools. In fact, I am most anxious to get all of the schools in this section to give this training, and am doing everything in my power toward that end.

CHAS. R. TIPS,
President Live Oak County State Bank.

A MANUAL BY CAPTAIN STEEVER

Many requests have been received at headquarters for information about the organizing of the High-School Volunteers in fuller detail than that given in the War Department pamphlet. We have asked Captain Edgar Z. Steever (Lieutenant Steever is captain now) to prepare a manual of instruction giving in complete detail every phase of the Wyoming system as it was successfully put into operation in Wyoming. Captain Steever is in active service on the border, and this work has to be done in such time as he has free from military duty. We hope to have the manual ready for distribution within a month.

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EDITOR'S NOTE—Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A Hibernian had wandered into a talking-machine establishment.

"I want to hear some o' thim sweet songs by the great Irish tenor, Jawn McCormick."

When he had listened with great satisfaction to "Mother Machree," "I Hear You Calling Me," and some others, he said:

"And now leave me hear some songs by this other Irishman I've heerd tell of—Al—Al—what's his name now? Oh, yes, Al McGluck!"

Judge Ben B. Lindsey of Denver was lunching one day—it was a very hot day—when a politician paused beside his table. "Judge," said he, "I see you're drinking coffee. That's a heating drink. In this weather you want to drink iced drinks, Judge—sharp iced drinks. Did you ever try gin and ginger ale?"

"No," said the Judge, smiling, "but I have tried several fellows who have."

Old Jerry had saved his master's life, and the latter wished to reward the faithful old slave suitably.

"Make three wishes, Jerry, and you shall have what you have wished for," declared the master.

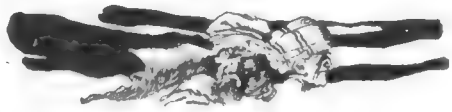
Jerry thought a moment. "Den, massa, I'd like jes' as much ob dat good ole peach brandy, sah, as me an' ole Dinah can drink for de res' ob our days."

"Why, that's easy, Jerry; and you shall have it. Now, the next wish?"

"An' jes' as much ob dat good ole home-made terbacky as me an' Dinah can smoke for de res' ob our days." Still Jerry had not asked for his freedom.

"That is granted, too. Now, the third, Jerry, the most important of all, my old servant?"

For a while Jerry was lost in deep thought. At length he spoke: "Ef it's all de same to you, massa, I—I'd like to hab jes' a leetle mo' ob dat good ole peach brandy, sah."



The very sentimental young lady inquired gushingly: "Oh, Colonel, don't you love Longfellow's poems?"

"Can't say I do," replied the old campaigner. "Never read them, in fact. Consider all poetry absolute drivel."

"But," she persisted, "surely you can not help admiring this verse of his, out of 'The Day Is Done,' you know:

> "And the night shall be filled with music,
> And the cares that infest the day
> Shall fold their tents like the Arabs,
> And as silently steal away."

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "there is something in that. I know those Arab beggars—they would simply steal anything."

"Gabe," said the lawyer to the amazed negro witness, who had been listening to a heated discussion as to the admissibility of certain testimony, "you have followed carefully this intricate discussion touching on the various aspects of medical jurisprudence involved in the issues we have before us for adjudication; and in view of that I now desire to know the theory advanced by my learned brother."

The witness cast a triumphant side glance at his own attorney. Then he puffed out his lips and his chest. "Most doubtless," he answered.

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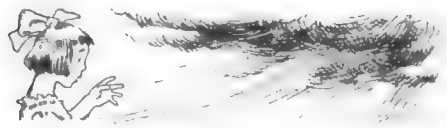
A traveling man who occupied a train seat with a minister, wished to take him down a peg or two and so said: "Have you never heard that each time a priest is hanged in Paris, an ass is hanged at the same time?"

The clergyman blandly replied: "Well, let us both be thankful that we are not in Paris."

An admirer of Whistler is responsible for this: The artist was once visiting at a house with rather complicated stairways. During the course of the evening, after considerable good cheer with the rest of the company, Whistler started to make his way up-stairs to write a note.

Very soon there was a loud crash. Whistler had fallen from the second floor to the first landing. Rushing to his rescue, the other guests heard him mutter:

"Who built this house, anyway? Some darned teetotaler, that's sure!"



The little daughter of a college professor had been taught to pray for the things which she desired. It was very dry and hot, and everybody was looking anxiously for rain. Suddenly it occurred to the little miss that she could pray for rain, and she acted on her impulse at once. Shortly after, there came a terrific thundershower. Streets were gullied out, trees were blown down, and other damage was done. After the shower, the child's mother found her standing at the window looking out with a rueful face upon the débris, and heard her say in an awestruck voice:

"Oh, Lord, what have I done?"

"I was preparing to shave a chap the other afternoon," says a head barber. "I had trimmed his hair, and from such talk as I had had with him, I judged him to be an easy-going, unexcitable sort of fellow. But suddenly his manner changed. Out of the corner of his eye, he had seen a man enter whose appearance upset him.

"'Hurry, George!' he muttered to me. 'Lather to the eyes—quick!—here comes my tailor!'"

The English soldier boys in the trenches in France find that time hangs heavily on their hands, and try various devices to amuse themselves. Several trench magazines have been published. This recipe was copied from one of them—*R. M. Growler*—in an English paper:

"Take a piece of white paper and a lead-pencil, and draw from memory the outline of a hen. Then carefully remove the feathers. Pour one gallon of boiling water into a saucepan and sprinkle a pinch of salt on the hen's tail. Now let it simmer. If the soup has a blonde appearance, stir it with a lead-pencil, which will make it more of a brunette. Let it boil two hours. Then coax the hen away from the saucepan and serve the soup hot."

A lawyer who for many years had shocked a large number of his friends by his rather liberal views on religion, recently died.

A friend of the deceased, who cut short a trip to hurry back to town for the purpose of attending the last rites of his colleague, entered the late lawyer's home some minutes after the beginning of the service.

"What part of the service is this?" he inquired in a whisper of another legal friend standing in the crowded hallway."

"I've just come myself," said the other, "but I believe they have opened for the defense."

A kindergarten teacher entering a street-car saw a gentleman whose face seemed familiar and she said, "Good evening!"

He seemed somewhat surprised and she soon realized that she had spoken to a stranger.

Much confused, she explained: "When I first saw you I thought you were the father of two of my children."

One morning the "Black Maria" arrived at the police-court to take to jail the prisoners who had been arrested the night before. As they filed into the van, the policemen were very much amused to hear an old woman who was the last of the string, shout out to a young prisoner in the van:

"Now, then, come out of there; you've got my corner." Needless to say, the old lady obtained her accustomed seat. Then as the door was closed and the policeman stepped up behind, she put her face to the bars and said to him in delightfully dulcet tones, "Home, James."

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Everybody's Magazine

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UNCLE SAM'S NEW EAGLETS

WHEN the natives of the Danish West Indies were asked in 1868 to vote on the question as to whether or not they wished to be annexed to the United States, they voted by a majority of 1244 to 22 that they did. At a plebiscite taken the other day in these same islands on this same question, only eleven estimable colored citizens stood out against it. So these things do move, after all. In another fifty years the islands will be unanimous.

We have wanted these islands, the islanders have wanted to come over to us, and Denmark has been willing to sell them to us for more than fifty years. Over and over again, it has looked as if the deal were going through. Lincoln, Seward, Grant, Hay, and Roosevelt have all tried it. Yet every time the very delicate international situation of the islands (in size not half so large as Greater New York City) has created a tangle that has tied everybody up until the next time.

Some of this red tape has clearly been made in Germany. Thus, fourteen years ago, when the combined sponsorship of Roosevelt and Hay got the Senate's ratification to the purchase of these strategic islands (the price was only $5,000,000 then), German money and German court favor in Copenhagen checked and finally paralyzed the deal by getting a tie vote in the Upper House of the Danish Parliament. At a banquet held to celebrate the "victory," German capitalists openly planned to develop St. Thomas harbor into a great depot for Central and South American trade, with Hongkong and its strategic command of the China trade as their model. They made a good start; the Hamburg-American line alone has spent thousands of dollars deepening and fitting out the already splendid harbor of Charlotte Amalie on St. Thomas.

Next door to Porto Rico, exactly between the Greater and the Lesser Antilles, in other words in the heart of the West Indies, the Germans had a harbor not only wonderfully fitted to control the Caribbean, but itself a bare thousand miles uninterrupted sailing from the Panama Canal. That is, so long as German influence could keep the islands in Danish hands—and then tie those hands—so long as she could do this, her pretty piece of tunneling under the Monroe Doctrine, which was one day to lead as sure as the sun to German ownership, went on.

It is still going on, for we may be sure that behind the political tangle which had ratification by Denmark tied in a knot in August, Germany was pulling whatever strings she could reach, to keep the question in the glorious mess it has been for half a century.

Senator Borah, with characteristic irreverence for diplomacy, calls the case of the Danish islands a plain deal in real estate. It is true, only 120 square miles, with a population of 35,000 overwhelmingly negro, is involved. But these three little islands

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bring with them at least one coaling station that is absolutely invaluable to our battle fleet—that at Charlotte Amalie. At present, outside of Panama, we have to rely on Guantanamo, leased from Cuba, Mole St. Nicholas in Hayti, which we are accused of having designs on, and British and South American ports where we find clemency and fair-weather favor.

A coaling station and commodious harbor such as the Germans have been kind enough to fit out for us here would therefore not only be great assets in themselves, but their strategic position provides a crucial defense of the Panama Canal.

The people of these islands seem to be the kind that Uncle Sam ought to welcome to his growing eyrie of eaglets. They stick to English as their favorite tongue in spite of all the mingled penalties and blandishments of their Scandinavian officialdom. They are in earnest about liberal government, too.

Last summer, the Governor departed somewhat hastily from the islands to answer charges of maladministration that had been brought against him in Copenhagen. He defended himself before gold-laced boards and committees of his countrymen at painful length; but what annoyed him most was that he had also to defend himself before a certain Mr. Jackson, a common citizen of the islands (colored), for whom other citizens (colored) of the island of St. Croix had collected, in amounts of between ten and thirty cents, the sum of $280 to enable him to plead for the square deal in person before the King of Denmark.

Mr. Jackson said that narrow-minded bureaucrats, who shut off newspapers and forbade political meetings, who treated negroes like dogs and were indifferent to ugly growths of poverty and wretched sanitation—"even the hospitals are beyond description," said Mr. Jackson—were driving the best part of the people from the islands. Mr. Jackson said more in this strain, then went back to St. Croix on the rest of his $280.

The Governor did not go back.

Whatever high reasons of state may enter into the purchase of the Danish West Indies, we hope that our Government will not forget that the inhabitants of these islands are people.

Especially, let us hope at the start that we can make friends with Mr. Jackson.

Panama Canal reports for the last fiscal year remind us of the slides of that period in graphic figures. Approximately $2,500,000 was collected in tolls, but $7,000,000 went out in costs, leaving a deficit of $4,500,000. More than half the cost of operation went in clearing away those slides. Fortunately, the Canal is an enterprise of the American people and is judged by other factors than its cash profits.

HOPE FOR THE FAT

ONCE there was a fat man who wanted to reduce. He held a very high public office, so high that millions of cartoons of him—corpulent, adipose cartoons—riveted firmly in the American public's mind the idea that this man was fat. Nobody believed that a man with his large, comfortable smile, a man with lines of such enduring curves, a man with such a volume of fat man's publicity, could ever be anything else but fat.

But he has fooled us. He has studied girth control. A while ago, we relieved him of his high public office and his overwhelming publicity. Buoyed up with a new zest in life, he decided to economize himself. He succeeded; to-day there's just seventy-five pounds less of him than the American people were accustomed to. He lives quietly in New Haven, the shadow of his former self. His name is William Howard Taft.

How did Mr. Taft reduce? Did he kick a medicine ball three hundred times in the morning and three hundred times in the evening, walk ten miles a day, and live for a week or so on a savory diet of water and soda crackers? Nothing of the kind. He ate heartily, he exercised no more than was usual with him when he was our corpulent President. Well, how did he do it? It's easy. Anybody can try it. He dieted.

Here's what he says about it: "I have lost seventy-five pounds since March 4, 1915" (two years to a day after a certain thin gentleman succeeded him at the White House). "I have done it by avoiding fatty, starchy, and carbonaceous foods. For instance, I have eaten no veal or pork, no fat fish (such as salmon), no potatoes, beans, or sweet fruit, no white bread or butter, have taken no water with my meals, and no wine or beer since that time; in other words,

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I have given up the things I knew had made me fat. Meanwhile I have kept up the regimen of exercise which must accompany such a diet—either a game of golf or a five-mile walk every day. I could have reduced much more quickly, but I preferred not to risk the strain that would cause on the muscles of the heart. Also, I kept in touch with a good doctor at every stage. My, but I feel better!"

It sounds simple, doesn't it? The clue is to avoid three kinds of food, which you can conveniently remember as follow:

Proteins—eggs, milk and milk products, beans, corn, wheat (bread), etc.; *Carbohydrates*—sugar and starch, rice, potatoes, tapioca, and similar starchy foods; *Fats and Oils*—butter, lard (PASTRY!), cream, etc. Also the fattier kinds of meat and fish, such as salmon, mackerel, veal, and pork (all pig), are likewise taboo. If you must have bread, have bran bread; and if you must have potato, console yourself with a boiled one.

All this reduction business, the greatly enhanced popularity of the moderate diet and the moderate waistband, spell a sharp fall in the world's tolerance of the fat person. Now that a wide-spread knowledge of diet makes getting thin again a much less laborious task than the old method of steaming and racing about and grueling exercise, adiposity becomes less and less the genial failing it celebrates itself, and fat on the form spells lethargy on the mind and self-indulgence on the soul. "They lived in peace, died in grease, and were buried in mutton tallow," say the slim folks.

A true sign of the times in this direction is the enormous vogue of Vance Thompson's sensible but superficial little book, "Eat and Grow Thin." Mrs. Thompson is, of course, the mysterious *Mahdah* of that work, who gives long lists of dishes that the most corpulent of us can get a hearty meal from, without adding so much as a jot or tittle to our outward extension. Physicians criticise it, however, for laying a little too much emphasis on abstention rather than extreme moderation in those fatal, fat-bearing dishes. Abstention from fat altogether is likely to give you acidosis, or an intestinal strain due to the difficulty of digesting foods all of the same chemical kind, or some similar off-your-balance derangement. That's why it is well to heed Taft's wise counsel and keep within hailing distance of a particularly good doctor whenever you would become minister to your interior with a view to taking a census of fat cells.

Hain Jou-kia, the young Chinese scholar who helped to found in Congress a China Group, a nucleus of sympathy and intercommunication with the Chinese Republican Parliament and with the nine other China groups in the Parliaments of Europe, is a shirt-sleeves diplomat with his collar off. His mission was not from his Government, but straight from the legislative chambers elected by the people. Henceforward, Congressmen can get the Chinese side of Far Eastern crises from the most responsible source in China. It's a great idea for China—and we ought to find it mighty useful, too.

STRIDES IN STUDENT SOLDIERY

CONGRESS ought to have taken just one good long look at the new military organizations in our schools and colleges last year. It might have prevented some of the stupidity displayed in recent preparedness legislation. The spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm last year for military training in schools and colleges was probably as far away from militarism as any movement connected with soldiering could possibly be. Likewise it was closer to a sane step toward preparedness than 'most anything Congress did. In almost every instance the impulse came from the boys themselves; and in more than one case, it was the faculty and the school board that did the heavy hanging back.

The formation of the Harvard Regiment illustrates this spirit perfectly. It was first broached at a students' mass meeting; it was next accepted in principle by the elected undergraduate Student Council. Then President Lowell took it up and gave his consent; on December 9th, a regular course was added to the curriculum, and after the February mid-years actual instruction began with 1,100 men under Captain Constant Cordier. Although the regiment depended entirely on good-will and voluntary sentiment among the undergraduate body, its personnel was remarkably stable. The good-natured drifter who stayed a while and then wanted to get out, thought twice about it when he heard he'd be publicly posted as a deserter.

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That spirit of earnestness and self-imposed discipline is worthy of the American undergraduate in his best moments. And the *esprit de corps* of military drill, with the national danger which impels that movement looming in the background, is bringing many of those best moments out.

The Harvard Regiment and the Yale Field-Artillery Regiment continue in increased strength this fall, and they both will have a little more of the faculty recognition they deserve. The nearest approach to the right idea in cooperation between the faculty and the student body, however, is at Cornell. Cornellians have compulsory drill to greet their freshmen—1,080 took it last year out of 1,198. Not only that, but they have an armory at Cornell capable of holding two regiments; so they have decided to let a sophomore regiment in too. The armory is the result of a gift of $10,000 by Willard Straight, the first large bequest to an American college for military purposes.

At Dartmouth, too, the entering class will find drillmasters to assist in their first year's entertainment, a plan tried out for the first time last year. Princeton has adopted military drill as an upper-class elective; Bowdoin has added military drill, which had lapsed since 1882, to the college setting-up exercises of physical drill three times a week; and another New England college, Williams, as the result purely of student initiative, has organized an infantry battalion of 250 men, which will be resumed this fall in spite of the fact that the faculty gives no credits for attendance.

In the West, you will find a battery of field-artillery at three big colleges: Purdue, Michigan, and Illinois; a battalion of infantry attached to the Minnesota National Guard at the University of Minnesota, and a regiment under 'varsity control; two infantry regiments at the University of Wisconsin, and one at Illinois.

Up in little Vermont, you mustn't forget Norwich University, where in 1819 Captain Alden Partridge, its founder and first president, conducted the first military training courses in any American college. Norwich has been digging right along these lines ever since, being stimulated by rivalry in recent years with the infantry company at the University of Vermont.

Among the "prep" schools, Culver's fortnight training camp, for which she gave 200 scholarships to boys from Illinois, Indiana, Michigan, and Ohio, and took a lot of paid students besides, was easily the event of the Middle West. "Old boys" came to the Culver post-graduate camp from states as far away as California, Texas, and New York, and from classes as far back as '97—one hundred old boys in all.

New York state passed laws last spring providing for compulsory physical training for boys and girls over eight years, and compulsory military training for boys between sixteen and nineteen. New Yorkers can get some valuable tips in applying their new laws from Wyoming, where ninety per cent. of the high-school boys are receiving military instruction.

The rapid spread of military training through the schools holds promise of enough officers ready for service when the country shall finally come to a system of compulsory training. There is still a long way to go. For a fighting force of a million men, we should need at least 50,000 officers. In all the colleges and preparatory schools there are not yet 10,000 men of even the most elementary training. And when you recollect that in the Civil War we had to improvise 200,000 officers, you'll see far enough down the road to understand how long it is.

The caldron of war may get its thousands and its tens of thousands, but death across the sea still makes us start when it comes singly. Thus, how we wince at the death of Basil Hallam, whom we frequently saw in this country as the most immaculate and winning of all the tribe of English stage johnnies. He starred with Elsie Janis and Billie Burke, and his song, "Gilbert, the Filbert, the Colonel of the Nuts," is a tradition in stage drollery. He died gallantly in the air service.

MRS. PHOEBE BROWN IS PERPLEXED

PICTURE the perplexity of Mrs. Phœbe Brown of Kansas. Mrs. Brown holds firmly in her hand a vote—a clean, crackly, unused, full-sized vote—entitling her for the first time to help elect the President of the United States. She sits at her sitting-room table smoothing out the various communications she has

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received from the many persons who are consumed with anxiety that she shall vote right. She is a formidable figure, Mrs. Brown; she personifies four million women throughout twelve suffrage states, more than half of whom are standing on the dizzy edge of their first national decision. She has a say in the choosing of ninety-one electoral votes, or one-fifth of the Electoral College. Also, she has an aura of influence, in spite of the anti-suffragists, which affects thousands of men supporters, and is as effective as astute organization can make it throughout the liberal voting population of the country.

What is Mrs. Brown going to do with it all? She hardly knows herself. For guidance she turns up her respective party promises to date. They are all there—suffrage promises from the Republicans, the Democrats, the Socialists, the Prohibitionists, and the Progressives. The Republican and Democratic ones are on top. The gentlemen of these parties have been exceptionally kind—kinder, indeed, than ever before in their history. The Republican party drops her a line from Chicago to say that, "as a measure of justice to half the adult people of this country, it favors the extension of the suffrage to women, but recognizes the right of each state to settle the question for herself;" while the Democrats, in a *billet-doux* dated a week later from St. Louis, assure her with equal cordiality that they "favor the extension of the franchise to the women of this country, state by state, on the same terms as to men."

"Very well," says Mrs. Brown, "even so far. Who are the candidates? Hughes and Wilson. Good. Well, Mr. Hughes. [Rustling of papers.] Ah, yes. 'Favor national amendment . . . should have a uniform policy. . . . I believe an amendment enfranchising women should be submitted and ratified without delay, and the subject removed from public discussion.' Well, Mr. Wilson. M-m-m. 'Should be disposed of by the several states, and not by the Federal Government; . . . slow, but sure. . . . I approve the principle.'

"I won't choose just yet," says Mrs. Brown. "Isn't there a little comic relief here? Oh, yes. The National Association Opposed to Woman Suffrage sends me a statement. The Antis are forlorn, for they have only suffragists to vote for, but they think Hughes the worst striped feminist of the two, so they tell me to vote against him, anyway. Well, that's illuminating."

From organized women suffragists two lines of advice to Mrs. Brown are perceptible: the non-party policy of the National or older suffrage organization, and the anti-party-in-power-if-they-don't-come-through policy of the Congressional Union, born in 1912. Says the Congressional Union, in effect:

"The Democratic party is the national party in power; they are responsible for the absence of our national suffrage amendment; therefore, my dear Mrs. Brown, work to make the Democrats absent from every office for which you have a vote." Says Mrs. Catt, president of the National Association: "Vote for whoever you please, Mrs. Brown; don't help to gall and puzzle the unconverted still further by trying smart politics on an issue which will only win through wide-spread popular conviction."

Striking a balance among all this advice, the fact that Hughes shows up as a better suffragist is being urged to women voters by the Congressional Union with a cogency that should not be ignored. They know two things: that party platforms are good in principle, but often trifling in practise; and that a strong personal lead, on the other hand, is more and more capable of making Congress mind the White House. Hughes has played politics, so Mrs. Brown admits; but a political promise, so long as there are newspapers, is perfectly sizzling propaganda.

Nevertheless, Mrs. Brown is not going to the polls and vote against Dr. Eva Harding, the first woman to be regularly nominated for Congress, just because this Kansas woman doctor and suffrage pioneer happens to be a Democrat. The anti-Democratic policy might spare Dr. Harding. But it could not spare Senators Pittman of Nevada and Myers of Montana, both stalwarts for the cause in the Senate, and half a dozen representatives of the same caliber who will, if the Congressional Union plans go through, have their heads served up on a charger in appeasement of the wrath against Wilson. The scheme has, of course, its principal attraction in that its apparent ability to swing blocks of votes violently against the head of this or that candidate carries the effect of solidity and power. And who would like to *waste* four million votes?

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No wonder Mrs. Brown is perplexed. Heightened political consciousness is going to cause her headaches more than once this fall. Some of her sisters will certainly work and vote as suffragist politicians, aiming to clear the earth of Democrats. Others, especially in the states where the vote has been in style for some years, will vote their regular party affiliations. Still others—and I am inclined to think this includes Mrs. Brown herself, the normal woman voter—are going to be influenced by Hughes's *coup de femme*, but are not going to be herded or lassoed or corralled by it into sinking their judgment as people in any blanket formula. She knows too well that there is no short cut to woman suffrage, no permanent way to that or any other sort of liberty save through the conviction of the common man.

MAKING THE SACRAMENTO BE GOOD

THE Sacramento River, which is in California, has been on the rampage for more than thirty years. From the deep, clear, well-banked stream of the 'fifties and the 'sixties, which used to bear clippers from round the Horn drawing thirteen feet of water more than sixty miles up its broad expanse to Sacramento City, the change in one generation is staggering. To-day the Sacramento is silted through and through with mountains of sand and rock; navigation is cut down practically to a six-foot draft; and in proportion to the territory it drains its floods are from four to fifteen times as great as those of the three most flood-given rivers of the United States: the Ohio, the Columbia, and the Mississippi below its junction with the Missouri.

Now, the people of California built their cities along the Sacramento, notably their capital, with the expectation that that handsome stream was going to be a more or less permanent institution. They look on its increasing aptitude for making a nuisance of itself—for instance, on its iniquitous activity in shoaling parts of San Francisco Bay, and even threatening the channel to the Mare Island Navy Yard—with amazement and chagrin. They have seen the head of navigation coming down, down, down, first to Chico Landing, 147 miles above Sacramento City, where to-day even twenty to twenty-four inch keels aren't safe; then to Colusa, ninety miles up from Sacramento, above which there are now no regular boat services. And between these two places they have seen the once sober Sacramento, like a half-back with the ball, get both its banks on one side and race off across the country till thousands of drowned farms and orchard lands were chalked up to its score of destruction.

At last, therefore, the Californians have decided to take their great river firmly in hand, and pin it within its proper bounds by a threefold policy of reclamation, flood-control, and dredging for navigation. It is going to be one of the greatest structural alterations in the scenery of this country ever carried out by man.

It was man who brought about the degeneration of the Sacramento; really, all that is asked of the Californians is that they leave their river as they found it—and don't do it again. What they did was this: They came in the '40s to dig gold. They discovered that the easiest way to dig gold was not with a shovel, but with a stream of water. Hydraulic mining year by year bit into the hillsides and washed the earth into the valleys, year by year consumed and washed down whole hillsides, whole mountains. The inevitable receptacle for all this natural débris was the sparkling, deep-flowing Sacramento. It silted; it choked. Camel's humps rose in the middle of the stream, deflecting it, making eddies, eroding its banks, at once lifting the level of the stream toward flood, and reducing the real depth.

Californians say they have taken gold out of their state, most of it out of the hills they poured like chocolate into the Sacramento, amounting to $1,631,601,990. The lust for this gold ravished a great river, and placed a burden on succeeding generations that the Committee of Flood Control, which has investigated and experimented with the problem for seventeen years, state as their sober opinion to be one of the worst bargains in the history of the country.

To take the water in the Sacramento River, put good banks on either side of it, and a good deep bottom under it, the

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Government figures will cost $11,000,000, of which the State of California must pay half. This is for navigation alone; flood control and reclamation of flooded and floodable lands will cost $22,000,000, all of which must be paid by the private land-owners up and down the river. United States Army engineers will do the work.

It is no idle phrase to say that the Californians pitched mountains into the Sacramento. The hydraulic monitor discharged 185,000 cubic feet of water an hour. Before this force mountains 300 and 400 feet high literally melted like sugar, especially when they were helped along by pulverizing explosions of thirty and forty tons of dynamite at a lick. By the year 1879, the Sacramento basin was getting 53,000,000 cubic yards of what was once mountain scenery.

Man shoveled it in; man must shovel it all out again. Doesn't it make you feel kind of sheepish over the human race?

A NICE WAY TO SETTLE IRELAND

ABOUT a year ago we had a talk with an Irishman who had lived in this country for a great many years and had then returned to Ireland for a visit, and had come back to the United States full of the conviction that the Irish problem had been solved.

He told us that the new land laws in Ireland had removed all the real hatred of the Irish peasant for the British Empire. The Irish peasant could now borrow money from the British Empire for the purpose of buying his little plot of tenant-land from his landlord. The landlord was obliged to sell, whether he wanted to sell or not. This was better than in England. In England the tenant could not oblige the landlord to sell. In Ireland the tenant could. Therefore the Irish poor man in the country districts was better off than the English poor man.

The terms on which the British Empire was lending money to the Irish peasant were, and are, excellent. By means of payments actually smaller than the mere rental payments which he previously made, the peasant now becomes in time legal owner of his land; and in the meantime he is the real owner for all practical purposes. Through this change, according to our friend, the Irish peasant had become a loyal subject of the British crown.

And now we have had the Sinn Fein Rebellion and all the succeeding controversies over the Irish question in Parliament at London!

Yet our friend was right, too. The present trouble is not, in a way, the old one. The old one is, in a way, settled. The Irish peasant is not to-day, in the old sense, disloyal. This was shown during the Sinn Fein Rebellion. The scattered flames of it, in the country districts, were stamped out by volunteer military organizations composed of Irishmen of the peasant class. Even in Dublin, Mr. Dillon, a prominent Home Ruler, was able to say with absolute truth that the population consisted overwhelmingly of "friends and loyal allies of the Government against the insurrection."

Nevertheless, on the other hand again, it must be said that the Sinn Fein Rebellion and the present controversies in Parliament represent a real Irish discontent and difficulty, and a totally (in spite of our friend) unsolved problem. The heart of this problem is not, as the heart of the old one was, agricultural. The agricultural problem, what with land-purchase and cooperative societies, is quiet. The new problem is different—and much more complicated.

Here are the northern counties of Ireland, which refuse to consent to Home Rule! They insist on retaining their connection with England. Yet Ireland is maimed if it tries to do without them. They are industrial. They manufacture. The rest of Ireland, mainly agricultural, needs them. Their wealth, their manufacturing skill—they are necessary. Ireland must be a unit. This is the industrial element in the complication.

The other element is at a far extreme from the industrial. It is thoroughly idealistic. It explores the sources of Irish history. It writes plays and novels about Irish fairies. It exhumes the ancient Irish language. It rediscovers Irish colloquialisms and Irish mannerisms on every inch of Irish soil. All Irish soil is Irish! We do not insist upon it that Ireland is "oppressed"! We only insist upon it that Englishmen shall leave Ireland alone!

The upshot of these two elements is, after all, the same. It means that the northern counties shall be absorbed—against their will. The Sinn Fein Rebellion would never have taken place if there had not been,

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among its adherents, a violent resentment against the failure of the English Government to repress the preparations of the northern counties to resist Home Rule.

In other words, we have, in Ireland, as in many other parts of Europe, a violent contradiction between two unities. We have a larger unity which is industrial and also historical. We have a smaller unity—which is psychological—which is Protestant instead of Catholic, and originally Scotch instead of originally Irish. This contradiction seems insoluble. We have a grand solution for it. Let the British Parliament say to the northern counties of Ireland:

"You've got to go into Home Rule. We'll make you. You've got to go into a separate Irish state. You've got to stay in it ten years. At the end of that time, if you are dissatisfied, you may take a vote on it and secede."

That is to say, we suggest a trial marriage between the northern counties and the rest of Ireland. It would be permanent, if both sides gave it a chance.

WHAT A BRITISH INCOME TAX WOULD DO TO US

IF WE took the British income tax (as it is to-day) and applied it to this country, the amount of money we would raise for the national government would be about $900,000,000 a year. But the present British rates are war-rates. Let us take the rates before the war—the British peace-rates. If we applied them here, they would produce about $500,000,000. This sum would more than pay for even the most extreme form of new preparedness.

The fact is the present American income tax is a mild and gentle thing which does nothing to the rich except remind them of how happy they are to be living here instead of in England or in Germany. The American who has an annual income going just a bit over $500,000 pays a personal national income tax of a trifle over $25,000. An Englishman with a similar income, even before the present war broke out, was paying about $65,000. That was at the rate of some thirteen per cent. It made him sad; and yet even he was happier than a German.

In Germany a citizen often pays three income taxes. He pays one to his city and one to his state and one to the nation. Mr. English Walling calculates that in the period just before the war a German with an annual income going above $250,000 was paying taxes at a total rate of from sixteen to thirty-two per cent.!

In one respect our American income-tax system is going to be less "democratic" than the systems of England and of Germany. The poor are not going to be taken into it. At any rate, Congress shows no sign of intending to take them in. The English system goes down as low as incomes of $800 a year. The German system goes even lower. The American system (for the present, at least) is not likely to go below $2,000 a year.

Keeping this fact in mind, and applying the British peace rates therefore only to the American incomes which are really likely to be taxed, the total amount which we could thus raise would be along about $250,000,000. That would be more than $200,000,000 above the amount which we now get from our present national personal income-tax law.

And we still have to consider the new proposed national tax on inheritances. Much is being made now of a report on this subject by Professor John R. Commons. He outlined, when he was a member of the United States Industrial Commission, a system of inheritance taxes which would give the state governments some $50,000,000 a year (which is more than they now get from their local state inheritance taxes), and which would at the same time give the national government a fresh annual revenue of some $200,000,000. The rates he used in getting this combined result were considerably lower than the rates in vogue in England before the war. They were also very much lower than the rates proposed by various other members of the United States Industrial Commission. Professor Commons is not given to careless calculations or to merely academic agitations.

Congressmen say that the business men—and not the working men—should pay for the new ships and the new regiments. Well and good. The trouble is that the business men are going to be taxed for a kind of preparedness so utterly unbusinesslike and extravagant and ineffective that the pain of paying for it, though intense, is going to be as nothing compared with the pain of looking at it when paid for.

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